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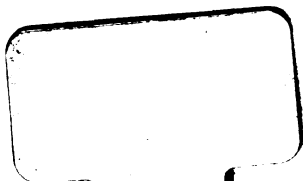


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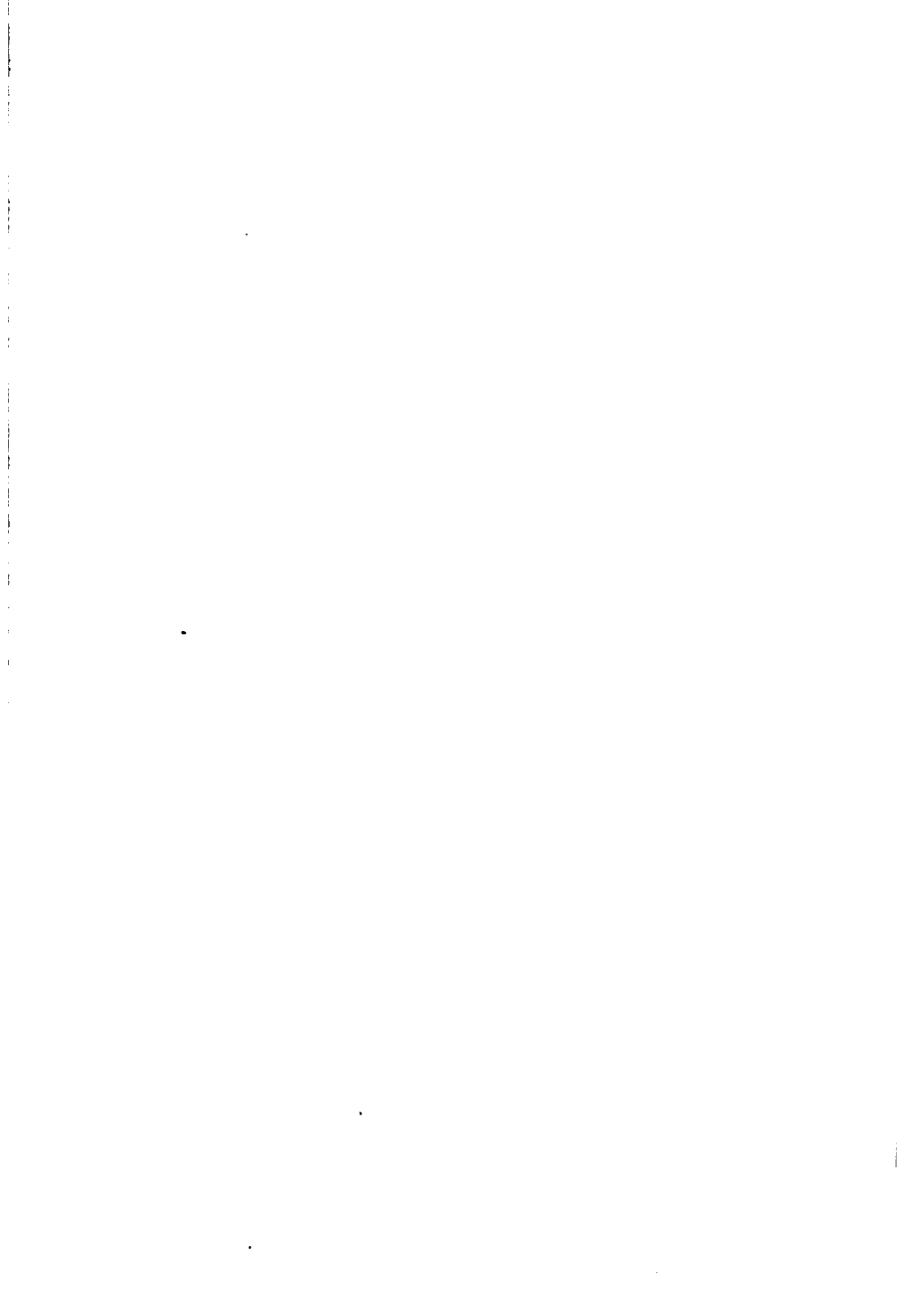
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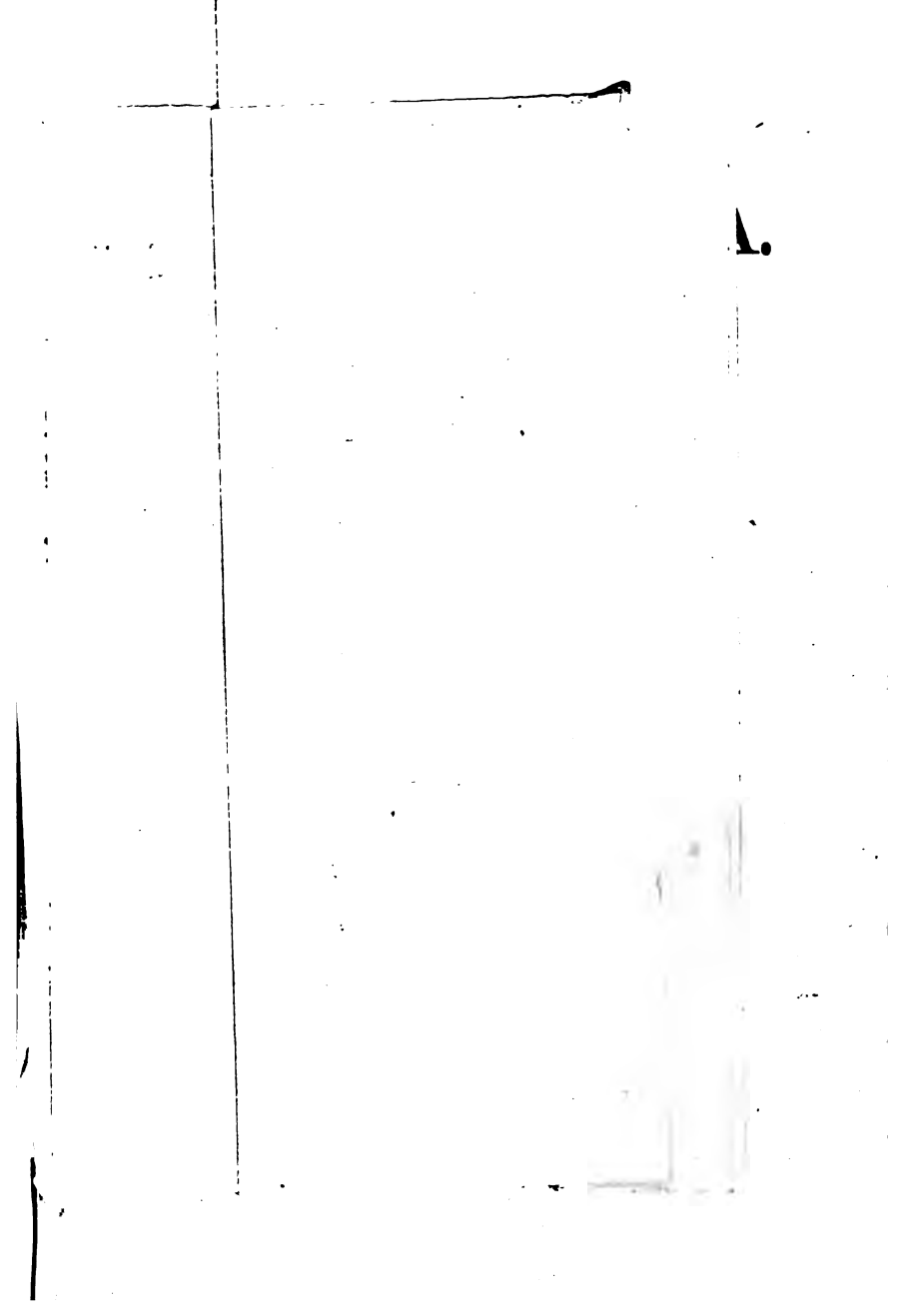
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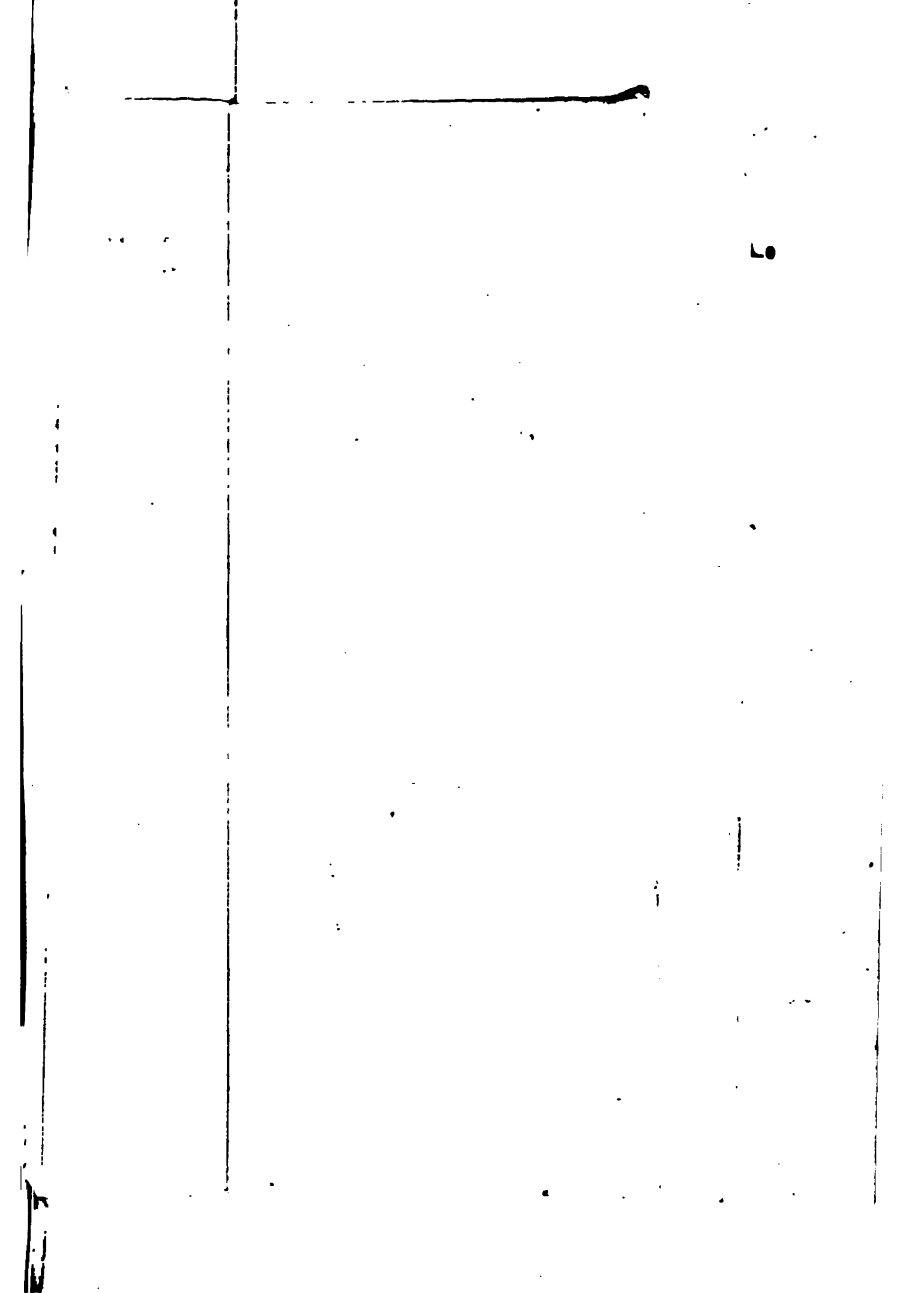












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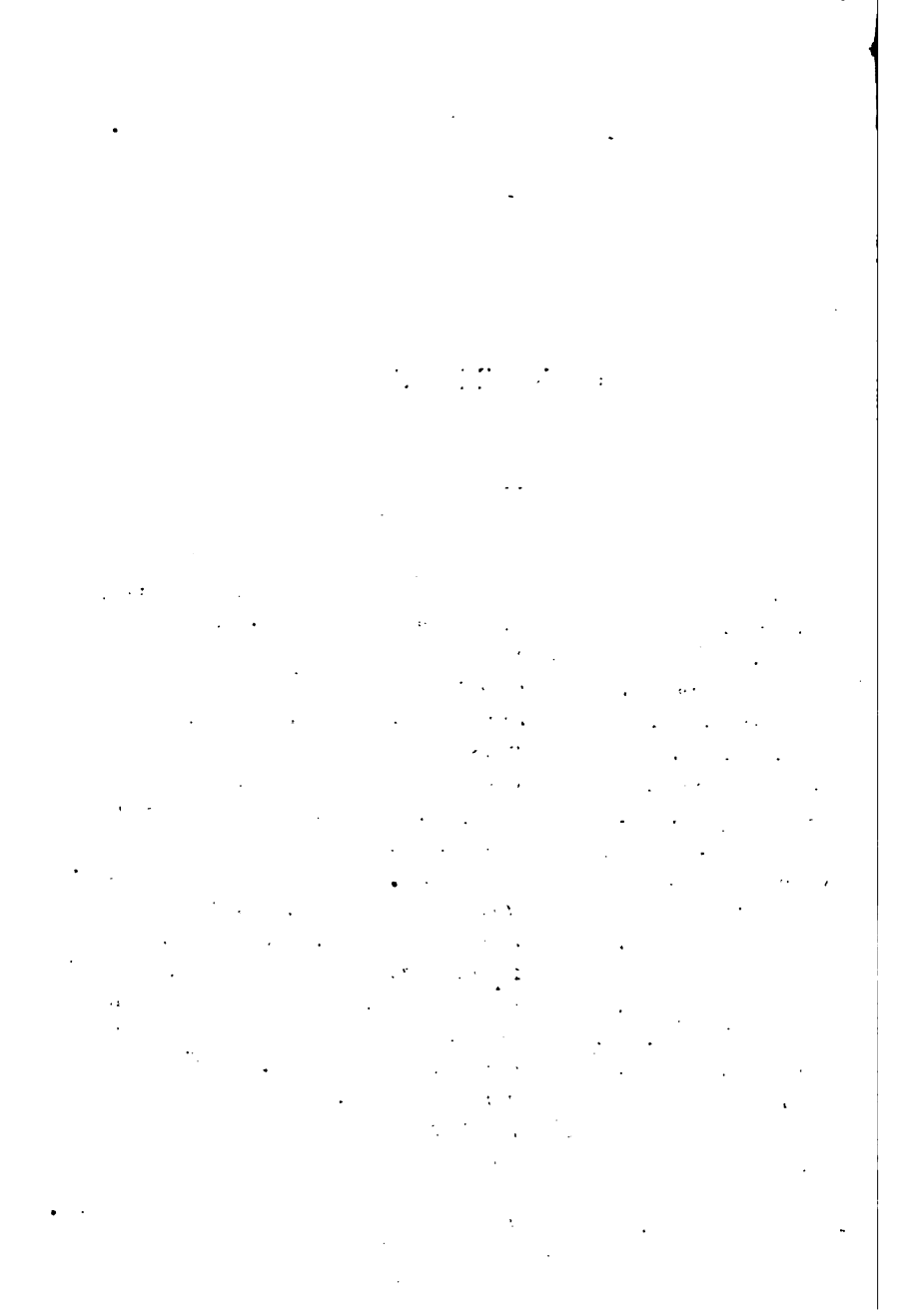


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THE GAMESTER;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY EDWARD MOORE.



Lewson.—"HOW IS IT, MADAM.—Act v, Scene last.

Persons Represented.

BEVERLEY.
LEWSON.
STUKELY.

JARVIS.
DAWSON.
GENTLEMAN, &c.

MRS. BEVERLEY.
CHARLOTTE.
LUCY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*

MRS. BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE discovered,
seated.

Mrs. B. Be comforted, my dear; all may be well yet. And now, methinks, the lodgings begin to look with another face. O sister, sister! if these were all my hardships; if all I had to complain of were no more than quitting my house, servants, equipage, and show, your pity would be weakness.

Char. Is poverty nothing, then?

Mrs. B. Nothing in the world, if it affected only me. While we had a fortune, I was the happiest of the rich: and now, 'tis gone, give me but a bare subsistence, and my husband's smiles, and I'll be the happiest of the poor. Why do you look at me?

Char. That I may hate my brother.

Mrs. B. Do not talk so, Charlotte.

Char. Has he not undone you?—O! this pernicious vice of gaming!—(*Rises.*) But, methinks, his usual hours of four or five in the morning might have contented him; it was misery enough to wake for him till then: need he have staid out all night? I shall learn to detest him.

Mrs. B. Not for the first fault. He never slept from me before.

Char. Slept from you! No, no, his nights have nothing to do with sleep. How has this one vice driven him from every virtue! Nay, from his affections too! The time was, sister—

Mrs. B. And is. I have no fear of his affections, 'Would I knew that he were safe. (*Rises.*)

Char. From ruin and his companions—but that's impossible. His poor little boy, too! What must become of him?

Mrs. B. Why, want shall teach him industry. From his father's mistakes he shall learn prudence, and from his mother's resignation, patience. Po-

verty has no such terrors in it as you imagine. There's no condition of life, sickness, and pain excepted, where happiness is excluded. The husbandman, who rises early to his labour, enjoys more welcome rest at night for it; his home happier; his family dearer; his enjoyments surer. The sun that rouses him in the morning, sets in the evening to release him. All situations have their comforts, if sweet contentment dwell in the heart. But my poor Beverley has none. The thought of having ruined ~~those~~ he loves, is misery for ever to him. 'Would I could ease his mind of that!

Char. If he alone were ruined, it were just he should be punished. He is my brother, it is true; but when I think of what he has done, of the fortune you brought him, of his own large estate, too, squandered away upon his vilest of passions, and among the vilest of wretches,—O! I have no patience. My own little fortune is untouched, he says. 'Would I were sure on't!

Mrs. B. And so you may—'twould be a sin to doubt it.

Char. I will be sure on't—'twould be madness in me to give it to his management. But I'll demand it from him this morning. I have a melancholy occasion for it.

Mrs. B. What occasion?

Char. To support a sister.

Mrs. B. No; I have no need on't. Take it, and reward a lover with it. The generous Lawson deserves much more. Why won't you make him happy?

Char. Because my sister is miserable.

Mrs. B. You need not think so. I have my jewels left yet; and when all is gone, these hands shall toil for our support. The poor should be distressed.—Why these tears, Charlotte?

Char. They flow in pity for you.

Mrs. B. All may be well yet. When he has nothing to lose, I shall fetter him in these arms again; and then, what is it to be poor?

Char. Cure him but of this destructive passion, and my uncle's death may retrieve all yet.

Mrs. B. Ay, Charlotte, could we cure him: but the disease of play admits no cure but poverty; and the loss of another fortune would but increase his shame and his affliction. Will Mr. Lawson call this morning?

Char. He said so last night. He gave me hints too, that he had suspicions of our friend Stukely.

Mrs. B. Not of treachery to my husband? That he loves play, I know; but surely he is honest.

Char. He labours to be thought so; therefore, I doubt him. Honesty needs no pains to set itself off.

Enter LUOY.

Lucy. Your old steward, madam. I had not the heart to deny him admittance, the good old man begged so hard for it. *[Exit.]*

Enter JARVIS.

Mrs. B. Is this well, Jarvis? I desired you to avoid me.

Jar. Did you, madam? I am an old man, and had forgot. Perhaps, too, you forbade my tears; but I am old, madam, and age will be forgetful.

Mrs. B. The faithful creature!

Jar. I have forgot these apartments, too. I remember none such in my young master's house; and yet I have lived in it these five-and-twenty years. His good father would not have dismissed me.

Mrs. B. He had no reason, Jarvis.

Jar. I was faithful to him while he lived, and

when he died, he bequeathed me to his son. I have been faithful to him too.

Mrs. B. I know it, I know it, Jarvis.

Jar. I am an old man, madam, and have not long time to live. I asked but to have died with him, and he dismissed me.

Mrs. B. 'Prythee, no more of this! 'Twas his poverty that dismissed you.

Jar. Is he indeed so poor, then? O, he was the joy of my old heart!—But must his creditors have all? And have they sold his house too? His father built it when he was but a prating boy. 'The times that I have carried him in these arms! And Jarvis, says he, when a beggar has asked charity of me, why should people be poor? You shall be poor, Jarvis; if I was a king, nobody should be poor; yet, he is poor. And then he was so brave!—O, he was a brave little boy! and yet so merciful, he'd not have killed the gnat that stung him.

Mrs. B. Speak to him, Charlotte; for I cannot.

Jar. I have a little money, madam; it might have been more, but I have loved the poor. All that I have is yours.

Mrs. B. No, Jarvis; we have enough yet; I thank you, though, and will deserve your goodness.

Jar. But shall I see my master? And will he let me attend him to his distresses? I'll be no expense to him; and it will kill me to be refused. Where is he, madam?

Mrs. B. Not at home, Jarvis. You shall see him another time.

Char. To-morrow, at the next day.—O, Jarvis! What a change is here!

Jar. A change, indeed, madam! My old heart aches at it. And yet, methinks,—But here's something coming.

Enter LUOY, with STUKELY.

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam. *[Exit.]*

Stuk. Good morning to you, ladies. Mr. Jarvis, your servant. Where's my friend, madam?

(To Mrs. Beverley.)

Mrs. B. I should have asked that question of you. Have you seen him to-day?

Stuk. No, madam.

Char. Not last night?

Stuk. Last night! Did he not come home, then?

Mrs. B. No. Were you not together?

Stuk. At the beginning of the evening; but not since. Where can he have staid?

Char. You call yourself his friend, sir; why do you encourage him in this madness of gambling?

Stuk. You have asked me that question before, madam; and I told you my concern was that I could not save him; Mr. Beverley is a man, madam; and if the most friendly entreaties have no effect upon him, I have no other means. My purse has been his, even to the injury of my fortune. If that has been encouragement, I deserve censure; but I meant it to relieve him.

Mrs. B. I do not doubt it, sir; and I thank you. But where did you leave him last night?

Stuk. At Wilson's, madam, if I ought to tell; in company I did not like. Possibly, he may be there still. Mr. Jarvis knows the house, I believe.

Jar. Shall I go, madam?

Mrs. B. No; he may take it ill.

Char. He may go, as from himself.

Stuk. And, if he please, madam, without naming me: I am faulty myself, and should conceal the errors of a friend; but I can refuse nothing here.

Jar. I would fain see him, methinks.

Mrs. B. *(To Jarvis.)* Do so, then. But take care

how you upbraid him. I have never upbraided him.

Jas. Would I could bring him comfort! [*Exit.*]
Stuk. Do not be too much alarmed, madam. All men have their errors, and their times of seeing them. Perhaps, my friend's time is not come yet. But he has an uncle, and old men do not live for ever. You should look forward, madam; we are taught how to value a second fortune by the loss of a first. [*Knocking at the door.*]

Mrs. B. Hark!—No—that knocking was too rude for Mr. Beverley. Pray heaven he be well!

Stuk. Never doubt it, madam. You shall be well, too; everything shall be well.

[*Knocking again.*]
Mrs. B. The knocking is a little loud, though.—Who waits there? Will none of you answer? None of you, did I say? Alas! what was I thinking of?—I had forgot myself. [*Takes a chair.*]

Char. I'll go, sister.—But do not be alarmed so. [*Exit.*]

Stuk. What extraordinary accident have you to fear, madam?

Mrs. B. I beg your pardon; but it is ever thus with me, in Mr. Beverley's absence. No one knocks at the door, but I fancy it is a messenger of ill news.

Stuk. You are too fearful, madam; it was but one night of absence; and, if ill thoughts intrude, as love is always doubtful, think of your worth and beauty, and drive them from your breast.

Mrs. B. What thoughts? I have no thoughts that wrong my husband.

Stuk. Such thoughts indeed would wrong him. The world is full of slander; and every wretch that knows himself unjust, charges his neighbour with like passions; and by the general frailty, hides his own.—If you are wise, and would be happy, turn a deaf ear to such reports. 'Tis vain to believe them.

Mrs. B. Ay, worse than rain. 'Twould be, to sin against conviction. Why was it mentioned?

Stuk. To guard you against rumour. The sport of half mankind is mischief; and, for a single error, they make men devils. If their tales reach you, disbelieve them.

Mrs. B. What tales? By whom? Why told? I have heard nothing;—or if I had, with all his errors, my Beverley's firm faith admits no doubt—it is my duty, my seat of rest and joy, while the storm threatens round me. I'll not forsake it.— [*Stukely sighs, and looks down.*] Why turn you, sir, away? and why that sigh?

Stuk. I was attentive, madam; and sighs will come, we know not why. Perhaps, I have been too busy; if it should seem so, impute my zeal to friendship, that meant to guard you against evil tongues. Your Beverley is wronged, slandered most vilely—my life upon his truth.

Mrs. B. And mine too. Who is it that doubts it? But no matter: I am prepared, sir. Yet, why this caution? You are my husband's friend; I think you mine too; the common friend of both. [*Passes.*]
 —I have been unconcerned else.

Stuk. For heaven's sake, madam, be so still! I meant to guard you against suspicion, not to alarm it.

Mrs. B. Nor have you, sir. Who told you of suspicion? I have a heart it cannot reach.

Stuk. Then I am happy: I would say more; but am prevented.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. What a heart has that Jarvis!—A creditor, sister. But the good old man has taken him away,

—"Do not distress his wife! Do not distress his sister!" I could hear him say. "Tis cruel to distress the afflicted."—And when he saw me at the door, he begged pardon that his friend had knocked so loud.

Stuk. I wish I had known of this. Was it a large demand, madam.

Char. I heard not that; but visits such as these we must expect often. Why so distressed, sister? This is no new affliction.

Mrs. B. No, Charlotte; but I am faint with watching—quite sunk and spiritless.—Will you excuse me, sir? I'll to my chamber, and try to rest a little.

Stuk. Good thoughts go with you, madam! [*Exit Mrs. B.*—*Aside.*] My bait is taken, then. Poor Mrs. Beverley! how my heart grieves to see her thus.

Char. Cure her, and be a friend, then.

Stuk. How cure her, madam?

Char. Reclaim my brother.

Stuk. Ay, give him a new creation; or breathe another soul into him. I'll think on't, madam. Advice, I see, is thankless.

Char. Useless, I am sure, it is; if, through mistaken friendship, or other motives, you feed his passion with your purse, and soothe it by example. Physicians to cure fevers, keep from the patient's thirsty lip the cup that would enflame him: you give it to his hands. [*A knocking.*] Hark, sir!—These are my brother's desperate symptoms.—Another creditor.

Stuk. [*Aside.*] One not so easily got rid of: 'tis Williams.—What, Lewson!

Enter LEWSON.

Lew. Madam, your servant.—Yours sir.—I was enquiring for you at your lodgings.

Stuk. This morning? You had business, then?

Lew. You'll call it by another name, perhaps. Where's Mr. Beverley, madam?

Char. We have sent to enquire for him.

Lew. Is he abroad, then? He did not use to go out so early.

Char. No, nor stay out so late.

Lew. Is that the case? I am sorry for it. But Mr. Stukely, perhaps, may direct you to him.

Stuk. I have already, sir.—But what was your business with me?

Lew. To congratulate you upon your late successes at play. Poor Beverley!—but you are his friend: and there is a comfort in having successful friends.

Stuk. And what am I to understand by this?

Lew. That Beverley is a poor man with a rich friend; that's all.

Stuk. Your words would mean something, I suppose. Another time, sir, I shall desire an explanation.

Lew. And why not now? I am no dealer in long sentences. A minute or two will do for me.

Stuk. But not for me, sir. I am slow of apprehension, and must have time and privacy. A lady's presence engages my attention. Another morning I may be found at home.

Lew. Another morning, then, I'll wait upon you.

Stuk. I shall expect you, sir.—Madam, your servant. [*Exit.*]

Char. What mean you by this?

Lew. To hint to him that I know him.

Char. How know him? Mere doubt and supposition.

Lew. I shall have proof soon.

Char. And what then? Would you risk your life to be his punisher?

Law. My life, madam? Don't be afraid; but let it content you, that I know this Stukely:—'twould be as easy to make him honest as brave.

Char. And what do you intend to do?

Law. Nothing, till I have proof. But, methinks, madam, I am acting here without authority. Could I have leave to call Mr. Beverley brother, his concerns would be my own. Why will you make my services appear officious?

Char. You know my reasons, and should not press me. But I am cold, you say; and cold I will be, while a poor sister's destitute. But let us change the subject. Your business here this morning is with my sister: misfortunes press too hard upon her; yet, till this day, she has borne them nobly.

Law. Where is she?

Char. Gone to her chamber: her spirits failed her.

Law. I hear her coming;—let what has passed with Stukely be a secret: she has already too much to trouble her.

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY.

Mrs. B. Good morning, sir. I heard your voice: and, as I thought, enquiring for me.—Where's Mr. Stukely, Charlotte?

Char. This moment gone. You have been in tears, sister; but here's a friend shall comfort you.

Law. Or, if I add to your distresses, I beg your pardon, madam. The sale of your house and furniture was finished yesterday.

Mrs. B. I know it, sir. I know, too, your generous reason for putting me in mind of it: but you have obliged me too much already.

Law. There are trifles, madam, which I know you have set a value on; those I have purchased, and will deliver. I have a friend, too, that esteems you: he has bought largely; and will call nothing his, till he has seen you. If a visit to him would not be painful, he has begged it may be this morning.

Mrs. B. Not painful in the least. My pain is from the kindness of my friends. Why am I to be obliged beyond the power of return?

Law. You shall repay us at your own time. I have a coach waiting at the door:—shall we have your company, madam.

Char. No:—my brother may return soon; I'll stay and receive him.

Mrs. B. He may want a comforter, perhaps. But don't upbraid him, Charlotte. We shan't be absent long.—Come, sir, I must be so obliged.

Law. 'Tis I that am obliged. An hour, or less will be sufficient for us.—We shall find you at home, madam?

Char. Certainly.

[Exeunt Lawton, Mrs. Beverley, and Charlotte.]

SCENE II.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY.

Stuk. That Lewson suspects me, 'tis too plain.—Yet, why should he suspect me?—I appear the friend of Beverley, as much as he.—But I am rich, it seems; and so I am: thanks to another's folly, and my own wisdom. To what use is wisdom, but to take advantage of the weak? This Beverley's my fool: I cheat him, and he calls me friend. But more business must be done yet. His wife's jewels are unsold; so is the reversion of his uncle's estate. I must have these too. And then, there's a treasure above all—I love his wife. Before she knew this Beverley, I loved her; but, like a cringing fool, bowed at a distance, while he stepped in and won her. Never, never will I forgive him for it.—

I must have vengeance!—Those hints this morning were well thrown in; already they have fastened on her. If jealousy should weaken her affections, want may corrupt her virtue.—My heart rejoices in the hope!—These jewels may do much: he shall demand them of her; which, when mine, shall be converted to special purposes.—What now, Bates?

Enter BATES.

Bates. Is it a wonder, then, to see me? The forces are all in readiness, and only wait for orders. Where's Beverley?

Stuk. At last night's rendezvous, waiting for me in Dawson with you?

Bates. Dressed like a nobleman, with money in his pocket, and a set of dice that shall deceive the devil.

Stuk. That fellow has a head to undo a nation; but, for the rest, they are such low-mannered, ill-looking dogs, I wonder Beverley has not suspected them.

Bates. No matter for manners and looks: do you supply them with money, and they are gentlemen by profession. The passion of gaming casts such a mist before the eyes, that the nobleman shall be surrounded with sharpers, and imagine himself in the best company.

Stuk. There's that Williams, too: it was he, I suppose, that called at Beverley's with the note this morning. What directions did you give him?

Bates. To knock loud, and be clamorous. Did not you see him?

Stuk. No; the fool sneaked off with Jarvis. Had he appeared within doors, as I directed, I should have discharged the note myself. I waited near on purpose. I want the women to think well of me; for Lewson is grown suspicious—he told me so himself.

Bates. What answer did you make him?

Stuk. A short one; that I would see him soon, for further explanation.

Bates. We must take care of him. But what have we to do with Beverley? Dawson and the rest are wondering at you.

Stuk. Why, let them wonder. I have designs above their narrow reach. They see me lend him money, and they stare at me; but they are fools. I want him to believe me beggared by him.

Bates. And what then?

Stuk. Ay, there's the question: but no matter. At night you may know more. He waits for me at Wilson's. I told the women where to find him.

Bates. To what purpose?

Stuk. To save suspicion. It looked friendly; and they thanked me. Old Jarvis was despatched to him.

Bates. And may entreat him home.

Stuk. No: he expects money from me: but I'll have none. His wife's jewels must go. Women are easy creatures, and refuse nothing where they love. Follow to Wilson's; but, be sure he sees you not: you are a man of character, you know; of prudence and discretion. You will wait for me at Wilson's in an outer room; I shall presently have employment of you. Come, sir.

Let drudging fools by honesty grow great;
The shorter road to riches is deceit. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Gaming-house, with two tables, six chairs, box, dice, &c., cards thrown about, candles nearly burnt out.*

BEVERLEY is discovered seated.

Rev. Why, what a world is this! The slave that digs for gold, receives his daily pittance, and sleeps

contented; while those for whom he labours, convert their good to mischief, making abundance the means of want. O shame! shame! Had fortune given me but a little, that little had been still my own. What had I to do with play? I wanted nothing: my wishes and my means were equal: the poor followed me with blessings; love scattered roses on my pillow, and morning waked me to delight. Oh, bitter thought! that leads to what I was, by what I am! I would forget both. Who's there?

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. A gentleman, sir, enquires for you.

Rev. He might have used less ceremony. Stukely, I suppose.

Waiter. No, sir, a stranger.

Rev. Well, shew him in—(*Exit Waiter.*)—A messenger from Stukely, then, from him that has undone me!—Yet all in friendship: and now he lends me from his little, to bring back fortune to me.

Enter JARVIS.

Jarvis! Why this intrusion? Your absence had been kinder.

Jar. I came in duty, sir; if it be troublesome—

Rev. It is. I would be private; hid, even from myself. Who sent you hither?

Jar. One that would persuade you home again. My mistress is not well; her tears told me so.

Rev. Go with thy duty there, then. I have no business for thee.

Jar. Yes, sir; to lead you from this place. I am your servant still. Your prosperous fortune blessed my old age. If that has left you, I must not leave you.

Rev. Not leave me? Recall past times, then; or, through this sea of storms and darkness, shew me a star to guide me. But what can'st thou?

Jar. The little that I can, I will. You have been generous to me; I would not offend you, sir,—but—

Rev. No. Thinkest thou, I'd ruin thee too? I have enough of shame already. My wife! my wife! Wouldst thou believe it, Jarvis, I have not seen her all this long night! I, who have loved her so, that every hour of absence seemed as a gap in life. But other bonds have held me. Oh, I have played the boy; dropping my counters in the stream, and, reaching to redeem them, lost myself!

Jar. For pity's sake, sir! I have no heart to see this change.

Rev. Nor I to bear it. How speaks the world of me, Jarvis?

Jar. As of a good man, dead; of one who, walking in a dream, fell down a precipice. The world is sorry for you.

Rev. Ay, and pities me. Says it not so? But I was born to infamy. I'll tell thee what it says: it calls me a villain; a treacherous husband; a cruel father; a false brother; one lost to nature and her charities; or, to say all in one short word, it calls me—gamester. Go to thy mistress: I'll see her presently.

Jar. And why not now? Bude people press upon her; loud, bawling creditors; wretches, who know no pity. I met one at the door: he would have seen my mistress. I wanted means of present payment, so promised it to-morrow. But others may be pressing; and she has grief enough already. Your absence hangs too heavy on her.

Rev. Tell her I'll come then. I have a moment's business. But what hast thou to do with my distresses? Thy honesty has left thee poor. Keep

what thou hast, lest, between thee and the grave, misery steal in. I have a friend shall counsel me: this is that friend.

Enter STUKELY.

Stuk. How fares it, Beverley? Honest Mr. Jarvis, well met. That viper, Williams! was it not he that troubled you this morning?

Jar. My mistress heard him then! I am sorry that she heard him.

Rev. And Jarvis promised payment.

Stuk. That must not be. Tell him I'll satisfy him.

Jar. Will you, sir? Heaven will reward you for it.

Rev. Generous Stukely! Friendship, like yours, might almost balance the wrongs of fortune.

Stuk. You think too kindly of me. Make haste to Williams; his clamours may be rude else.

Jar. And my master will go home again? Alas, sir, we know of hearts there breaking for his absence. [*Exit.*]

Rev. Would I were dead!

Stuk. Ha, ha, ha! Prythee be a man, and leave dying to disease and old age. Fortune may be ours again; at least, we'll try for it.

Rev. No; it has fooled us on too far.

Stuk. Ay, ruined us: and therefore we'll sit down contented. These are the despondings of men without money; but, let the shining ore chink in the pocket, and folly turns to wisdom. We are fortune's children: true, she's a fickle mother: but, shall we droop, because she's peevish? No; she has smiles in store; and these, her frowns, are meant to brighten them.

Rev. Is this a time for levity? But you are single in the ruin, and therefore may talk lightly of it: with me it is complicated misery.

Stuk. You censure me unjustly: I but assumed these spirits to cheer my friend. Heaven knows, he wants a comforter!

Rev. What new misfortune?

Stuk. I would have brought you money; but lenders want securities. What's to be done? All, that was mine, is yours already.

Rev. And there's the double weight that sinks me. I have undone my friend too; one who, to save a drowning wretch, reached out his hand, and perished with him.

Stuk. Have better thoughts.

Rev. Whence are they to proceed? I have nothing left.

Stuk. Then we are indeed undone. What, nothing? No moveables, nor useless trinkets? Bawbles locked up in caskets, to starve their owners? I have ventured deeply for you.

Rev. Therefore this heart-ache; for I am lost beyond all hope.

Stuk. No; means may be found to save us. Jarvis is rich. Who made him so? This is no time for ceremony.

Rev. And is it for dishonesty? The good old man! Shall I rob him too? My friend would grieve for it. No; let the little that he has, buy food and clothing for him.

Stuk. Good morning, then.

(*Going.*)

Rev. So hasty! Why, then, good morning.

Stuk. And, when we meet again, upbraid me: say, it was I that tempted you: tell Lewson so; and tell him, I have wronged you. He has suspicions of me, and will thank you.

Rev. No; we have been companions in a rash voyage, and the same storm has wrecked us both; mine shall be self-upbraiding.

Stuk. And will they feed us? You deal unkindly by me. I have sold and borrowed for you, while land or credit lasted; and now, when fortune

should be tried, and my heart whispers me success, I am deserted—turned loose to beggary; while you have hoards.

Bev. What hoards? Name them, and take them.
Stuk. Jewels.

Bev. And shall this thriftless hand seize them too? My poor, poor wife! must she lose all? I would not wound her so.

Stuk. Nor I, but from necessity. One effort more, and fortune may grow kind. I have unusual hopes.

Bev. Think of some other means, then.

Stuk. I have; and you rejected them.

Bev. Pr'ythee, let me be a man.

Stuk. Ay, and your friend a poor one. But I have done. And for these trinkets of a woman, why, let her keep them to deck out pride with, and show a laughing world she has finery to starve in.

Bev. No; she shall yield up all: my friend demands it. But needs he have talked lightly of her? The jewels that she values are truth and innocence; those will adorn her ever: for the rest, she wore them for a husband's pride, and to his wants will give them. You know her not. Where shall we meet?

Stuk. No matter. I have changed my mind. Leave me to a prison; 'tis the reward of friendship.

Bev. Perish mankind first! Leave you to a prison? No; fallen as you see me, I am not that wretch: nor would I change this heart, o'ercharged as it is with folly and misfortune, for one most prudent and most happy, if callous to a friend's distresses.

Stuk. You are too warm.

Bev. In such a cause, not to be warm is to be frozen. Farewell. I'll meet you at your lodgings.

Stuk. Reflect a little: the jewels may be lost: better not hazard them. I was too pressing.

Bev. And I ungrateful. Reflection takes up time: I have no leisure for it. Within an hour expect me. *[Exit.]*

Stuk. The thoughtless, shallow prodigal! We shall have sport at night, then. But hold!—the jewels are not ours yet; the lady may refuse them; the husband may relent too; 'tis more than probable. I'll write a note to Beverley, and the contents shall spur him to demand them. Bates and the rest think me this rogue through avarice. No; I have warmer motives—love and revenge. Ruin the husband, and the wife's virtue may be bid for.

Enter BATES.

Look to your men, Bates; there's money stirring. We meet to-night upon this spot. Hasten, and tell them so. Beverley calls upon me at my lodgings, and we return together. Hasten, I say; the rogues will scatter else.

Bates. Not till their leader bids them.

Stuk. Give them the word, and follow me; I must advise with you. This is a day of business. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*Beverley's Lodgings.—Tables and chairs.*
Enter BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE.

Char. Your looks are changed too; there's wildness in them. My wretched sister! How will it grieve her to see you thus!

Bev. No, no; a little rest will ease me. And for your Lewson's kindness to her, it has my thanks; I have no more to give him.

Char. Yes; a sister and her fortune. I trifle with him, and he complains. My looks, he says, are cold upon him. He thinks too—

Bev. That I have lost your fortune! He dares not think so.

Char. Nor does he. You are too quick at guessing. He cares not if you had: that care is mine. I lent it you to husband; and now I claim it.

Bev. You have suspicions, then!

Char. Cure them, and give it me.

Bev. To stop a sister's chiding?

Char. To vindicate her brother.

Bev. How, if he need no vindication?

Char. I fain would hope so.

Bev. Ay, would, and cannot. Leave it to time then; it will satisfy all doubts.

Char. Mine are already satisfied.

Bev. It is well. And when the subject is renewed, speak to me like a sister, and I will answer like a brother.

Char. To tell me I am a beggar: why, tell it now. I that can bear the ruin of those dearest to me, the ruin of a sister and her infant, can bear that too.

Bev. No more of this; you wring my heart!

Char. 'Would that the misery were all your own! But innocence must suffer. Unthinking rioter!—whose home was heaven to him: an angel dwelt there, and a little cherub, that crowned his days with blessings! how he has lost this heaven to leaguish with devils!

Bev. Forbear, I say; reproaches come too late; they search, but cure not. And, for the fortune you demand, we'll talk to-morrow on it; our tempers may be milder.

Char. Or, if 'tis gone, why, farewell all! But I'll upbraid no more: What heaven permits, perhaps, it may ordain; and sorrow then is sinful. Yet that the husband, father, brother, should be its instruments of vengeance! 'tis grievous to know that.

Bev. If you are my sister, spare the remembrance; it wounds too deeply. To-morrow shall clear all; and, when the worst is known, it may be better than your fears. Comfort my wife; and for the pains of absence I'll make atonement.

[A knocking at the door.]

Char. Hark! she comes! Look cheerfully upon her. Affections, such as hers, are prying, and lead those eyes, that read the soul.

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY and LEWSON.

Mrs. B. My life!

Bev. My love! How fares it? I have been a truant husband.

Mrs. B. But we meet now; and that heals all. Doubts and alarms I have had; but, in this dear embrace, I bury and forget them. My friend here has been, indeed, a friend. Charlotte, 'tis you must thank him; your brother's thanks and mine are of too little value.

Bev. Yet, what we have, we'll pay! I thank you, sir, and am obliged. I would say more, but for your goodness to the wife upbraid the husband's follies. Had I been wise, she had not trespassed on your bounty.

Lew. Nor has she trespassed. The little I have done, acceptance overpays.

Char. So friendship thinks—

Mrs. B. And doubles obligations, by striving to conceal them. We'll talk another time on't. You are too thoughtful, love.

Bev. No; I have reason for these thoughts.

Char. And hatred for the cause?—Would you had that too!

Bev. I have: the cause was avarice.

Char. And you the tempter?

Bev. A ruined friend—ruined by too much kindness.

Lucy. Ay, worse than ruined: stabbed in his fame, mortally stabbed; riches cannot cure him.

Rev. Or if they could, those I have drained him of. Something of this he hinted in the morning,—that Lewson had. Why these suspicions?

Lucy. At school we knew this Stukely. A cunning, plodding boy he was, sordid and cruel! Slow at his task, but quick at shifts and tricking. He schemed out mischief, that others might be pithless; and would tell his tale with so much art, that for the lash he merited, rewards and praise were given him. Shew me a boy with such a mind, and time, that ripens manhood in him, shall ripen vice too. I'll prove him, and lay him open to you; till then, be warned; I know him, and therefore shun him.

Rev. As I would, those that wrong him. You are too busy, sir.

Mrs. A. No; not too busy;—mistaken, perhaps; that had been milder.

Lucy. No matter, madam; I can bear this, and praise the heart that prompts it. Pity such friendship should be so misplaced!

Rev. Again, sir? But I'll bear too. You wrong him, Lewson, and will be sorry for it.

Char. Ay, when 'tis proved he wrongs him. The world is full of hypocrites.

Rev. And Stukely one! so you'd infer, I think; I'll hear no more of this: my heart aches for him; I have undone him.

Lucy. The world says otherwise.

Rev. The world is false, then! I have business with you, love. We'll leave them to their rancour. *(Going.)*

Char. No; we shall find room enough within for it. This way, sir.

Lucy. Another time my friend will thank me:—that time is hastening too.

[Exeunt Charlotte and Lewson.]
Rev. They hurt me beyond bearing. Is Stukely false? then honesty has left us. "Twere sinning against heaven to think so.

Mrs. A. I never doubted him.

Rev. No; you are charity. Meekness and ever-during patience live in that heart, and love, that knows no change. Why did I ruin you?

Mrs. A. You have not ruined me. I have no wants when you are present, no wishes in your absence, but to be blest with your return. Be but resigned to what has happened, and I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Rev. My generous girl! But memory will be busy; still crowding on my thoughts, to sour the present by the past. I have another pang too.

Mrs. A. Tell it, and let me cure it.

Rev. That friend, that generous friend, whose fame they have traduced: I have undone him too. While he had means, he lent me largely, and now, a prison must be his portion.

Mrs. A. No; I hope otherwise.

Rev. To hope must be to act; the charitable wish feeds not the hungry. Some thing must be done.

Mrs. A. What?

Rev. In bitterness of heart he told me, just now he told me I had undone him! Could I hear that, and think of happiness? No! I have disclaimed it, while he is miserable.

Mrs. A. The world that mend with us, and then we may be grateful; there's comfort in that hope.

Rev. Ay; 'tis the sick man's cordial, his promised cure: while, in preparing it, the patient dies.

Enter LUCY.

What now?

Lucy. A letter, sir.

[Exit.]

Rev. The hand is Stukely's. *(Opens and reads it to himself.)*

Mrs. A. And brings good news; at least, I'll hope so. What says he, love?

Rev. Why this, too much for patience: yet he directs me to conceal it from you. *(Reads.)*

"Let your haste to see me be the only proof of your esteem for me. I have determined, since we parted, to bid adieu to England, choosing rather to forsake my country, than to owe my freedom in it to the means we talked of. Keep this a secret at home, and hasten to the ruined
B. STUKELY."

Kindred by friendship! I must relieve or follow him.

Mrs. A. Follow him, did you say? Then I am lost indeed!

Rev. O, this infernal vice! how has it sunk me! A vice, whose highest joy was poor to my domestic happiness. Yet, how have I pursued it! turned all my comforts to the bitterest pangs, and all thy smiles to tears.—D—d! d—d! in situation!

Mrs. A. Be cool, my life. What are the means the letter talks of? Have you—have I those means? Tell me, and ease me. I have no life, while you are wretched.

Rev. No, no; it must not be. 'Tis I alone have sinned; 'tis I alone must suffer. You shall reserve those means to keep my child and his wronged mother from want and wretchedness.

Mrs. A. What means?

Rev. I came to rob you of them, but cannot—date not: those jewels are your sole support: I should be more than monster to request them.

Mrs. A. My jewels! Trifles, not worth the speaking of, if weighed against a husband's peace: but let them purchase that, and the world's wealth is of less value.

Rev. How little do I seem before such virtues!

Mrs. A. No more, my love. I kept them, till occasion called to use them: now is the occasion, and I'll resign them cheerfully.

Rev. Why, we'll be rich in love, then.

Mrs. A. Come to my closet. But let him manage wisely: we have no more to give him.

Rev. Where learnt my love this excellence?—'Tis heaven's own teaching: that heaven, which to an angel's form has given a mind more lovely. I am unworthy of you, but will deserve you better.

Henceforth my follies and neglects shall cease,
And all to come be penitence and peace:

Vice shall no more attract me with her charms,
Nor pleasure reach me, but in these dear arms.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY and BATES.

Stuk. So runs the world, Bates. Fools are the natural prey of knaves; nature designed them so, when she made lambs for wolves. The laws that fear and policy have framed, nature disclaims: she knows but two; and those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force; but then there is danger in it; while cunning, like a skillful miner, works safely and unseen.

Bates. And therefore wisely. Force must have nerves and sinews; cunning wants neither. The dwarf that has it shall trip the giant's heels up.

Stuk. And bind him to the ground. Why 'we will erect a shrine for nature, and be her oracles. Conscience is weakness; fear made it, and fear

maintains it. The dread of shame, inward reproaches, and fictitious burnings, swell out the phantom. Nature knows none of this: her laws are freedom.

Bates. Sound doctrine, and well delivered.

Stuk. We are sincere too, and practise what we teach. Let the grave pedant say as much.—But now to business. The jewels are disposed of; and Beverley again worth money. He waits to count his gold out, and then comes hither. If my design succeed, this night we finish with him. Go to your lodgings, and be busy. You understand conveyances, and can make ruin sure.

Bates. Better stop here. The sale of this revelation may be talked of: there is danger in it.

Stuk. No, it is the mark I aim at. We will thrive and laugh. You are the purchaser, and there is the payment.—*(Giving a pocket-book.)*—He thinks you rich; and so you shall be. Enquire for titles, and deal hardly: it will look like honesty.

Bates. How if he suspect us?

Stuk. Leave it to me: I study hearts, and when to work upon them. Go to your lodgings; and, if we come, be busy over papers. Talk of a thoughtless age, of gaming, and extravagance: you have a face for it.

Bates. *(Aside.)* A feeling too, that would avoid it. We push too far.—But I have cautioned you: if it end ill, you will think of me: and so, adieu.

[Exit.]

Stuk. This fellow sins by halves; his fears are conscience to him: I'll turn these fears to use. Rogues that dread shame, will still be greater rogues, to hide their guilt. This shall be thought of. Lewson grows troublesome: we must get rid of him: he knows too much. I have a tale for Beverley; part of it truth too; he shall call Lewson to account. If it succeed, it is well; if not, we must try other means.—*(Knocking at the door.)*—But here he comes:—I must dissemble.

Enter BEVERLEY.

Look to the door there!—*(In a seeming fright.)*—My friend?—I thought of other visitors.

Bev. No; these shall guard you from them:—*(Offering him notes.)*—take them, and use them cautiously. The world deals hardly by us.

Stuk. And shall I leave you destitute? No: your wants are the greatest. Another climate may treat me kinder. The shelter of to-night takes me from this.

Bev. Let these be your support then. Yet is there need of parting? I may again have means; we will share them, and live wisely.

Stuk. No, I should tempt you on. Habit is nature in me; ruin cannot cure it. Even now I would be gaming: taught by experience as I am, and knowing this poor sum is all that is left us, I am for venturing still. And say, I am to blame: yet will this little supply our wants? No, we must put it out to usury. Whether it is madness in me, or some resistless impulse of good fortune, I yet am ignorant; but—

Bev. Take it, and succeed then: I will try no more.

Stuk. It is surely impulse; it pleads so strongly. But you are cold. We will even part here then.—And for this last reserve, keep it for better uses; I will have none of it. I thank you though, and will seek fortune singly. One thing I had forgot—

Bev. What is it?

Stuk. Perhaps it were best forgotten. But I am open in my nature, and zealous for the honour of my friend. Lewson speaks freely of you.

Bev. Of you, I know he does.

Stuk. I can forgive him for it: but for my friend, I am angry.

Bev. Why says he of me?

Stuk. That Charlotte's fortune is embezzled: he talks of it loudly.

Bev. He shall be silenced then. How heard you of it?

Stuk. From many: he questioned Bates about it: you must account with him, he says.

Bev. Or he with me; and soon, too.

Stuk. Speak mildly to him. Cautions are best.

Bev. I'll think on't.—But whither go you?

Stuk. From poverty and prisons:—No matter whither. If fortune change, you may hear from me.

Bev. May these be prosperous, then.—*(Offering the notes, which Stukely refuses.)*—Nay, they are yours:—I have sworn it, and will have nothing:—take them, and use them.

Stuk. Singly, I will not. My cares are for my friend; for his lost fortune, and ruined family: all separate interests I disclaim. Together we have fallen; together we must rise. My heart, my honour, and affections, all will have it so.

Bev. I am weary of being fooled.

Stuk. And so am I.—Here let us part then: these bodings of good fortune shall all be stifled; I'll call them folly, and forget them. This one embrace, and then farewell. *(Going to embrace Beverley.)*

Bev. No; stay a moment. I have these bodings too; but, whether caught from you, or prompted by my good or evil genius, I know not: the trial shall determine. And yet, my wife!

Stuk. Ay, ay, she will chide.

Bev. No; my childings are all here.

Stuk. I will not persuade you.

Bev. I am persuaded; by reason, too,—the strongest reason—necessity. O! could I but regain the height I have fallen from, heaven should forsake me in my latest hour, if I again mixed in these scenes, or sacrificed the husband's peace, his joy and best affections, to avarice and infamy.

Stuk. I have resolved like you; and, since our motives are so honest, why should we fear success?

Bev. Come on then. Where shall we meet?

Stuk. At Wilson's. Yet, if it hurt you, leave me: I have misled you often.

Bev. We have misled each other. But come! Fortune is fickle, and may be tired with pursuing us;—there let us rest our hopes.

Stuk. Yet think a little.

Bev. I cannot; thinking but distracts me.

When desperation leads, all thoughts are vain; Reason would lose, what rashness may obtain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Beverley's lodgings.*

Enter CHARLOTTE and MRS. BEVERLEY.

Char. It was all a scheme, a mean one; unworthy of my brother.

Mrs. B. No, I am sure it was not. Stukely is honest too; I know he is. This madness has undone them both.

Char. My brother irrecoverably.—You are too spiritless a wife: a mournful tale, mixed with a few kind words, will steal away your soul. The world is too subtle for such goodness. Had I been by, he should have asked your life sooner than those jewels.

Mrs. B. He should have had it then. I lived but to oblige him. She who can love, and is beloved like me, will do as much. Men have done more for mistresses, and women for a base deluder

And shall a wife do less? Your chidings hurt me, Charlotte.

Char. And come too late; they might have saved you else. How could he use you so?

Mrs. B. It was friendship did it. His heart was breaking for a friend.

Char. The friend that has betrayed him.

Mrs. B. 'Pr'ythee, do not think so.

Char. To-morrow he accounts with me.

Mrs. B. And fairly: I will not doubt it.

Char. Unless a friend has wanted.—I have no patience.—Sister! sister! we are bound to advise this friend.

Mrs. B. My Beverley speaks nobly of him.

Char. And Lewson truly.—But I displease you with this talk. To-morrow will instruct us.

Mrs. B. Stay till it comes, then. I would not think so hardly.

Char. Nor I, but from conviction. Yet we have hope of better days. My uncle is infirm, and of an age that threatens hourly:—or if he live, you never have offended him; and for distresses so unmerited he will have pity.

Mrs. B. I know it, and am cheerful.

Char. My Lewson will be kind, too. While he and I have life and means, you shall divide with us.—And see, he is here.

Enter LEWSON.

Mrs. B. We were just speaking of you.

Lew. It is best to interrupt you, then. Few characters will bear a scrutiny; and, where the bad outweighs the good, he is safest that is least talked of. What say you, madam?

Char. That I hate scandal, though a woman; therefore talk seldom of you.

Mrs. B. Or, with more truth, that, though a woman, she loves to praise; therefore talks always of you.—I'll leave you to decide it. [Exit.

Lew. I come, to talk in private with you, of matters that concern you.

Char. What matters?

Lew. First, answer me sincerely to what I ask.

Char. Propose your question.

Lew. It is now a tedious twelve-month, since with an open and kind heart you said, you loved me; and when, in consequence of such sweet words, I pressed for marriage, you gave a voluntary promise that you would live for me.

Char. You think me changed, then?

Lew. I did not say so. This is my question; and with such plainness as I ask it, I shall entreat an answer.—Have you repented of this promise?

Char. Why am I doubted?

Lew. My doubts are of myself. I have faults, and you have observation. If, from my temper, my words or actions, you have conceived a thought against me, or even a wish for separation, all that has passed is nothing.

Char. Why, now I'll answer you; your doubts are prophecies, I am really changed.

Lew. Indeed!

Char. I could torment you now, as you have me; but it is not in my nature. That I am changed, I own: for what at first was inclination, is now grown reason in me; and from that reason had I the world—nay, were I poorer than the poorest, and you too wanting bread—I would be yours, and happy.

Lew. My kindest Charlotte!—[Takes her hand.]—Thanks are too poor for this, and words too weak!—But if we love so, why should our union any longer be delayed?

Char. For happier times; the present are too wretched.

Lew. I may have reasons that press it now.

Char. What reasons?

Lew. The strongest reasons; unanswerable ones.

Char. Be quick, and name them.

Lew. First promise that to-morrow, or the next day, you will be mine for ever.

Char. I do, though misery should succeed.

Lew. Thus, then I seize you! and with you every joy on this side heaven!

Char. Now, sir, your secret?

Lew. Your fortune is lost.

Char. My fortune lost!—Where learnt you this sad news?

Lew. From Bates, Stukely's prime agent: I have obliged him, and he is grateful: he told it me in friendship, to warn me from my Charlotte.

Char. It was honest in him, and I'll esteem him for it.

Lew. This is the time I am to meet him again.—He knows much more than he has told.

Char. For me it is enough; and, for your generous love, I thank you from my soul.

Lew. To-morrow, then, you fix my happiness.

Char. All that I can, I will.

Lew. It must be so; we live but for each other.—Keep what you know a secret; and, when we meet to-morrow, more may be known.—Till then, farewell! [Exeunt Lewson and Charlotte.

SCENE III.—A Gaming House.

Enter STUKELY, BEVERLEY, and six Gentlemen, through door in centre.

Bev. Whither would you lead me?

Stuk. Where we may vent our curses.

Bev. Ay, on yourself, and those d—d counsels that have destroyed me. Ten thousand fiends were in that bosom, and all let loose to tempt me, —I had resisted else.

Stuk. Go on, sir:—I have deserved this from you. And curses everlasting:—time is too scanty for them.

Stuk. What have I done?

Bev. What the arch fiend of old did,—soothed with false hopes, for certain ruin.

Stuk. Myself unhurt; nay, pleased at your destruction:—so your words mean. Why, tell it to the world: I am too poor to find a friend in it.

Bev. A friend! What is he? I had a friend.

Stuk. And have one still.

Bev. Ay; I'll tell you of this friend. He found me happiest of the happy; fortune and honour crowned me; and love and peace lived in my heart: one spark of folly lurked there: that too he found; and by deceitful breath blew it to flames that have consumed me. This friend were you to me.

Stuk. A little more perhaps:—the friend who gave his all to save you; and not succeeding, chose ruin with you; but no matter.—I have undone you, and am a villain.

Bev. No; I think not:—the villains are within.

Stuk. What villains?

Bev. Dawson, and the rest.—We have been dupes to sharpers.

Stuk. How know you this? I have had doubts as well as you; yet still, as fortune changed, I blushed at my own thoughts:—but you have proofs, perhaps.

Bev. Ay, d—d ones;—repeated losses,—night after night,—and no reverse:—chance has no hand in this.

Stuk. I think more charitably; yet I am peevish in my nature, and apt to doubt.—The world speaks fairly of this Dawson; so does it of the rest: we

have watched them closely, too.—But it is a right usurped by losers, to think the winners knaves.—We'll have more manhood in us.

Rev. I know not what to think. This night has stung me to the quick:—blasted my reputation too! I have bound my honour to these vipers; played meanly upon credit, until I tired them; and now they snub me, to ride one another. What is to be done?

Stuk. Nothing: my counsels have been fatal.

Rev. By heaven, I'll not survive this shame.—Traitor! it is you have brought it on me.—*(Beating him.)*—Shew me the means to save me; or I'll commit a murder here, and next upon myself.

Stuk. Why do it, then, and rid me of ingratitude.

Rev. Pr'ythee forgive this language:—I speak I know not what.—Rage and despair are in my heart, and hurry me to madness. My home is horror to me—I'll not return to it. Speak quickly; tell me if in this wreck of fortune one hope remains? Name it, and be my oracle.

Stuk. To vent your curses on: you have bestowed them liberally.—Take your own counsel: and, should a desperate hope present itself, it will suit your desperate fortune. I'll not advise you.

Rev. What hope? By heaven, I'll catch at it however desperate. I am so sunk in misery, it cannot lay me lower.

Stuk. You have an uncle.

Rev. Ay, what of him?

Stuk. Old men live long by temperance; while their heirs starve on expectation.

Rev. What mean you?

Stuk. That the reversion of his estate is yours; and will bring money to pay debts with:—may more, it may retrieve what is past.

Rev. Or leave my child a beggar.

Stuk. And what is his father? A dishonourable one; engaged for sums he cannot pay.—That should be thought of.

Rev. It is my shame, the poison that inflames me. Where shall we go? To whom? I am impatient, till all's lost.

Stuk. All may be yours again.—Your man is Bates:—he has large funds at his command, and will deal justly by you.

Rev. I am resolved.—Tell them within, we'll meet them presently; and with full purses too.—Come, follow me.

Stuk. No, I'll have no hand in this; nor do I counsel it.—Use your discretion, and act from that.—You'll find me at my lodgings. *[Exit: Rev. Succeed what will, this night I'll dare the*

'Tis loss of fear, to be completely cur'd.] [Exit.

Stuk. Why, lose it then, for ever. Fear is the mind's worst evil; and 'tis a friendly office to drive it from the bosom.—Thus far has fortune crown'd me.—Yet Beverley is rich; rich in his wife's best treasure, her honour and affections: I would transplant him there too.—A tale of art may do much.—Charlotte is sometimes absent. The seeds of jealousy are sown already. If I mistake not, they have taken root too. Now is the time to ripen them, and reap the harvest. The softest of her sex, if wronged in love, or thinking that she's wronged, becomes a tigress in revenge.—I'll instantly to Beverley's.—No matter for the danger.—When beauty leads us on, 'tis indiscretion to reflect, and cowardice to doubt. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY and LUCY.

Mrs. B. Did Charlotte tell you anything?

Lucy. No, madam.

Mrs. B. She looked confus'd, methought; said she had business with her Lewson; which, when I pressed to know, tears only were her answer.

Lucy. She seemed in haste too;—yet her return may bring you comfort.

Mrs. B. No, my good girl; I was not born for it.—But why do I distress thee? Thy kind heart bleeds for the ills of others.—What pity that thy mistress can't reward thee! But there's a power above, that sees, and will remember all.—*(Knocking at the door.)*—Hark! there's some one entering.

Lucy. Perhaps, my master, madam. *[Exit Mrs. B. Let him be well too, and I am satisfied.—(Goes to the door, and listens.)—No; 'tis another's voice.*

Enter LUCY and STUKELY.

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam. *[Exit.*

Stuk. To meet you thus alone, madam, was what I wished. Unseasonable visits, when friendship warrants them needs no excuse;—therefore I make none. *[Your friend!]*

Mrs. B. What mean you, sir? And where's *Stuk.* Men may have secrets, madam, which their best friends are not admitted to. We parted in the morning, not soon to meet again.

Mrs. B. You mean to leave me, then?—to leave your country too? I am no stranger to your reasons, and pity your misfortunes.

Stuk. Your pity has undone you. Could Beverley do this? That letter was a forged one; a mean contrivance to rob you of your jewels:—I wrote it not.

Mrs. B. Impossible!—Whence came it, then? *Stuk.* Wronged as I am, madam, I must speak plainly,——

Mrs. B. Do so, and ease me. Your hints have troubled me. Reports, you say, are stirring.—Reports of whom? You wished me not to credit them. What, sir, are these reports?

Stuk. I thought 'em slander, madam; and cautioned you in friendship; lest from officious tongues the tale has reached you with double aggravation.

Mrs. B. Proceed, sir.

Stuk. It is a debt due to my fame, due to an injured wife too: We both are injured.

Mrs. B. How injured! and who has injured us?

Stuk. My friend, your husband.

Mrs. B. You would resent for both, then? But know, sir, my injuries are my own, and do not need a champion.

Stuk. Be not too hasty, madam. I come not in resentment, madam, but for acquittance. You thought me poor; and to the feigned distresses of a friend, gave up your jewels.

Mrs. B. I gave them to a husband.

Stuk. Who gave them to a——

Mrs. B. What? Whom did he give them to?

Stuk. A mistress.

Mrs. B. No; on my life, he did not. *[Avarice.*

Stuk. Himself confessed it, with curses on her

Mrs. B. I'll not believe it. He has no mistress; or, if he has, why is it told to me?

Stuk. To guard you against insults. He told me that, to move you to complacence, he forged that letter, pretending I was ruined, ruined by him too. The fraud succeeded; and what a trusting wife bestowed in pity, was lavished on a wanton.

Mrs. B. Then I am lost indeed, and my afflictions are too powerful for me. His follies I have borne without upbraiding, and saw the approach of poverty without a tear. My affection, my strong affection, supported me through every trial.

Stuk. Be patient, madam.

Mrs. B. Patient! The barbarous, ungrateful man!

And does he think that the tenderness of my heart is his best security for wounding it? But he shall find that injuries such as these can arm my weakness for vengeance and redress.

Stuk. (Aside.) Ha! then I may succeed. Redress is in your power.

Mrs. B. What redress?

Stuk. Forgive me, madam, if, in my zeal to serve you, I heard your displeasure. Think of your wretched state; already want surrounds you. Is it in patience to bear that? To see your helpless little one robbed of his birth-right? A sister, too, with unavailing tears, lamenting her lost fortune! No comfort left you, but ineffable pity from the few, outweighed by insults from the many.

Mrs. B. Am I so lost a creature? Well, sir, my redress?

Stuk. To be resolved is to secure it. The marriage vow, once violated, is in the sight of heaven dissolved. Start not, but hear me. 'Tis now the summer of your youth; time has not crop the roses from your cheek, though sorrow lung has washed them; then use your beauty wisely; and, freed by injuries, fly from the cruellest of men for shelter with the kindest.

Mrs. B. And who is he?

Stuk. A friend to the unfortunate; a bold one, too; who, while the storm is bursting on your brow, and lightning flashing from your eyes, dares tell you that he loves you!

Mrs. B. Would that these eyes had Heaven's own lightning, that, with a look, thus I might blast thee! Oh, villain! villain! but now I know thee, and thank thee for the knowledge.

Stuk. If you are wise, you shall have cause to thank me.

Mrs. B. An injured husband, too, shall thank thee.

Stuk. Yet know, proud woman, I have a heart as stubborn as your own; as haughty and imperious; and, as it loves, so it can hate.

Mrs. B. Mean, despicable villain! I scorn thee and thy threats. Was it for this that Beverley was false, that his too credulous wife should, in despair and vengeance, give up her honour to a wretch? But he shall know it, and vengeance shall be his!

Stuk. Why, send him for defiance, then. Tell him I love his wife; but that a worthless husband forbids the union. I'll make a widow of you, and court you honourably.

Mrs. B. O, coward! coward! thy soul will shrink at him! Yet, in the thought of what may happen, I feel a woman's fears. Keep thy own secret, and begone. *(Kings a bell.)*

Enter LUCY.

Your absence, sir, would please me.

Stuk. I'll not offend you, madam.

[Exeunt Stukely and Lucy.]

Mrs. B. Why opens not the earth to swallow such a monster? Be conscience, then, his punisher, till Heaven in mercy give him penitence, or doom him in its justice. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY and BATES.

Bates. Your men have done their business, and Beverley is beggared of his last resource. Where have you been?

Stuk. Fooling my time away; playing my tricks, like a tame monkey, to entertain a woman: no matter where. But tell me more of Beverley. How bore he the loss of his last stake?

Bates. Like one, so Dawson says, whose senses

had been numbed with misery. When all was lost, he fixed his eyes upon the ground, and stood some time, with folded arms, stupid and motionless. Then, snatching his sword that hung against the wainscot, he sat him down again by the gaming-table; and, with a look of fixed attention, drew figures on the floor: at last he started up, looked wild, and trembled; then, like a woman seized with her sex's fits, laughed out aloud, while the tears trickled down his face: he left the room.

Stuk. Why, this was madness!

Bates. The madness of despair.

Stuk. We must confine him, then. A prison would do well. *(A knocking at the door.)* Hark! that knocking may be his. Go that way down. *[Exit Bates.]* Who's there?

Enter LEWSON.

Lew. An enemy; an open and avowed one.

Stuk. Why am I thus broke in upon? This house is mine, sir; and should protect me from insult and ill-manners.

Lew. Guilt has no place of sanctuary; wherever found, 'tis virtue's lawful game. The fox's hold, and tiger's den, are no security against the hunter.

Stuk. Your business, sir?

Lew. To tell you that I know you. Why this confusion; that look of guilt and terror? Is Beverley awake? Or has his wife told tales? The man that dares like you, should have a soul to justify his deeds, and courage to confront accusers: not with a coward's fear, thus shrinking beneath reproof.

Stuk. Who waits there?

Lew. *(Opens the door.)* He dies, that interrupts me. You should have weighed your strength, sir; and then, instead of climbing to high fortune, the world had marked you for what you are, a little paltry villain.

Stuk. You think, I fear you!

Lew. I know you fear me. This is to prove it. *(Pulls him by the sleeve.)* You wanted privacy; a lady's presence took up your attention. Now we are alone, sir. Why, what a wretch! *(Hugs him from him.)* The vilest insect in creation will turn, when trampled on. Yet has this thing undone a man; by cunning and mean arts, undone him. But we have found you, sir; traced you through all your labyrinths. If you would save yourself, fall to confession: no mercy will be shown else.

Stuk. First, prove me what you think me: Till then, your threatenings are in vain. And for this insult, vengeance may yet be mine.

Lew. Infamous coward! why take it now, then. *(Draws and Stukely retires.)* Alas! I pity thee. Yet that a wretch like this should overcome a Beverley! is fills me with astonishment! A wretch, so mean of soul, that even desperation cannot animate him to look upon an enemy. You should not thus have towered, sir; unless, like others of your black profession, you had a sword to keep the fools in awe, your villainy has ruined.

Stuk. Villany! 'Twere best to curb this licence of your tongue; for know, sir, while there are laws, this outrage on my reputation will not be borne with.

Lew. Laws! darest thou seek shelter from the laws; those laws, which thou and thy infernal crew live in the constant violation of? Talkest thou of reputation too—when, under friendship's sacred name, thou hast betrayed, robbed, and destroyed?

Stuk. Ay, rail at gaming; 'tis a rich topic, &

affords noble declamation. Go, preach against it in the city; you'll find a congregation in every tavern: if they should laugh at you, fly to my lord, and sermonise it there; he'll thank you, and reform.

Lew. And will example sanctify a vice? No, wretch; the custom of my lord, or of the cit that sees him, cannot excuse a breach of law, or make the gamester's calling reputable.

Stuk. Ruff on, I say. But is this zeal for beggared Beverley? Is it for him that I am treated thus? No; he and his wife might both have groined in prison, had but the sister's fortune escaped the wreck, to have rewarded the disinterested love of honest Mr. Lewson.

Lew. How I detest thee for the thought! But thou art lost to every human feeling. Yet let me tell thee; and may it wring thy heart! that, though my friend is ruined by thy snares, thou hast unknowingly been kind to me.

Stuk. Have I? It was, indeed, unknowingly.

Lew. Thou hast assisted me in love; given me the merit that I wanted; since, but for thee, my Charlotte had not known it was her dear self I sighed for, and not her fortune.

Stuk. Thank me, and take her, then.

Lew. And, as a brother to poor Beverley, I will pursue the robber that has stript him, and snatch him from his gripe.

Stuk. Then know, imprudent man, he is within my gripe; and, should my friendship for him be slandered once again, the hand that has supplied him, shall fall and crush him.

Lew. Why, now there's a spirit in thee! This is indeed to be a villain! But I shall reach thee yet: fly where thou wilt, my vengeance shall pursue thee; and Beverley shall yet be saved, be saved from thee, thou monster; nor owe his rescue to his wife's dishonour.

Stuk. (Passing.) Then ruin has enclosed me! Curse on my coward heart! I would be bravely villainous; but it is my nature to shrink at danger, and he has found me. Yet fear brings caution, and that, security. More mischief must be done, to hide the past. Look to yourself, officious Lewson; there may be danger stirring. How now, Bates?

Enter BATES.

Bates. What is the matter? It was Lewson, and not Beverley, that left you. I heard him loud. You seem alarmed too.

Stuk. Ay, and with reason: we are discovered.

Bates. I feared as much, and therefore cautioned you; but you were peremptory.

Stuk. Thus fools talk ever; spending their idle breath on what is past, and trembling at the future. We must be active. Beverley, at worst, is but suspicious; but Lewson's genius, and his hate to me, will lay all open. Means must be found to stop him.

Bates. What means?

Stuk. Despatch him. Nay, start not: desperate occasions call for desperate deeds. We live but by his death.

Bates. You cannot mean it.

Stuk. I do, by heaven!

Bates. Good night then.

Stuk. Stay, I must be heard—then answered. Perhaps, the motion was too sudden; and human weakness starts at murder, though strong necessity compels it. I have thought long of this, and my first feelings were like yours; a foolish conscience awoke me, which soon I conquered. The man that would undo me, nature cries out, undo. Brutes know their foes by instinct; and, where superior

force is given, they use it to destruction. Shall man do less? Lewson pursues us to our ruin; and shall we, with the means to crush him, fly from our hunter?—or turn and tear him? 'Tis folly even to hesitate.

Bates. He has obliged me, and I dare not.

Stuk. Why, live to shame, then—to beggary and punishment. You would be privy to the deed, yet want the soul to act it. Nay, more; had my designs been levelled at his fortune, you had steeped in the foremost. And what is life without its comforts? those you would rob him of; and, by a lingering death, add cruelty to murder. Henceforth, adieu to half-made villains—there is danger in them. What you have got is yours; keep it, and hide with it: I will deal my future bounty to those that merit it.

Bates. What is the reward?

Stuk. Equal division of our gains. I swear it, and will be just.

Bates. Think of the means, then.

Stuk. He is gone to Beverley's. Wait for him in the street: it is a dark night, and fit for mischief:—a dagger would be useful.

Bates. He sleeps no more.

Stuk. Consider the reward. When the deed is done, I have further business with you. Send Dawson to me.

Bates. Think it already done; and so farewell.

[Exit.]

Stuk. Why, farewell, Lewson, then; and farewell to my fears: This night secures me. I will wait the event within.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Street. Stage darkened.

Enter BEVERLEY.

Bew. How like an out-cast do I wander! loaded with every curse that drives the soul to desperation! Whither am I going? My home lies there; all that is dear on earth it holds too; yet are the gates of death more welcome to me: I'll enter it no more. Who passes here? 'Tis Lewson. He meets me in a gloomy hour; and memory tells me he has been meddling with my fame.

Enter LEWSON.

Lew. Beverley! Well met. I have been busy in your affair.

Bew. So I have heard, sir; and now must thank you as I ought.

Lew. To-morrow I may deserve your thanks. Late as it is, I go to Bates. Discoveries are making that an arch villain trembles at.

Bew. Discoveries are made, sir, that you shall tremble at. Where is this boasted spirit, this high demeanour, that was to call me to account? You say I have wronged my sister; now say as much: but first, be ready for defence, as I am for resentment. (Draws.)

Lew. What mean you? I understand you not.

Bew. The coward's stale acquaintance; who, when he spreads foul calumny abroad, and dreads just vengeance on him, cries out,—What mean you? I understand you not.

Lew. Coward and calumny? Whence are those words? But I forgive, and pity you.

Bew. Your pity had been kinder to my fame: but you have traduced it;—told a vile story to the public ear, that I had wronged my sister.

Lew. 'Tis false! Shew me the man that dares accuse me.

Bew. I thought you brave, and of a soul superior to low malice: but I have found you, and will have vengeance. This is no place for argument.

Lew. Nor shall it be for violence. Imprudent

man! who, in revenge for fancied injuries, would pierce the heart that loves him. But honest friendship acts from itself, unmoved by slander or ingratitude. The life you thirst for, shall be employed to serve you. You know me not.

Rev. Yes—for the slanderer of my fame? who, under shew of friendship, arraigns me of injustice, buzzing in every ear foul breach of trust, and family dishonour.

Lea. Have I done this? Who told you so?

Rev. The world: 'Tis talked of everywhere: it pleased you to add threats, too. You were to call me to account: why, do it now, then; I shall be proud of such an arbiter.

Lea. Put up your sword; and know me better. I never injured you: the base suggestion comes from Stukely: I see him and his aims.

Rev. What aims? I'll not conceal it;—'twas Stukely that accused you.

Lea. To rid him of an enemy—perhaps, of two. He fears discovery, and frames a tale of falsehood, to ground revenge and murder on.

Rev. I must have proof of this.

Lea. Wait till to-morrow, then.

Rev. I will.

Lea. Good night: I go to serve you. Forget what is past, as I do; and cheer your family with smiles. Oh, that to-morrow may confirm them, and make all happy! *(Exit.)*

Rev. (Pleading.) How vile, and how absurd is man! His boasted honour is but another name for pride; which easier bears the consciousness of guilt, than the world's just reproofs. But, 'tis the fashion of the times; and, in defence of falsehood and false honour, men die martyrs. I knew not that my nature was so bad. *(Stands musing.)*

Enter JARVIS and BATES.

Jar. This way the noise was; and yonder is my poor master.

Bates. I heard him at high words with Lewson.

Jar. I heard him too. Misfortunes vex him. *(Exit.)*

Bates. Go to him, and lead him home: I'll not be seen by him.

Rev. What fellow's that? Art thou a murderer, friend? Come, lead the way: I have a hand as mischievous as thine; a heart as desperate, too.—Jarvis! to bed, old man; the cold will chill thee.

Jar. Why are you wandering at this late hour?—Your sword drawn, too!—For heaven's sake, sheathe it, sir! The sight distracts me!

Rev. Whose voice was that?

Jar. 'Twas mine, sir. Let me entreat you to give the sword to me.

Rev. Ay, take it, quickly, take it. Perhaps I am not so cursed, but heaven may have sent thee at this moment to snatch me from perdition.

Jar. Then I am blessed.

Rev. Continue so, and leave me; my sorrows are contagious: no one is blessed that's near me.

Jar. I came to seek you, sir.

Rev. And, now thou hast found me, leave me: my thoughts are wild, and will not be disturbed.

Jar. Such thoughts are best disturbed.

Rev. I tell thee that they will not. Who sent thee hither?

Jar. My weeping mistress. Forget your griefs, and let me lead you to her: the streets are dangerous.

Rev. Be wise, and leave me, then. The night's black horrors are suited to my thoughts. These stones shall be my resting-place: *(lies down.)* here

shall my soul brood o'er its miseries; till, with the fiends of hell, and guilty of the earth, I start and tremble at the morning's light.

Jar. For pity's sake, sir! Upon my knees, I beg you to quit this place; and these sad thoughts! let patience, not despair, possess you! Rise, I beseech you! There's not a moment of your absence, that my poor mistress does not groan for.

Rev. Have I undone her, and is she still so kind? *(Starting up.)* 'Tis too much, my brain cannot hold! O, Jarvis! how desperate is that wretch's state, whom only death or madness can relieve!

Jar. Appease his mind, good heaven, and give him resignation! Alas, sir! if beings in the ether world perceive the events of this, how will your parents' blessed spirits grieve for you, even in heaven! Let me conjure you, by their honoured memories; by the sweet innocence of your yet helpless child, and by the ceaseless sorrows of your poor mistress, to rouse your manhood, and struggle with these griefs!

Rev. Thou virtuous, good old man! thy tears and thy entreaties have reached my heart, through all its miseries.

Jar. Be but resigned, sir, and happiness may yet be yours. Hark! I hear voices! Come: this way we may reach home unnoticed.

Rev. Well; lead me, then. Unnoticed didst thou say? Alas! I dread no looks, but of those wretches I have made at home! O, had I listened to thy honest warnings, no earthly blessing had been wanting to me! I was so happy, that even a wish for more than I possessed, was arrogant presumption; but I have warred against the power that blessed me, and now am sentenced to the hell I merit.

(Exit.)

SCENE III.—Stukely's Lodgings.

Enter STUKELY; meets DAWSON.

Stuk. Come hither, Dawson. My limbs are on the rack, and my soul shivers in me, till this night's business be complete. Tell me thy thoughts, is Bates determined, or does he waver?

Daw. At first, he seemed irresolute; wished the employment had been mine; and muttered curses on his coward hand, that trembled at the deed.

Stuk. And did he leave you so?

Daw. No; we walked together; and, sheltered by the darkness, saw Beverley and Lewson in warm debate; but soon they cooled, and then I left them, to hasten hither; but not 'till it was resolved Lewson should die.

Stuk. Thy words have given me life. That quarrel too, was fortunate; for, if my hopes deceive me not, it promises a grave to Beverley.

Daw. You misconceive me; Lewson and he were friends.

Stuk. But my prolific brain shall make them enemies. If Lewson fall, he falls by Beverley; an upright jury shall decree it; ask me no question, but do as I direct. This writ *(takes out a pocket-book)* for some days past, I have treasured here, till a convenient time called for its use: that time is come. Take it, and give it to an officer; it must be served this instant.

Daw. On Beverley?

Stuk. Look at it: 'tis for the sums that I have lent him.

Daw. Must he to prison, then?

Stuk. I ask obedience; not replies. This night, a jail must be his lodging. 'Tis probable he's not gone home yet; wait at his door and see it executed.

Daw. Upon a beggar? He has no means of ment.

Stuk. Dull and insensible! If Lawson dies, who was it killed him? Why, that he was seen quarrelling with him; and I, that knew of Beverley's intents, arrested him in friendship,—a little late, perhaps; but 'twas a virtuous act, and men will thank me for it. Now, sir, you understand me?

Daw. Most perfectly; and will about it.

Stuk. Haste then, and, when 'tis done, come back and tell me.

Daw. Till then, farewell.

Stuk. Now tell thy tale, fond wife. And Lawson, if again thou canst inquit me, I'll kneel and own thee for my master.

Not avarice now, but vengeance fires my breast.
And one short hour must make me cov'd or blest.

ACT V.

SCENE continues.

Enter STUKELY, RATES, and DAWSON.

Rates. Poor Lawson! but I told you enough last night. The thought of him is dreadful to me.

Stuk. In the street, did you say? And no one near him.

Rates. By his own door: he was leading me to his house; I pretended business with him, and stabbed him to the heart, while he was reaching at the ball.

Stuk. And did he fall so suddenly?

Rates. The reputation pleases you, I see. I told you, he fell without a groan.

Stuk. What heard you of him this morning?

Rates. That the watch found him, and alarmed the servants. I mingled with the crowd just now, and saw him dead in his own house: the sight terrified me.

Stuk. Away with terrors, till his ghost rise and accuse us. We have no living enemy to fear, unless 'tis Beverley; and him we have safe lodged in prison.

Rates. Must he be murdered, too?

Stuk. No; I have a scheme to make the law his murderer. At what hour did Lawson fall?

Rates. The clock struck twelve, as I turned to leave him. 'Twas a melancholy bell, I thought tolling for his death.

Stuk. The time was lucky for us. Beverley was arrested at once, you say.

Daw. Exactly.

Stuk. Good: We'll talk of this presently. The women were with him, I think?

Daw. And old Jarvis. I would have told you of them last night, but your thoughts were too busy. 'Tis well you have a heart of stone, the tale would melt it else.

Stuk. Out with it, then.

Daw. I traced him to his lodgings; and, pretending pity for his misfortune, kept the door open, while the officers seized him. 'Twas a damned deed; but no matter, I followed my instructions.

Stuk. And what said he?

Daw. He upbraided me with treachery; called you a villain; acknowledged the sums you had lent him, and submitted to his fortune.

Stuk. And the women?

Daw. For a few minutes, astonishment kept them silent; they looked wildly at one another, while the tears streamed down their cheeks. But rage and fury soon gave them words; and then, in the very bitterness of despair, they cursed me, and the monster that had employed me.

Stuk. And you bore it with philosophy?

Daw. 'Till the scene changed, and then I melted.

I ordered the officers to take away their prisoner. The women shrieked, and would have followed him, but we forbade them. 'Twas then they fell upon their knees, with all the eloquence of misery, endeavouring to soften us. I never felt compassion till that moment; and had the officers been like me, we had left the business undone, and fled with curses on ourselves; but their hearts were steeled by custom, they tore him from their arms, and lodged him in prison, with only Jarvis to comfort him.

Stuk. There let him lie, till we have further business with him. You saw him quarrelling with Lawson in the street last night?

Rates. I did; his steward, Jarvis, saw him too.

Stuk. And shall attest it. Here's matter to work upon; an unwilling evidence carries weight with him. Something of my design I have hinted to you before. Beverley must be the author of this murder; and we the parties to convict him. But how to proceed, will require time and thought. Come along with me. But no compassion, sir. (To Dawson.) We want leisure for it. This way. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—Beverley's Lodgings. Table and two chairs.

MRS. BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE discovered.

Mrs. B. No news of Lawson yet?

Char. None; he went out early, and knows not what has happened. (Clock strikes eight.)

Mrs. B. The clock strikes eight; I'll wait no longer. O, what a night was last night! I would not pass another such, to purchase worlds by it. My poor Beverley, too; what must he have felt! the very thought distracts me. To have him torn at midnight from me; a loathsome prison his habitation!—a cold damp room his lodging!—the bleak winds, perhaps, blowing upon his pillow!—as I led wife to tell him to his rest!—and no reflections but to wound and tear him!—'Tis too horrible, I wanted love for him, or they had not parted him from me; they should have parted soul and body first. I was too tame.

Char. You must not talk so. All that we could, we did; and Jarvis did the rest; she faithful creature will give him comfort. See where he comes; his looks are cheerful, too.

Enter JARVIS.

Mrs. B. Are there then cheerful? Alas, he weeps! Speak to him, Charlotte; I have no tongue to ask him questions.

Char. How does your master, Jarvis?

Jar. I am old and foolish, madam; and tears will come before my words; but don't you weep; (To Mrs. B.) I have a tale of joy for you.

Mrs. B. Say but he's well, and I have joy enough.

Jar. His mind too shall be well; all shall be well; I have news for him that shall make his poor heart bound again. Fix upon old age! how philidish it makes me! I have a tale of joy for you, and my tears drown it.

Mrs. B. What is it, Jarvis?

Jar. Yet why should I rejoice, when a good man dies? Your uncle, madam, died yesterday.

Mrs. B. My uncle! O heavens!

Char. How heard you of his death?

Jar. His steward came express, madam; I met him in the street, enquiring for your lodgings. I should not rejoice, perhaps, but he was old, and my poor master a prisoner. Now he shall live again. O, 'tis a brave fortune! and it was death to me, to see him a prisoner.

Char. How did he pass the night, Jarvis?

Jar. Why now, madam, I can tell you. Like a man dreaming of death and horrors. When they led him to his cell,—for it was a poor apartment for my master,—he flung himself upon a wretched bed, and lay speechless till day-break; then he started from the bed, and, looking wildly at me, asked who I was. I told him, and bade him be of comfort. "Begone, old wretch," says he, "I have sworn, never to know comfort—My wife! my child! my sister! I have undone them all, and will know no comfort." Then falling upon his knees, he imprecated curses upon himself.

Mrs. B. This is too horrible! But we have stood too long. Let us haste to comfort him, or die with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A prison. Chair, table, lamp, and book on it.*

BEVERLEY, discovered seated. After a short pause, he starts up.

Bes. Why, there's an end, then. I have judged deliberately, and the result is death. How the self-murderer's account may stand, I knew not: but this I know, the load of hateful life oppresses me too much. The horrors of my soul are more than I can bear. (*Offers to kneel.*) Father of Mercy! I cannot pray; despair has laid his iron hand upon me, and sealed me for perdition. Conscience! conscience! thy clamours are too loud: here's that shall silence thee. (*Takes a phial of poison out of his pocket.*) Thou art most friendly to the miserable. Come, then, thou cordial for sick minds, come to my heart. (*Drinks it.*) Oh, that the grave would bury memory as well as body; for, if the soul sees and feels the sufferings of those dear ones it leaves behind, the Everlasting has no vengeance to torment it deeper. I'll think no more on it;—reflection comes too late; once there was a time for it, but now 'tis past. Who's there?

Enter JARVIS.

Jar. One that hoped to see you with better looks. Why do you turn so from me? I have brought comfort with me; and see who comes to give it welcome.

Bes. My wife and sister! Why, 'tis but one pang more, then, and farewell, world.

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. B. Where is he? (*Rushes and embraces him.*) O, I have him! I have him! And now they shall never part us more. I have news, love, to make you happy for ever. Alas! he hears us not. Speak to me, love; I have no heart to see you thus.

Bes. This is a sad place.

Mrs. B. We came to take you from it; to tell you, the world goes well again; that Providence has seen our sorrows, and sent the means to help them; your uncle died yesterday.

Bes. My uncle? No, do not say so. O! I am sick at heart!

Mrs. B. Indeed, I meant to bring you comfort.

Bes. Tell me he lives, then; if you would bring me comfort, tell me he lives.

Mrs. B. And if I did, I have no power to raise the dead. He died yesterday.

Bes. And I am heir to him?

Jar. To his whole estate, sir. But bear it patiently, pray bear it patiently.

Bes. Well, well. (*Pausing.*) Why fame says, I am rich, then?

Mrs. B. And truly so. Why do you look so wildly?

Bes. Do I? The news was unexpected. But has he left me all?

Jar. All, all, sir; he could not leave it from you.

Bes. I am sorry for it.

Mrs. B. Why are you disturbed so?

Bes. Has death no terrors in it?

Mrs. B. Not an old man's death; yet, if it troubles you, I wish him living.

Bes. And I, with all my heart; for I have a tale to tell, shall turn you into stone; or if the power of speech remain, you shall kneel down and curse me.

Mrs. B. Alas! Why are we to curse you? I'll bless you ever.

Bes. No, I have deserved no blessings. All this large fortune, this second bounty of heaven, that might have healed our sorrows, and satisfied our utmost hopes, in a cursed hour I sold last night.

Mrs. B. Impossible!

Bes. That devil Stukely, with all hell to aid him, tempted me to the deed. To pay false debts of honour, and to redeem past errors, I sold the reversion, sold it for a scanty sum, and lost it among villains.

Char. Why, farewell all, then.

Bes. Liberty and life. Come, kneel and curse me.

Mrs. B. Then hear me, heaven. (*Kneels.*) Look down with mercy on his sorrows! Give softness to his looks, and quiet to his heart! On me, on me, if misery must be the lot of either, multiply misfortunes! I'll bear them patiently, so he be happy! These hands shall toil for his support; these eyes be lifted up for hourly blessings on him; and every duty of a fond and faithful wife be doubly done, to cheer and comfort him. So hear me! so reward me! (*Rises.*)

Bes. I would kneel too, but that offended heaven would turn my prayers into curses; for I have done a deed, to make life horrible to you.

Mrs. B. What deed?

Jar. Ask him no questions, madam; this last misfortune has hurt his brain. A little time will give him patience.

Enter STUKELY.

Bes. Why is this villain here?

Stuk. To give you liberty and safety. There, madam, is his discharge. (*Gives a paper to Charlotte.*) The arrest last night was meant in friendship, but came too late.

Char. What mean you, sir?

Stuk. The arrest was too late, I say; I would have kept his hands from blood; but was too late.

Mrs. B. His hands from blood! Whose blood?

Stuk. From Lewson's blood.

Char. No, villain! Yet what of Lewson? Speak quickly.

Stuk. You are ignorant, then; I thought I heard the murderer at confession.

Char. What murderer? And who is murdered? Not Lewson? Say, he lives, and I will kneel and worship you.

Stuk. And so I would; but that the tongues of all cry murder. I came in pity, not in malice; to save the brother, not kill the sister. Your Lewson's dead.

Char. O horrible!

Bes. Silence, I charge you. Proceed, sir.

Stuk. No; justice may stop the tale; and here's an evidence.

Enter BATES.

Bates. The news, I see, has reached you. Br— take comfort, madam. (*To Charlotte.*) Ther

one without, enquiring for you; go to him, and lose no time.

Char. O misery! misery! *[Exit.]*

Mrs. B. Follow her, Jarvis; if it be true that Lewson's dead, her grief may kill her.

Bates. Jarvis must stay here, madam; I have some questions for him.

Stuk. Rather let him fly; his evidence may crush his master.

Bes. Why, ay, this looks like management.

Bates. He found you, quarrelling with Lewson in the street last night. *(To Beverley.)*

Mrs. B. No; I am sure, he did not.

Jar. Or, if I did,—

Mrs. B. 'Tis false, old man; they had no quarrel, there was no cause for quarrel.

Bes. Let him proceed, I say. O! I am sick! sick! Reach a chair.

(Jarvis brings it, he sits down.)

Mrs. B. You droop and tremble, love. Yet you are innocent. If Lewson's dead, you killed him not.

Enter DAWSON.

Stuk. Who sent for Dawson?

Bates. 'Twas I. We have a witness too, you little think of. Without, there!

Stuk. What witness?

Bates. A right one. Look at him.

Enter CHARLOTTE and LEWSON.

(Mrs. B. on perceiving Lewson, goes into an hysterical laugh and sinks on Jarvis.)

Stuk. Lewson! O villains! villains! *(To Bates and Dawson.)*

Mrs. B. Risen from the dead! Why this is unexpected happiness!

Char. Or is it his ghost? *(To Stukely.)* That sight would please you, sir.

Jar. What riddle is this?

Bes. Be quick, and tell it, my minutes are but few.

Mrs. B. Alas! why so? You shall live long and happily.

Lew. While shame and punishment shall rack that viper. *(Points to Stukely.)* The tale is short; I was too busy in his secrets, and therefore doomed to die. Bates, to prevent the murder, undertook it; I kept aloof to give it credit.

Char. And give me pangs unutterable.

Lew. I felt them all, and would have told you; but vengeance wanted ripening. The villain's scheme was but half executed; the arrest by Dawson followed the supposed murder, and now depending on his once wicked associates, he comes to fix the guilt on Beverley.

Bates. Dawson and I are witnesses of this.

Lew. And of a thousand frauds; his fortune ruined by sharpers and false dice; and Stukely sole contriver and possessor of all.

Daw. Had he but stopped on this side murder, we had been villains still.

Lew. *(To Beverley.)* How does my friend?

Bes. Why, well. Who's he that asks me?

Mrs. B. 'Tis Lewson, love. Why do you look so at him?

Bes. *(Wildly.)* They told me he was murdered!

Mrs. B. Ay; but he lives to save us.

Bes. Lend me your hand; the room turns round.

Lew. This villain here disturbs him. Remove him from his sight; and, on your knees, see that you guard him. *(Stukely is taken off by Dawson and Bates.)* How is it, sir?

Bes. 'Tis here, and here. *(Pointing to his head and heart.)* And now it tears me.

Mrs. B. You feel convulsed, too. What is it disturbs you?

Bes. A furnace rages in this heart. *(Laying his hand upon his heart.)* Down, restless flames! down to your native hell, there you shall rack me! Oh, for a pause from pain. Where is my wife? Can you forgive me, love?

Mrs. B. Alas, for what?

Bes. For meanly dying.

Mrs. B. No; do not say it.

Bes. As truly as my soul must answer it. Had Jarvis staid this morning, all had been well; but, pressed by shame, pent in a prison, tormented with my pangs for you, driven to despair and madness, I took the advantage of his absence, corrupted the poor wretch he left to guard me, and swallowed poison.

Lew. O, fatal deed!

Bes. Ay, most accursed. And now I go to my account. Bend me, and let me kneel. *(They lift him from his chair, and support him on his knees.)* I'll pray for you, too. Those Powers that made me, hear me. If, for a life of frailty, and this too hasty deed of death, thy justice doom me, here I acquit the sentence; but if, enthroned in mercy where thou sitt'st, thy pity has beheld me, send me a gleam of hope, that in these last and bitter moments my soul may taste of comfort! And for these mourners here, Oh, let their lives be peaceful, and their deaths happy.

Mrs. B. Restore him, heaven. O, save him, save him, or let me die too!

Bes. No; live, I charge you. We have a little one; though I have left him, you will not leave him. To Lewson's kindness I bequeath him. Is not this Charlotte? We have lived in love, though I have wronged you. Can you forgive me, Charlotte?

Char. Forgive you! O, my poor brother!

Bes. Lend me your hand, love. So; raise me—no; it will not be, my life is finished. O, for a few short moments, to tell you how my heart bleeds for you, that even now, thus dying as I am, dubious and fearful of an hereafter, my bosom pang is for your miseries. Support her, heaven! And now I go, O, mercy! mercy! *(Dies.)*

Lew. How is it, madam? My poor Charlotte, too!

Char. Her grief is speechless.

Lew. Jarvis, remove her from this sight. *(Jarvis and Charlotte lead Mrs. Beverley aside.)* Some ministering angel bring her peace. And thou, poor breathless corpse, may thy departed soul have found the rest it prayed for. Save but one error, and this last fatal deed, thy life was lovely. Let frailer minds take warning; and, from example, learn that want of prudence is want of virtue.

[Exeunt.]

JANE SHORE;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY NICHOLAS ROWE.



Jane Shore.—"O THOU MOST RIGHTEOUS JUDGE."—*Act iv Scene 1.*

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.
LORD HASTINGS.
BELMOUR.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFFE.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SHORE.

LOARDS OF THE COUNCIL.
JANE SHORE.
ALFICIA.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*The Tower.*

Enter the DUKE of GLOSTER, SIR RICHARD RATCLIFFE, and CATESBY.

Glos Thus far success attends upon our councils,
And each event has answer'd to my wish ;
The queen and all her upstart race are quell'd ;
Dorset is banish'd, and her brother Rivers,
Ere this, lies shorter by the head at Pomfret.
The nobles have, with joint concurrence, nam'd me
Protector of the realm ; my brother's children,
Young Edward and the little York, are lodg'd
Here, safe within the Tower. How say you, sirs,
Does not this business wear a lucky face ?
The sceptre and the golden wreath of royalty
Seem hung within my reach.

Sir R. Then take 'em to you,
And wear them long and worthily : you are

The last remaining male of princely York ;
(For Edward's boys, the state esteems not of 'em,)
And therefore on your sovereignty and rule
The commonweal does her dependence make,
And leans upon your highness' able hand.

Cates. And yet, to-morrow, does the council meet
To fix a day for Edward's coronation.
Who can expound this riddle ?

Glos. That can I.
Those lords are each one my approv'd good friends,
Of special trust and nearness to my bosom ;
And howsoever busy they may seem,
And diligent to bustle in the state,
Their zeal goes on no further than we lead,
And at our bidding stays.

Cates. Yet there is one,
And he amongst the foremost in his power,
Of whom I wish your highness were assur'd
For me, perhaps it is my nature's fault,
I own I doubt of his inclining much.

Glos. I guess the man at whom your words
Hastings (would point)

Cates. The same.

Glos. He bears me great good will.

Cates. 'Tis true, to you, as to the lord protector,
And Gloucester's duke, he bows with lowly service;
But were he bid to cry, God save king Richard!
Then tell me in what terms he would reply.
Believe me, I have prov'd the man, and found him:
I know he bears a most religious reverence
To his dead master Edward's royal memory,
And whither that may lead him, is most plain.
Yet more—One of that stubborn sort he is
Who, if they once grow fond of an opinion,
They call it honour, honesty, and faith;
And sooner part with life than let it go.

Glos. And yet this tough, impracticable heart,
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd girl;
Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures;
A laughing, jesting, wheedling, whispering she,
Shall make him smile on a gossip's message,
And take the darts with a hand as patient
As e'er did Hercules.

Sir R. The fair Anna,
Of noble birth and exquisite features,
Has held him long a vassal to her beauty.
Cates. I fear he falls in his allegiance there;
Or my intelligence is false, or else
The dame has been too lavish of her feast,
And fed him till he loathes it.

Glos. No more: he comes.

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Has. Health, and the happiness of many days,
Attend upon your grace.

Glos. My good lord chamberlain,
We're much beholden to your gentle friendship.

Has. My lord, I come an humble suitor to you.

Glos. In right good time. Speak out your plea—
—and freely.

Has. I am to move your highness in behalf
Of Shore's unhappy wife.

Glos. Say you of Shore?

Has. Once a bright star, that held her place on
The first and fairest of our English dames, [high:
While Royal Edward held the sov'reign rule,
Now sunk in grief, and pining with despair,
Her waning form no longer shall incite
Envy in woman, or desire in man.
She never sees the sun but through her tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long night away. [her,
Glos. Marry! the times are badly chang'd with
From Edward's days to these. Then all was
jollity,

Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laugh-
Piping and playing, minstrelsy and making;
Till life fled from us like an idle dream,
A show of mummery without a meaning.
My brother, (rest and pardon to his soul,)
Is gone to his account; for this his minion,
The revel-roust is done.—But you were speaking
Concerning her; I have been told, that you
Are frequent in your visitation to her.

Has. No further, my good lord, than friendly
And tender-hearted charity allow. [pity

Glos. Go to: I did not mean to chide you for it.
For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
To cherish the distress'd.—On with your tale.

Has. Thus it is, gracious sir: that certain officers,
Using the warrant of your mighty name,
With insolence unjust, and lawless power,
Have seiz'd upon the lands, which late she held
By grant, from her great master Edward's bounty.

Glos. Somewhat of this but slightly have I heard;
And though some counsellors of forward zeal,

Some of most common-sense sanctity,
And beard'd wisdom, often have provok'd
The hand of justice to fall heavy on her;
Yet still, in kind compassion of her weakness,
And tender memory of Edward's love,
I have withheld the merciless stern law
From doing outrage on her helpless beauty.
Has. Good heav'n, who renders mercy back for
mercy,

With open-handed bounty shall repay you:
This gentle deed shall fairly be set foremost,
To screen the wild escapes of lawless passion,
And the long wain of frailties flesh is heir to.

Glos. Thus far, the voice of pity pleaded only:

Our further and more full extent of grace
Is given to your request. Let her attend,
And to herself deliver up her griefs.
She shall be heard with patience, and each wrong
As full redress'd. But I have other news,
Which much import us both: yet still my fortunes
Go hand in hand with yours: our common foes,
The queen's relations, our new-pledged gentry,
Have fall'n their hangy crests—that for your
privacy. [Exit.

BORN II.—An Apartment in Jane Shore's House.

Enter BELMONT and DUMONT.

Bel. Now she has liv'd you have heard my tale
already;

The rest, your own attendance in her family,
Where I have found the means this day to place
And nearer observation, best will tell you: [you,
See with what sad and sober cheer she comes!

Enter JANE SHORE.

Sure, or I read her visage such a tale,
Or grief besets her heart. Have you, fair lady,
The blessings of the cheerful moon be for you,
And greet your beauty with its opening eye.

Jane S. My gentle neighbour! your good wishes
still

Pursue my hapless fortunes; ah! good Heaven!
How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity!
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix their plying tears with those that weep!
Thy praise deserves a better tongue than mine,
To speak and bless thy name. Is this the gentle
man,

Whose friendly service you commended to me?

Bel. Madam, it is.

Jane S. A venerable aspect!

[Aside]

Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well try'd, and wise experience;
A friend like this would suit my sorrows well.
Fortune, I fear me, sir, has meant you ill, [To Dum.]
Who pays your merits with that scanty pittance,
Which my poor hand and humble roof can give.
But to supply those golden 'advantages,
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
A just regard and value for your worth.

The welcome of a friend, and the free partnership
Of all that little good the world allows me. [swear

Dum. You over-rate me much; and all my an-
Must be my future truth; let that speak for me,
And make up my deserving.

Jane S. Are you of England?

[Birth:

Dum. No, gracious lady; Flanders claims my
At Antwerp has my constant biding been. [days
Where sometimes I have known more piteous
Than these which now my falling age affords.

Jane S. Alas! at Antwerp! O forgive my tears!
[Weeping.]

They fall for my offences; and must fall
Long, long ere they shall wash my stains away.
You knew, perhaps—O grief! O shame! my hap-
band!

Dum. I knew him well; but stay this flood of
The senseless grave feels not your pious sorrows:
Three years and more are past, since I was bid,
With many of our common friends, to wait him
To his last peaceful mansion. I attended,
Sprinkled his clay-cold corpse with holy drops,
According to our church's reverend rite,
And saw him laid, in hallow'd ground, to rest.

Jane S. Oh, that my soul had known no joy but
him!

That I had liv'd within his guiltless arms,
And dying slept in innocence beside him!
But now his honest dust abhors the fellowship,
And scorns to mix with mine.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The lady Alicia
Attends your leisure.

Jane S. Say I wish to see her. [*Exit Servant.*]
Please, gentle sir, one moment to retire;
I'll wait you on the instant, and inform you
Of each unhappy circumstance, in which
Your friendly aid and counsel much may stead me.

[*Exeunt Bel. and Dum.*]

Enter ALICIA.

Alic. Still, my fair friend, still shall I find you
thus?

Still shall these sighs heave after one another,
These trickling drops chase one another still,
As if the posting messengers of grief
Could overtake the hours fled far away,
And make old time come back?

Jane S. No, my Alicia;
Heaven and his saints be witness to my thoughts,
There is no hour of all my life o'erpast,
That I could wish should take its turn again.

Alic. And yet some of these days my friend has
known,

Some of those years, might pass for golden ones,
At least if woman-kind can judge of happiness.
What could we wish, we who delight in empire,
Whose beauty is our sov'reign good, and gives us
Our reason to rebel, and pow'r to reign,—
What could we more than to behold a monarch,
Lovely, renown'd a conqueror, and young,
Bound in our chains, and sighing at our feet?

Jane S. 'Tis true, the royal Edward was a wonder,
The goodly pride of all our English youth;
He was the very joy of all that saw him,
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.
But what had I to do with kings and courts?
My humble lot had cast me far beneath him;
And that he was the first of all mankind,
The bravest and most lovely, was my curse;

Alic. Sure something more than fortune join'd
your loves:

Nor could his greatness, and his gracious form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the sweetness
And beauty of my friend.

Jane S. Name him no more:
He was the bane and ruin of my peace.
This anguish, and these tears, these are the legacies
His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt see me,—
Ere yet a few short days pass o'er my head,
Abandon'd to the very utmost wretchedness.
The hand of pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole
Of what was left for needy life's support;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
Before thy charitable door for bread.

Alic. Joy of my life, my dearest Shore, forbear

To wound my heart with thy forbidding sorrows:

Raise thy sad soul to better hopes than these,
Lift up thy eyes, and let them shine once more,
Bright as the morning sun above the mist.
Exert thy charms, seek out the stern protector,
And sooth his savage temper with thy beauty;
Spite of his deadly unrelenting nature,
He shall be mov'd to pity, and redress thee.

Jane S. My form, alas! has long forgot to please!

The scene of beauty and delight is chang'd;
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,
Nor laughing graces wait on my eyes;
But haggard grief, lean-looking, sallow care,
And pining discontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn;
One only shadow of a hope is left me;
The noble-minded Hastings, of his goodness,
Has kindly undertak'n to be my advocate,
And move my humble suit to angry Gloster.

Alic. Does Hastings undertake to plead your
cause?

But wherefore should he not? Hastings has eyes;
The gentle lord has a right tender heart,
Melting and easy, yielding to impression,
And catching the soft flame from each new beauty:
But yours shall charm him long.

Jane S. Away, you flatterer!

Nor charge his generous meaning with a weakness,
Which his great soul and virtue must disdain.
Too much of love thy hapless friend has prov'd,
Too many giddy foolish hours are gone,
And in fantastic measures danc'd away:
May the remaining few know only friendship,
So thou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,
Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,
A partner there; I will give up mankind,
Forget the transport of increasing passion,
And all the pangs we feel for its decay.

Alic. Live! live and reign for ever in my bosom;
[*Embracing.*]

Safe and unrivall'd there possess thy own;
And you, the brightest of the stars above,
Ye saints that once were women here below,
Be witnesses of the truth, the holy friendship,
Which here to this my other self I vow.

If I not hold her nearer to my soul,
Than every other joy the world can give,
Let poverty, deformity, and shame,
Distraction and despair seize me on earth;
Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,
Nor taste the bliss of your celestial fellowship.

Jane S. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art
true:

Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty
Of royal Edward's love, I trust to thee:

[*Giving a casket.*]

Receive this, all that I can call my own,
And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee;
That if the state's injustice should oppress me,
Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,
And shelter from the sterns.

Alic. My all is thine;

One common hazard shall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
But let thy fearful doubting heart be still;
The saints and angels have thee in their charge,
And all things shall be well. Think not, the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the prisoner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee.
Ev'n man, the merciless insulter, man;

Man, who rejoices in our sex's weakness,
 Shall pity thee, and with unwonted goodness,
 Forget thy failings, and record thy praise. [me
Jane S. Why should I think that man will do for
 What yet he never did for wretches like me?
 Mark, by what partial justice we are judg'd;
 Such is the fate unhappy women find,
 And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
 That man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
 Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of love;
 While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
 If poor, weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
 If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
 And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
 Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
 And one false step entirely damns her fate:
 In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
 In vain look back on what she was before;
 She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in *Jane Shore's* house.*Enter ALICIA.**Alic.* The drowsy night grows on the world, and now

The busy craftsman and the o'er-labour'd hind
 Forget the travail of the day in sleep;
 Care only wakes, and moping Pensiveness;
 With meagre discontented looks they sit,
 And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.
 Such vigils must I keep, so wakes my soul,
 Restless and self-tormented! O false Hastings!
 Thou hast destroy'd my peace. (*Knocking without.*)
 What noise is that?
 What visitor is this, who, with bold freedom,
 Breaks in upon the peaceful night and rest,
 With such a rude approach?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. One from the court,
 Lord Hastings, (as I think) demands my lady.

[Exit.]

Alic. Hastings! Be still, my heart, and try to meet him,

With his own arts! with falsehood.—But he comes.
Enter LORD HASTINGS, speaking to a Servant as entering.

Has. Dismiss my train, and wait alone without.
Alicia here! Unfortunate encounter!
 But be it as it may.

Alic. When humbly, thus,
 The great descend to visit the afflicted;
 When thus, unmindful of their rest, they come
 To soothe the sorrows of the midnight mourner,
 Comfort comes with them; like the golden sun,
 Disperses the sullen shades with her sweet influence,
 And cheers the melancholy house of care.

Has. 'Tis true I would not over-rate a courtesy,
 Nor let the coldness of delay hang on it,
 To nip and blast its favour, like a frost;
 But rather chose, at this late hour, to come,
 That your fair friend may know I have prevail'd;
 The lord protector has receiv'd her suit,
 And means to shew her grace.

Alic. My friend, my lord.

[ample]

Has. Yes, lady, yours; none has a right more
 To task my pow'r than you.

Alic. I want the words,
 To pay you back a compliment so courtly;
 But my heart guesses at the friendly meaning,
 And wouldn't die your debtor.

Has. 'Tis well, madam:

But I would see your friend.

Alic. O thou false lord!
 I would be mistress of my heaving heart,

Stifle this rising rage, and learn from thee
 To dress my face in easy, dull indifference;
 But 'twouldn't be; my wrongs will tear their way,
 And rush at once upon thee.

Has. Are you wise?

Have you the use of reason? Do you wake?
 What means this raving, this transporting passion?

Alic. O, thou cool traitor! thou insulting tyrant!
 Dost thou behold my poor, distracted heart,
 Thus rent with agonizing love and rage,
 And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?
 Am I not scorn'd, forsaken, and abandon'd;
 Left, like a common wretch, to shame and infamy;
 Giv'n up to be the sport of villain's tongues,
 Of laughing parasites, and lewd buffoons?

And all because my soul has doated on thee
 With love, with truth and tenderness unutterable!
Has. Are these the proofs of tenderness and love?
 These endless quarrels, discontents, and jealousies,
 These never-ceasing wallings and complainings,
 These furious starts, these whirlwinds of the soul,
 Which every other moment rise to madness?

Alic. What proof, alas! have I not giv'n of love?
 What have I not abandon'd to thy arms?

Have I not set at naught my noble birth,
 A spotless fame, and an unblemish'd race,
 The peace of innocence, and pride of virtue?
 My prodigality has giv'n thee all;
 And now, I've nothing left me to bestow,
 You hate the wretched bankrupt you have made.

Has. Why am I thus pursu'd from place to place,
 Kept in the view, and cross'd at ev'ry turn?

In vain I fly, and, like a hunted deer,
 Scud o'er the lawns, and hasten to the covert;
 Ere I can reach my safety, you o'ertake me
 With the swift malice of some keen reproach,
 And drive the winged shaft deep in my heart.

Alic. Hither you fly, and here you seek repose.
 Spite of the poor deceit, your arts are known,
 Your pious, charitable, midnight visits.

Has. If you are wise, and prize your peace of mind,

Yet take the friendly counsel of my love;
 Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy.
 Let not that devil, which undoes your sex,
 That cursed curiosity, seduce you,
 To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,
 Shall never hurt your quiet; but once known,
 Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
 And banish the sweet sleep for ever from you.
 Go to—be yet advis'd—

Alic. Dost thou in scorn
 Preach patience to my rage, and bid me tamely
 Sit, like a poor, contented idiot, down,
 Nor dare to think thou'rt wrong'd me? Ruin
 seize thee,

And swift perdition overtake thy treachery.
 Have I the least remaining cause to doubt?
 Hast thou endeavour'd once to hide thy falsehood?
 To hide it might have spoke some little tenderness,
 And shown thee half unwilling to undo me:
 But thou disdain'st the weakness of humanity,
 Thy words, and all thy actions, have confirm'd it;
 Ev'n now thy eyes avow, it, now they speak,
 And insolently own the glorious villany. [chains.

Has. Well then, I own my heart has broke your
 Patient I bore the painful bondage long,
 At length my gen'rous love disdains your tyranny;
 The bitterness and stings of taunting jealousy,
 Vexatious days, and jarring, joyless nights,
 Have driv'n him fourth to seek some safer shelter,
 Where he may rest his weary wings in peace.

Alic. You triumph! do; and with gigantic pride
 Defy impending vengeance. Heav'n shall wink;

No more his arm shall roll the dreadful thunder,
Nor send his lightnings forth: no more his justice
Shall visit the presuming sons of men,
But perjury, like thine, shall dwell in safety.

Has. Whatever my fate decrees for me hereafter,
Be present to me now my better angel!
Preserve me from the storm that threatens now,
And if I have beyond atonement sinn'd,
Let any other kind of plague o'erstrike me,
So I escape the fury of that tongue.

Alc. Thy prayer is heard—I go; but know
proud lord,

Howe'er thou scorn'st the weakness of my sex,
This feeble hand may find the means to reach thee,
Howe'er sublime in pow'r and greatness plac'd,
With royal favour guarded round and grac'd:
On eagle's wings my rage shall urge her flight,
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost height;
Then, like thy fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n, and growling at my feet;
See thy last breath with indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the shades below.

[Exit.

Has. How fierce a fiend is passion! With what
wildness,

What tyrannical antum'd, it reigns in women!
Unhappy sex! whose easy, yielding temper,
Gives way to every appetite alike:
And love in their weak bosoms is a rage
As terrible as hate, and as destructive.
But soft ye now—for here comes one, disclaims
Strife and her wrangling train: of equal elements,
Without one jarring atom, was she form'd;
And gentleness and joy make up her being.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Forgive me, fair one, if officious friendship
Intrudes on your repose and comes thus late
To greet you with the tidings of success.
The princely Ghoster has vouchsaf'd your hearing:
To-morrow he expects you at the court;
There plead your cause, with never-fading beauty,
Speak all your griefs, and find a full redress.

Jane S. Thus humbly let your lowly servant
bend (kneeling);

Thus let me bow my grateful knee to earth,
And bless your noble nature for this goodness.

Has. Rise, gentle dame, you wrong my meaning
Think me not guilty of a thought so vain, (much)
To sell my courtesy for thanks like these.

Jane S. 'Tis true your bounty is beyond my
speaking: [you;

But though my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank
And when it melts before the throne of mercy,
Mourning and bleeding for my past offences,
My fervent soul shall breathe one pray'r for you,
That heav'n will pay you back, when most you
need,

The grace and goodness you have shown to me,
Has. If there be aught of merit in my service,
Impute it there, where most 'tis due—to love;
Be kind, my gentle mistress, to my wishes,
And satisfy my panting heart with beauty.

Jane S. Alas! my lord—

Has. Why bend thy eyes to earth?
Wherefore these looks of heaviness and sorrow?
Why breathes that sigh, my love? and wherefore
falls [ness?

This trickling show'r of tears, to stain thy sweet-
Jane S. If pity dwells within your noble breast
(As sure it does), oh, speak not to me thus.

Has. Can I behold thee, and not speak of love?
Ev'n now, thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy softness steals upon my yielding senses,

Till my soul faints, and sickens with desire.
How canst thou give this motion to my heart,
And bid my tongue be still?

Jane S. Oast round your eyes
Upon the high-born beauties of the court;
Behold, like opening roses where they bloom,
Sweet to the sense, unsullied all, and spotless;
There choose some worthy partner of your heart,
To fill your arms, and bless your virtuous bed;
Nor turn your eyes this way. [change?

Has. What means this peevish, this fantastic
Where is thy wonted pleasantness of face,
Thy wonted graces, and thy dimpled smiles?
Where hast thou lost thy wit and sportive mirth?
That cheerful heart, which us'd to dance for ever,
And cast a day of gladness all around thee?

Jane S. Yes, I will own I merit the reproach;
And for those foolish days of wanton pride,
My soul is justly humbled to the dust:
All tongues, like yours, are licens'd to upbraid me,
Still to repeat my guilt, to urge my infamy,
And treat me like that abject thing I have been.

Has. No more of this dull stuff. 'Tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with penance;
The present moment claims more generous me:
Thy beauty, night and solitude reproach me,
For having talk'd thus long:—come, let me press
these, (Laying hold on her.) (die,

Jane S. Forbear, my lord!—here let me rather
And end my sorrows and my shame for ever.

Has. Away with this perverseness; 'tis too much.
Nay, if you strive,—'tis monstrous affectation!

Jane S. Retire! I beg you leave me— (Striving.)

Has. Thus to coy it!—
With one who knows you too.

Jane S. For mercy's sake—
Has. Ungrateful woman! Is it thus you pay
My services?—

Jane S. Abandon me to ruin,—
Rather than urge me—

Has. This way to your chamber; (Pulling her.)
There, if you struggle—

Jane S. Help, O gracious heaven!
Help! Save me! Help! [Rushes out

Enter DUMONT; he interposes.

Dum. My lord! for honour's sake—
Has. Ha! What art thou?—Begone!

Dum. My duty calls me
To my attendance on my mistress here.

Has. Avant! base groom:—
At distance wait, and know thy office better

Dum. No, my lord—
The common ties of manhood call me now,

And bid me thus stand up in the defence
Of an oppress'd, unhappy, helpless woman.

Has. And dost thou know me, slave?
Dum. Yes, thou proud lord!

I know thee well; know thee with each advantage
Which wealth, or pow'r, or noble birth can give
thee.

I know thee too for one who stains those honours,
And blots a long illustrious line of ancestry,
By poorly daring thus to wrong a woman. [dame,
Has. 'Tis wondrous well; I see my saint-like
You stand provided of your braves and ruffians,
To man your cause, and bluster in your brothel.

Dum. Take back the foul reproach, unmanner'd
raller!

Nor urge my rage too far, lest thou shouldst find
I have as daring spirits in my blood.
As thou or any of thy race e'er boasted;
And though no gaudy titles grac'd my birth,
Yet heav'n, that made me honest, made me more
Than ever king did, when he made a lord.

If every peevish, moody malcontent,
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar?
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day with some fantastic giddy change?

Glos. What if some patriot for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state?

Has. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels; who, for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

Glos. You go too far, my lord.

Has. Your highness' pardon.—

Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth their battles;
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
Our groaning country bled at every vein:
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction: peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The reverend crosier and the holy mitre,
And desolation covered all the land?

Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart,
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us?

Glos. How now? so hot!

Has. So brave, and so resolv'd.

Glos. Is then our friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm your hand against my life?

Has. I hope your highness does not think I mean it;

No, heaven forbid that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.

Glos. O noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace you; *(Embraces him.)*

By holy Paul, you're a right honest man!
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not,
Too apt for jealousy, and light surmise,
If, when I meant to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live your king and country's best support:
For me, I ask no more than honour gives, [friends.
To think me yours, and rank me with your
(Exit.)

Has. I am not read,
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tenderest point; the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me,
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd;
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name; [blood,
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my
And die with pleasure for my country's good. *(Exit.)*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter DUKE of GLOSTER, RATCLIFFE, and
CATESBY.

Glos. This was the sum of all: that he would
No alteration in the present state. [brook
Marry, at last, the testy gentleman
Was almost mov'd to bid us bold defiance:
But there I dropp'd the argument, and changing

The first design and purport of my speech,
I praise'd his good affection to young Edward,
And left him to believe my thoughts like his.
Proceed we then in this fore-mentioned matter,
As nothing bound or trusting to his friendship.
Sir R. Ill does it thus befall. I could have wish'd
This lord had stood with us.

His name had been of vantage to your highness,
And stood our present purpose much in stead.

Glos. This wayward and perverse declining from
Has warranted at full the friendly notice, [us,
Which we this morn receiv'd. I hold it certain,
This puling, whining harlot rules his reason,
And prompts his zeal for Edward's bastard brood.

Cates. If she have such dominion o'er his heart,
And turn it at her will, you rule her fate;
And should, by inference and apt deduction,
Be arbiter of his. Is not her bread,

The very means immediate to her being,
The bounty of your hand? Why does she live,
If not to yield obedience to your pleasure,
To speak, to act, to think as you command?

Sir R. Let her instruct her tongue to bear your
message;

Teach every grace to smile in your behalf,
And her deluded eyes to gloat for you;

His ductile reason will be wound about,
Be led and turn'd again, say and unsay,
Receive the yoke, and yield exact obedience.

Glos. Your counsel likes me well; it shall be
follow'd;

She waits without, attending on her suit:
Go, call her in, and leave us here alone.

(Exeunt Ratcliffe and Catesby.)

How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,
Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this is!
A meppet made of prettiness and pride;
That oftener does her giddy fancies change,
Than glittering dew-drops in the sun do colours.
Now, shame upon it! was our reason given
For such a use? To be thus puff'd about. [them,
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in
That masters e'en the wisest of us all.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Oh! you are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
On this your grievance: and though some there
are,

Nay, and those great ones too, who would enforce
The rigour of our power to afflict you,
And bear a heavy hand; yet fear not you:
We've t'en you to our favour; our protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from mishap.

Jane S. The blessings of a heart, with anguish
broken,

And rescu'd from despair, attend your highness.
Alas! my gracious lord, what have I done
To kindle such relentless wrath against me?

Glos. Marry, there are, though I believe them not,
Who say you meddle in affairs of state:
That you presume to prattle like a busy-body,
Give your advice, and teach the lords o' the council
What fits the order of the commonweal.

Jane S. Oh, that the busy world, at least in this,
Would take example from a wretch like me!
None then would waste their hours in foreign
thoughts,

Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace,
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider their own hearts,
And wept their sorrows which they found at home.

Glos. Go to; I know your pow'r; and though I
trust not

To ev'ry breath of fame, I'm not to learn

That Hastings is profess'd your loving vassal.
But fair befall your beauty: use it wisely,
And it may stand your fortunes much in stead,
Give back your forfeit land with large increase,
And place you high in safety and in honour.
Nay, I could point a way, the which pursuing,
You shall not only bring yourself advantage,
But give the realm much worthy cause to thank you.

Jane S. Oh! where or how can my unworthy
Become an instrument of good to any? [hand
Instruct your lowly slave; and let me fly
To yield obedience to your dread command.

Glos. Why, that's well said:—Thus then,—ob-
serve me well.

The state, for many high and potent reasons,
Deeming my brother Edward's sons unfit
For the imperial weight of England's crown—

Jane S. Alas, for pity!

Glos. Therefore have resolv'd

To set aside their unavailing infancy,
And vest the sov'reign rule in abler hands.
This, though of great importance to the public,
Hastings, for very peevishness and spleen,
Does stubbornly oppose.

Jane S. Does he? Does Hastings?

Glos. Ay, Hastings.

[heav'n's:

Jane S. Reward him for the noble deed, just
For this one action guard him and distinguish him
With signal mercies, and with great deliverance;
Save him from wrong, adversity, and shame;
Let never fading honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his name, ev'n to time's end.

Glos. How now!

Jane S. The poor, forsaken, royal little ones!
Shall they be left a prey to savage power?
Can they lift up their harmless hands in vain,
Or cry to heaven for help, and not be heard?
Impossible: O gallant, generous Hastings,
Go on, pursue, assert the sacred cause!
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And save the friendless infants from oppression.
Saints shall assist thee with prevailing prayers,
And warring angels combat on thy side. [speech,

Glos. You're passing rich in this same heav'nly
And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me!
My favour is not bought with words like these.
Go to:—You'll teach my tongue another tale. [me,

Jane S. No, though the royal Edward has undone
He was my king, my gracious master still;
He lov'd me too, though 'twas a guilty flame;
And can I—(O my heart abhors the thought!)
Stand by and see his children robb'd of right?

Glos. Dare not, even for thy soul, to thwart me
further!

None of your arts, your feigning, and your foolery;
Your dainty squeamish cloying it to me;
Go—to your lord, your paramour, be gone!
Lisp in his ear, hang wanton on his neck,
And play your monkey gambols o'er to him.
You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,
And make him yield obedience to my will,
Do it—or woe upon the harlot's head. [speech,

Jane S. Oh that my tongue had every grace of
Great and commanding, as the breath of kings;—
That I had heart and eloquence divine,
To pay my duty to my master's ashes, [cease.
And plead, till death, the cause of injur'd inno-

Glos. Ha! Dost thou brave me, minion? Dost
thou know [thee?

How vile, how very a wretch, my pow'r can make
That I can place thee in such abject state,
As help shall never find thee: where reaping,
Thou shalt sit down and gnaw the earth for
anguish;

Groan to the pitiless winds without return:
Howl, like the midnight wolf amidst the desert,
And curse thy life, in bitterness and misery!

Jane S. Let me be branded for the public scorn,
Turn'd forth and driv'n to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren wild and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears,
Ere I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the orphan who has none to save him.

Glos. 'Tis well:—we'll try the temper of your
water, ho! Who waits without? [heart.

Enter RATCLIFFE, CATESBY, and Attendants.

Glos. Go, some of you, and turn this strumpet
forth!

Spurn her into the street; there let her perish,
And rot upon a dughill. Through the city
See it proclaim'd, that none, on pain of death,
Presume to give her comfort, food, or harbour;
Who ministers the smallest comfort, dies.
Her house, her costly furniture and wealth,
We seize on, for the profit of the state.
Away! Be gone!

Jane S. Oh, thou most righteous Judge—
Humbly behold, I bow myself to thee, [kneels)

And on thy justice in this hard decree:

No longer, then, my ripe offences spare,

But what I merit let me learn to bear.

Yet, since 'tis all my wretchedness can give,
For my past crimes my forfeit life receive;

[*They raise her.*]

No pity for my sufferings here I crave,
And only hope forgiveness in the grave.

[*Exit Jane Shore, guarded by Catesby.*

Glos. So much for this. Your project's at an end,
[*To Sir Richard.*]

This idle toy, this bilding, scorns my power,
And sets us all at naught. See that a guard
Be ready at my call.

Sir R. The council waits

Upon your highness' leisure.

Glos. I'll attend them.

SCENE II.—*The Council Chamber.*

*The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, EARL OF DERBY,
BISHOP OF ELY, LORD HASTINGS, and others
discovered in Council. The DUKE of GLOSTER
enters, and takes his place at the upper end.*

Der. In happy times we are assembled here,
To appoint the day, and fix the solemn pomp
For placing England's crown, with all due rites,
Upon our sovereign Edward's youthful brow.

Lord H. Some busy, meddling knaves, 'tis said
there are,

As such will still be prating, who presume
To carp and cavil at his royal right;
Therefore, I hold it fitting, with the soonest,
To appoint the order of the coronation:
So to approve our duty to the king,
And stay the babbling of such vain gainsayers.

Der. We all attend to know your highness'
pleasure. [To Gloucester.)

Glos. My lords, a set of worthy men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the state;
Therefore, to your most grave determination
I yield myself in all things; and demand
What punishment your wisdom shall think meet
To inflict upon those damnable contrivers, [drugs,
Who shall with potions, charms, and witching
Practise against our person and our life! [debtor,

Has. So much I hold the king your highness'
So precious are you to the commonweal,
That I presume, not only for myself,
But in behalf of these my noble brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit death.

Glos. Then judge, yourselves, convince your eyes
of truth:

Behold my arm, thus blasted, dry, and wither'd,
(*Pulling up his sleeve.*)

Shrunk like a foul abortion, and decay'd,
Like some untimely product of the seasons,
Robb'd of its properties of strength and office!
This is the sorcery of Edward's wife,
Who, in conjunction with that harlot Shore,
And ether like confederate midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work,
To torture and despoil me of my life,
Has. If they have done this deed—

Glos. If they have done it!

Talk'st thou to me of life, and audacious traitor!
Thou art that strumpet witch's chief abettor,
The patron and compploter of her mischiefs,
And join'd in this contrivance for my death.
Nay, start not, lords.—What ho! a guard there, sir!

Enter Guards.

Lord Hastings, I arrest thee of high treason;
Seize him, and bear him instantly away.
He shal' not live an hour. By holy Paul,
I will not dine before his head be brought me.
Ratcliffe, stay you, and see that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

(*Exeunt Gloster, the Lords following.*)

Enter LORD HASTINGS, SIR RICHARD RATCLIFFE, and Guards.

Has. What! and no more but this!—How! to
the scaffold!

O gentle Ratcliffe! tell me, do I hold thee?
Or if I dream, what shall I do to wake,
To break, to struggle through this dread confusion?
For surely death itself is not so painful
As this sudden horror and surprise.

Sir R. You heard the duke's commands to me
were absolute,
Therefore, my lord, address you to your shrift,
With all good speed you may. Summon your
courage,

And be yourself; for you must die this instant.

Has. Yes, Ratcliffe, I will take thy friendly counsel
And die as a man should; 'tis somewhat hard,
To call my scatter'd spirits home at once:
But since what must be, must be,—let necessity
Supply the place of time and preparation,
And arm me for the blow. 'Tis but to die,
'Tis but to venture on the common hazard,
Which many a time in battle I have run;
'Tis but to close my eyes and shut out day-light,
To view no more the wicked ways of men;
No longer to behold the tyrant Gloster,
And be a weeping witness of the woes,
The desolation, slaughter, and calamities,
Which he shall bring on this unhappy land.

Enter ALICIA.

Alic. Stand off, and let me pass: I will, I must
Catch him once more in these despairing arms.
And hold him to my heart. O Hastings! Hastings!

Has. Alas! why comest thou at this dreadful mo-
ment,

To fill me with new terrors, new distractions;
To turn me wild with thy distemper'd rage,
And shock the peace of my departing soul?
Away! I pry thee, leave me!

Alic. Stop a minute—
Till my full griefs find passage: O the tyrant!
Perdition fall on Gloster's head and mine!

What means thy frantic grief?
cannot speak—

But I have murder'd thee:—Oh, I could tell thee—
Has. Speak, and give ease to thy conflicting pas-
Be quick, nor keep me longer in suspense; [sion]
Time presses, and a thousand crowding thoughts
Break in at once;—this way and that they snatch,
They tear my hurried soul: all claim attention,
And yet not one is heard. Oh! speak, and leave
For I have business would employ an age. [me]
And but a minute's time to get it done in. [as]

Alic. That—that's my grief: 'tis I that urge thee
Thus hunt thee to the toll, sweep thee from earth,
And drive thee down this precipice of fate. [sion]
Has. Thy reason is grown wild. Could thy weak
Bring on this mighty ruin? If it could,
What have I done so grievous to thy soul,
So deadly, so beyond the reach of pardon.
That nothing but my life can make atonement?

Alic. Thy cruel scorn hath stung me to the heart,
And set my burning bosom all in flames;
Raving and mad I flew to my revenge,
And writ I knew not what;—hold the protector,
That Shore's detested wife, by wiles, had won thee
To plot against his greatness. He believ'd it,
(Oh, dire event of my pernicious counsel!)
And, while I meant destruction on her head,
He has turn'd it all on thine.

Has. O thou inhuman! turn thine eyes away,
And blast me not with their destructive beams:
Why should I curse thee with my dying breath?
Be gone! and let me die in peace.

Alic. Canst thou, O cruel Hastings, leave me thus?
Hear me, I beg thee!—I conjure thee, hear me!
While, with an agonising heart, I swear,
By all the pangs I feel, by all the sorrows,
The terrors and despair thy loss shall give me,
My hate was on my rival bent alone,
Oh! had I once divin'd, false as thou art,
A danger to thy life, I would have died—
I would have met it for thee. [sward:]

Has. Now mark! and tremble at heav'n's just
While thy insatiate wrath and fell revenge,
Pursu'd the innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Behold the mischief falls on thee and me:
Remorse and heaviness of heart shall wait thee,
And everlasting anguish be thy portion:
For me, the snare of death is wound about me,
And now, in one poor moment, I am gone.
Oh! if thou hast one tender thought remaining,
Fly to thy closet, fall upon thy knees,
And recommend my parting soul to mercy.

Alic. Oh! yet before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee in gentleness and pity to me, (*Kneeling.*)
And, in compassion of my strong affliction,
Say, is it possible you can forgive
The fatal rashness of ungovern'd love?
For, oh! 'tis certain, if I had not lov'd thee
Beyond my peace, my reason, fame, and life,
This day of horror never would have known us.

Has. Oh, rise, and let me hush thy stormy
sorrows. (*Raising her.*)

Assuage thy tears, for I will abide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy fair one.
I see the hand of heav'n is arm'd against me;
And, in mysterious providence, decrees
To punish me by thy mistaken deed.
Most righteous doom! for, oh, while I behold thee,
Thy wrongs rise up in terrible array,
And charge thy ruin on me, thy fair fame,
Thy spotless beauty, innocence, and youth,
Dishonour'd, blasted, and betray'd by me.

Alic. And does thy heart relent for my undoing?
Oh! that inhuman Gloster could be mov'd,
But half so easily as I can pardon.

(*Cateby enters, and whispers Ratcliffe.*)

Has. Here, then, exchange we mutual forgive-
So may the guilt of all my broken vows, (ness:
My perjuries to thee, be all forgotten,
As here my soul acquiesceth these of my death,
As here I part without one angry thought,
As here I leave thee with the softest tenderness,
Mourning the chance of our disastrous loves,
And begging heav'n to bless and to support thee.

Str. R. My lord, despatch; the Duke has sent to
For listening in my duty— [ohide me,

Has. I obey.

Alc. Instant, savage monster! In a moment
So tedious to thy malice? Oh, repay him,
Thou great Avenger! Give him blood for blood:
Guilt haunts him! sends pursues him! Lightnings
That he may know how terrible it is [blast him]
To want that moment he denies thee now.

Has. This rage is all in vain, that tears thy bosom:
Retire, I beg thee;
To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds
Thy agonies are added to my own, [me;
And make the burden more than I can bear.
Farewell!—good angels visit thy afflictions,
And bring thee peace and comfort from above.

Alc. Oh! stab me to the heart, come pitying
Now strike me dead. [hand,

Re-enter LORD HASTINGS.

Has. One thing I had forgot;—
I charge thee, by our present common miseries;
By our past loves, if they have yet a name;
By all thy hopes of peace here and hereafter,
Let not the rancour of thy hate pursue
The innocence of thy unhappy friend; [wrong her,
Thou know'st who 'tis I mean: Oh! shouldst thou
Just heav'n shall double all thy woes upon thee,
And make 'em small know no end;—remember this,
As the last warning of a dying man.
Farewell, for ever! *(The Guards carry Hastings off.)*

Alc. For ever! Oh, for ever!
Oh, who can bear to be a wretch for ever?
My rival, too! His last thoughts hung on her,
And, as he parted, left a blessing for her?
Shall she be blest, and I be curs'd, for ever?
No; since her fatal beauty was the cause
Of all my sufferings, let her share my pains;
Let her, like me, of ev'ry joy forgo,
Devote the hour when such a wretch was born;
Cast ev'ry good, and ev'ry hope behind;
Detest the works of nature, loathe mankind:
Like me, with cries distracted, fill the air,
Tear her poor bosom, rend her frantic hair,
And prove the torment of the last despair. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter BELMOUR and DUMONT.

Dum. You saw her, then?

Bel. I met her, as returning,
In solemn penance from the public cross.
Before her, certain rascal officers,
Slaves in authority, the knives of justice,
Proclaim'd the tyrant Gloster's cruel orders.
Around her, numberless, the rabble flow'd,
Should'ring each other, crowding for a view,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;
Some pitying,—but these, alas! how few!
The most, such iron hearts we are, and such
The base barbarity of human kind,
With insolence and low reproach pursu'd her,
Hooting and railing, and with villainous hands
Gath'ring the filth from out the common ways,
To hurl upon her head.

Dum. Inhuman dogs!
How did she bear it?

Bel. With the gentlest patience;
Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulders, carelessly confus'd,
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung;
Upon her cheek a faintish blush was spread;
Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with pain;
While barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,
Her footsteps all along were mark'd with blood.
Yet, silent still she pass'd, and unrepining;
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when in some bitter pang of sorrow,
To heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise,
And beg that mercy man deny'd her here.

Dum. When was this piteous sight?

Bel. These last two days,

You know my care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy means of your deliverance;
Which, but for Hastings' death, I had not gain'd.
During that time, although I have not seen her,
Yet divers trusty messengers I've sent,
To wait about, and watch a fit convenience
To give her some relief, but all in vain;
A charliss guard attends upon her steps,
Who menace those with death, that bring her com-
And drive all succour from her. [fort,

Dum. Let 'em threaten;
Let proud oppression prove its fiercest malice;
So heav'n befriend my soul, as here I vow
To give her help, and share one fortune with her.

Bel. Mean you to see her thus, in your own form?

Dum. I do.

Bel. And have you thought upon the consequence?

Dum. What is there I should fear?

Bel. Have you examin'd

Into your inmost heart, and try'd at leisure
The sev'ral secret springs that move the passions?
Has mercy fix'd her empire there so sure,
That wrath and vengeance never may return?
Can you resume a husband's name, and bid
That wakeful dragon, fierce resentment, sleep?

Dum. O thou hast set my busy brain at work,
And now she musters up a train of images,
Which, to preserve my peace, I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep oblivion.—Oh, that form!
That angel face on which my dotage hung!
How I have gaz'd upon her, till my soul
With very eagerness went forth towards her,
And leas'd at my eyes.—Was there a gem
Which the sun ripens in the Indian mine,
Or the rich bosom of the ocean yields? [buy,
What was there art could make, or wealth could
Which I have left unthought to deck her beauty?
What could her king do more?—And yet she fled.

Bel. A way with that sad fancy.

Dum. Oh, that day!

The thought of it must live for ever with me.
I met her, Belmour, when the royal spoiler
Bore her in triumph from my widow'd home!
Within his chariot, by his side she sat,
And listen'd to his talk with downward looks,
'Till sudden as she chanc'd aside to gape,
Her eyes encounter'd mine:—Oh! then, my friend!
Oh! who can paint my grief, and her amazement?
As at the stroke of death, twice turn'd she pale;
And twice a burning crimson blush'd all o'er her.
Then, with a shriek heart-wounding, loud she cry'd,
While down her cheeks two gushing torrents ran,
Fast falling on her hands, which thus she wrung:—
Mov'd at her grief, the tyrant ravisher,
With courteous action wou'd her off to turn;
Earnest he seem'd to plead, but all in vain;
Ev'n to the last she bent her sight towards me,
And follow'd me,—till I had lost myself.

Bel. Alas, for pity! Oh, those speaking tears!
Could they be false? Did she not suffer with you?
For though the king by force possess'd her person,
Her unconsenting heart dwelt still with you.
If all her former woes were not enough,
Look on her now; behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distress'd on every side,
With no one hand to help; and tell me then,
If ever misery were known like hers?

Dum. And can she bear it? Can that delicate
Endure the beating of a storm so rude? [frames
Can she, for whom the various seasons chang'd
To court her appetite and crown her board,
For whom the foreign vintages were press'd,
For whom the merchant spread his silken stores,
Can she—

Entreat for bread, and want the needful raiment
To wrap her shivering bosom from the weather?
When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her;
I thought the gentlest breeze that wakes the spring,
Too rough to breathe upon her; cheerfulness
Danc'd all the day before her, and at night
Soft slumbers waited on her downy pillow:—
Now, sad and shelterless, perhaps she lies, [rain
Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill
Drops from some pent-house on her wretched head,
Drenches her locks, and kills her with the cold.
It is too much:—hence with her past offences,
They are ston'd at full.—Why stay we, then?
Oh! let us haste, my friend, and find her out.

Bel. Somewhere about this quarter of the town,
I hear the poor abandon'd creature lingers:
Her guard, though set with strictest watch to keep
All food and friendship from her, yet permit her
To wander in the streets, there choose her bed,
And rest her head on what cold stone she pleases.

Dum. Here then let us divide; each in his round
To search her sorrows out; whose hap it is
First to behold her, this way let him lead
Her fainting steps, and meet we here together.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter JANE SHORE, her hair hanging loose on her
shoulders, and bare-footed.

Jane S. Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, O my soul!
For are not thy transgressions great and number-
Do they not cover thee like rising floods, [less?
And press thee like a weight of waters down?
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,
And lay thee down in death.

And hark! methinks the roar that late pursu'd me,
Sinks like the murmurs of a falling wind,
And softens into silence. Does revenge
And malice then grow weary, and forsake me?
My guard, too, that observ'd me still so close,
Tire in the task of their inhuman office,
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
My spirits fall at once.—This is the door
Of my Alicia;—blessed opportunity!
I'll steal a little succour from her goodness,
Now, while no eye observe me. [She knocks.]

Enter Servant.

Is your lady,
My gentle friend, at home! Oh! bring me to her.

(Going in.)

Serv. Hold, mistress, whither would you?

(Throwing her back.)

Jane S. Do you not know me?

Serv. I know you well, and know my orders too:
You must not enter here.

Jane S. Tell my Alicia, 'tis I would see her.

Serv. She is ill at ease, and will admit no visitor.

Jane S. But tell her

'Tis I, her friend, the partner of her heart,
Wait at the door and beg—

Serv. 'Tis all in vain:—

Go hence, and bow to those that will regard you.

(Shuts the door.)

Jane S. It was not always thus: the time has
been,

When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its hinges,
To give me entrance here: when this good house
Has pour'd forth all its dwellers to receive me;
When my approaches made a little holiday,
And every face was dress'd in smiles to meet me;
But now 'tis otherwise; and those who bless'd me,
Now curse me to my face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here?

(She sits down.)

Enter ALICIA, in disorder.

Alic. What wretch art thou, whose misery and
baseless

Hangs on my door: whose hateful whine of woe
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry?

Jane S. A very beggar, and a wretch, indeed;
One driv'n by strong calamity to seek
For succours here: one perishing for want,
Whose hunger has not tasted food these three
And humbly asks, for charity's dear sake, [days;
A draught of water and a little bread.

Alic. And dost thou come to me, to me for bread?
I know thee not.—Go; hunt for it abroad, [it,
Where wanton hands upon the earth have scatter'd
Or cast it on the waters.—Mark the eagle,
And hungry vulture, where they wind the prey;
Watch where the ravens of the valley feed,
And seek thy food with them:—I know thee not.

Jane S. [Rises.] And yet, there was a time, when
my Alicia

Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest blessing,
And mourn'd the live-long day she pass'd without
Inclining fondly to me she has sworn, [me;
She lov'd me more than all the world besides.

Alic. Ha! say'st thou?—Let me look upon thee
well:—

'Tis true;—I know thee now;—a mischief on thee!
Thou art that fatal fair, that cursed she, [me;
That set my brain a madd'ning. Thou hast robb'd
Thou hast undone me.—Murder! O, my Hastings!
See his pale bloody head shoots glaring by me!
Avaunt! and come not near me.—

Jane S. To thy hand

I trusted all; gave my whole store to thee:
Nor do I ask it back; allow me but
The smallest pittance, give me but to eat,
Lest I fall down and perish here before thee.

Alic. Nay, tell not me! Where is thy king, thy
And all the cringing train of courtiers, [Edward,
That bent the knee before thee?

Jane S. O! for mercy!

Alic. Mercy! I know it not!—for I am miserable.
I'll give thee Misery, for here she dwells;
This is her house, where the sun never dawns;
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof,
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
And nought is heard but wallings and lamentings.
Hark! something cracks above! it shakes! it
totters,

And see the nodding ruin falls to crush me!

'Tis fall'n, 'tis here! I felt it on my brain!

Let her take my counsel:

[heart,

Why shouldst thou be a wretch? Stah, tear thy

And rid thyself of this detested being;

I wo' not linger long behind thee here.

A waving flood of bluish fire swells o'er me;

And now 'tis out, and I am drown'd in blood.
 Ha! what art thou! thou horrid headless trunk?
 It is my Hastings! see, he waits me on!
 Away! I go! I fly! I follow thee. *(Rushes off.)*
Jane S. Alas! she raves! her brain I fear is turn'd.
 In mercy look upon her, gracious heav'n,
 Nor visit her for any wrong to me!
 Sure I am near upon my journey's end:
 My head runs round, my eyes begin to fall,
 And dancing shadows swim before my sight.
 I can no more; *(lies down.)* receive me, thou cold
 earth,

Thou common parent, take me to thy bosom,
 And let me rest with thee.

Enter BELMOUR.

Bel. Upon the ground!
 Thy miseries can never lay thee lower.
 Look up, thou poor afflicted one! thou mourner,
 Whom none has comforted! Where are thy friends,
 The dear companions of thy joyful days,
 Whose hearts thy warm prosperity made glad,
 Whose arms were taught to grow like ivy round thee,
 And bind thee to their bosoms?—Thus with thee,
 Thus let us live, and let us die, they said.
 Now where are they? *(albof,*

Jane S. Ah, Belmour! where indeed? they stand
 And view my desolation from afar!
 And yet thy goodness turns aside to pity me.
 Alas! there may be danger; get thee gone,
 Let me not pull a ruin on thy head,
 Leave me to die alone, for I am fall'n,
 Never to rise, and all relief is vain.

Bel. Yet raise thy drooping head; for I am come
 To chase away despair. Behold! where yonder
 That honest man, that faithful, brave Dumont,
 Is hasting to thy aid—

Jane S. Dumont! Ha! Where?
(Raising herself, and looking about.)
 Then heaven has heard my pray'r; his very name
 Renews the springs of life, and cheers my soul.
 Has he then 'scap'd the snare?

Bel. He has; but see—
 He comes unlike the Dumont you knew,
 For now he wears your better angel's form,
 And comes to visit you with peace and pardon.

Enter SHORE.

Jane S. Speak, tell me! Which is he? and, oh!
 what would

This dreadful vision? See, it comes upon me—
 It is my husband—Ah! *(She swoons.)*

Shore. She faints! support her! *(prise.)*

Bel. Her weakness could not bear the strong sur-
 But see, she stirs! and the returning blood
 Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
 Upon her ashy cheek:—

Shore. So,—gently raise her,—*(Raising her up.)*

Jane S. Ha! What art thou? Belmour.

Bel. How fare you, lady?

Jane S. My heart is thrill'd with horror.

Bel. Be of courage;—

Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest friend.

Jane S. Still art thou there? still dost thou hover
 round me?

Oh, save me Belmour, from his angry shade!

Bel. 'Tis he himself! he lives! look up:—

Jane S. I dare not.

Oh! that my eyes could shut him out for ever.

Shore. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee.

To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I am grown
 A burden to the world, myself, and thee,

Would I had ne'er surviv'd to see thee more.

Jane S. Oh! thou most injur'd—dost thou live, in-
 Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head: [deed?

Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;

Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!
 And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.

Shore. Why dost thou turn away?—Why tremble
 Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair [thus?
 Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
 Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
 And let 'em never vex thy quiet mora.

My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
 To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
 With tender joy, with fond forgiving love.—
 Let us haste.—

Now while occasion seems to smile upon us,
 Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.

Jane S. What shall I say to you? But I obey.

Shore. Lean on my arm.

Jane S. Alas! I'm wondrous faint: *[days.*

But that's not strange, I have not eat these three

Shore. Oh, merciless!

Jane S. Oh! I am sick at heart!

Shore. Thou murderous sorrow!

Wot't thou still drink her blood, pursue her still?

Must she then die? O my poor penitent!

Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not:

Grief masters ev'ry sense—

Enter CATESBY, with a Guard.

Cates. Seize on 'em both, as traitors to the state!—

Bel. What means this violence?

(Guards lay hold on Shore and Belmour.)

Cates. Have we not found you,
 In scorn of the protector's strict command,
 Assisting this base woman, and abetting
 Her infamy?

Shore. Infamy on thy head;
 Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
 I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous;
 And she that bore thee was an Ethiop to her. [*em.*

Cates. You'll answer this at full:—away with
Shore. Is charity grown treason to your court?

What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
 I am content that we should die together.

Cates. Convey the men to prison; but for her,—
 Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may. [*uno!*—

Jane S. I will not part with him:—for me!—for
 Oh! must he die for me?

(Following him as he is carried off—she falls.)

Shore. Inhuman villains!

(Breaks from the Guards.)

Stand off! the agonies of death are on her!
 She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.

Jane S. Was this blow wanting to complete my
 Oh! let me go, ye ministers of terror, *[ruin?*

He shall offend no more, for I will die,
 And yield obedience to your cruel master

Tarry a little, but a little longer,
 And take my last breath with you.

Shore. Oh, my love!

Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me,

With such an earnest, such a piteous look,

As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning

Thou couldst not speak?—

Jane S. Forgive me!—but forgive me!

Shore. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,

Such mercy and such pardon as my soul

Accords to thee, and begs of heav'n to show thee,

May such befall me at my latest hour.

And make my portion blest or curs'd for ever.

Jane S. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in
 peace;—

'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now:— *[you?*
 Was there not something I would have bequeath'd
 But I have nothing left me to bestow,

Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, heav'n!

(F)

THE MAN OF THE WORLD;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY CHARLES MACKLIN.



Sir Per. Ma.—"SIR, I RAISED IT—BY BOOGING."—*Act III, Scene 1.*

Persons Represented.

LORD LUMBERCOURT
SIR PERTINAX MACDOOPHANT.
EGERTON
SIDNEY

MELVILLE
COUNSELLOR PLAUZIBLE.
SERVANT ETHERSIDE.
LADY MACDOOPHANT.

LADY ROSEALPHA LUMBERCOURT.
CONSTANTIA.
BETTY HINT.
SERVANTS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter BETTY and SAM.

Betty. The postman is at the gate, Sam; pray step and take in the letters.

Sam. John the gardener is gone for them, *[Betty.]*
Betty. Bid John bring them to me, Sam; tell him I am here in the library.

Sam. I'll send him to your ladyship in a crack.

[Exit.]

Enter NANNY.

Nanny. Miss Constantia desires to speak to you, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. How is she now?—any better, Nanny?

Nanny. Something; but very low-spirited still. I verily believe it is as you say.

Betty. O! I would take my book oath of it. I cannot be deceived in that point, Nanny.—Ay, ay, her business is done: she is certainly breeding, depend upon it.

Nanny. Why, so the housekeeper thinks, too.
Betty. Nay, I know the father, the man that ruined her.

Nanny. The deuce you do!
Betty. As sure as you are alive, Nanny; or I am greatly deceived; and yet—I can't be deceived neither. Was not that the cook that came galloping so hard over the common just now?

Nanny. The same: how very hard he galloped! he has been but three quarters of an hour, he says, coming from Hyde-park Corner.

Betty. And what time will the family be down?

Nanny. He has orders to have dinner ready by five; there are to be lawyers, and a great deal of company here: he fancies there is to be a private wedding to-night, between our young Master Charles, and Lord Lumbercourt's daughter, the Scotch lady; who, he says, is just come post from Bath, in order to be married to him.

Betty. Ay, Ay, Lady Rodolpha. Nay, like enough, for I know it has been talked of a good while: well, go tell Miss Constantia that I will be with her immediately.

Nanny. I shall, Mrs. Betty. [Exit.

Betty. So!—I find they all believe the imperinent creature is breeding—that's pure! it will soon reach my lady's ears, I warrant.

Enter JOHN.

Well, John, ever a letter for me?

John. No, Mrs. Betty; but here is one for Miss Constantia.

Betty. Give it me.—Hum! my lady's hand.

John. And here is one, which the postman says is for my young master; but it's a strange direction. (Reads.) To Charles Egerton, Esq.

Betty. O! yes, yes; this is for Master Charles, John; for he has dropped his father's name of Maseyophant, and has taken up that of Egerton—the parliament has ordered it.

John. The parliament!—prythee, why so, Mrs. Betty?

Betty. Why, you must know, John, that my lady, his mother, was an Egerton, by her father; she stole a match with our old master, for which all her family, on both sides, have hated Sir Pertinax, and the whole crew of the Maseyophants, ever since; and so, John, my lady's uncle, Sir Stanley Egerton, dying an old bachelor, and, as I said before, mortally hating our old master, and all the crew of the Maseyophants, left his whole estate to Master Charles, who was his god-son; but on condition that he should drop his father's name of Maseyophant, and take up that of Egerton; and that is the reason, John, why the parliament has made him change his name.

John. I am glad that Master Charles has got the estate, however; for he is a sweet-tempered gentleman.

Betty. As ever lived. But come, John; as I know you love Miss Constantia, and are fond of being where she is, I will make you happy; you shall carry this letter to her.

John. Shall I, Mrs. Betty? I am very much obliged to you. Where is she?

Betty. In the housekeeper's-room, settling the dessert. Give me Mr. Egerton's letter, and I'll leave it on the table in his dressing-room: I see it is from his brother Sandy.—So; now go and deliver your letter to your sweetheart, John.

John. That I will; and I am much beholden to you for the favour of letting me carry it to her; for though she should never have me, yet I shall always love her, and wish to be near her, she is so sweet a creature.—Your servant, Mrs. Betty. [Exit.

Betty. Your servant, John. Ha, ha, ha! poor fellow, he perfectly dots on her; and daily follows her about with nosegays and fruit, and the first of every thing in the season.—Ay, and my young master, Charles, too, is in as bad a way as the gardener:—in short, everybody loves her, and that's one reason why I hate her. For my part, I wonder what the deuce the men see in her—a creature that was taken in for charity; I'm sure she's not so handsome. I wish she was out of the family once; if she was, I might then stand a chance of being my lady's favourite myself; ay, and perhaps of getting one of my young masters for a sweetheart, or at least the chaplain; but as to him there would be no such great catch if I should get him. I will try for him, however; and my first step shall be to tell the doctor all I have discovered about Constantia's intrigues with her spark at Hadley.—Yes, that will do; for the doctor loves to talk with

me—loves to hear me talk, too; and I verily believe—ha, ha, ha! that he has a sneaking kindness for me; and this story will make him have a good opinion of my honesty, and that, I am sure, will be one step towards—O! bless me, here he comes, and my young master with him. I'll watch an opportunity to speak to him as soon as he is alone; for I will blow her up, I am resolved, as great a favourite, and as cunning as she is. [Exit.

Enter EGERTON and SIDNEY.

Sid. Nay, dear Charles, but why are you so impatient? Why do you break from me abruptly?

Eger. (With great warmth.) I have done, sir; you have refused. I have nothing more to say upon the subject. I am satisfied.

Sid. (With a glow of tender friendship.) Come, come, correct this warmth; it is the only weak ingredient in your nature, and you ought to watch it carefully. Because I will not abet an unwarrantable passion by an abuse of my sacred character, in marrying you beneath your rank, and in direct opposition to your father's hopes and happiness, you blame me, you angrily break from me, and call me weak.

Eger. (With tenderness and conviction.) Dear Sidney, for my warmth I stand condemned; but, for my marriage with Constantia, I think I can justify it upon every principle of filial duty, honour, and worldly prudence.

Sid. Only make that appear, Charles, and you know you may command me.

Eger. (With great filial regrets.) I am sensible how unseemly it appears in a son to decant on the unamiable passions of a parent; but, as we are alone, and friends, I cannot help observing in my own defence, that when a father will not allow the use of reason to any of his family; when his pursuit of greatness makes him a slave abroad, only to be a tyrant at home; when a narrow partiality to Scotland, on every trivial occasion, provokes him to enmity even with his wife and children, only because they give a national preference where they think it most justly due; and when, merely to gratify his own ambition, he would marry his son into a family he detests; (great warmth) sure, Sidney, a son thus circumstanced, (from the dignity of human reason, and the feelings of a loving heart) has a right, not only to protest against the blindness of a parent, but to pursue those measures that virtue and happiness point out.

Sid. The violent temper of Sir Pertinax, I own, cannot be defended on many occasions; but still—your intended alliance with Lord Lumbercourt—

Eger. (With great impatience.) O! contemptible!—a trifling, quaint, haughty, voluptuous, servile tool! the mere lacquy of party and corruption; who, for the prostitution of nearly thirty years, and the ruin of a noble fortune, has had the despicable satisfaction, and the infamous honour, of being kicked up and kicked down, kicked in and kicked out, just as the insolence, compassion, or convenience of leaders predominated; and now, being forsaken by all parties, his whole political consequence amounts to the power of franking a letter, and the right honourable privilege of not paying a tradesman's bill.

Sid. Well, but dear Charles, you are not to wed my lord, but his daughter.

Eger. Who is as disagreeable to me for a companion, as her father for a friend or an ally.

Sid. What, her Scotch accent, I suppose, offends you.

Eger. No, upon my honour, not in the least; I think it entertaining in her: but, were it other-

wise, in decency, and indeed in national affection, being a Scotchman myself, I can have no objection to her on that account:—besides, she is my near relation.

Sid. So I understand. But pray, Charles, how came Lady Rodolpha, who I find was born in England, to be bred in Scotland?

Eger. From the dotage of an old, formal, obstinate, stiff, rich, Scotch grandmother; who, upon a promise of leaving this grandchild all her fortune, would have the girl sent to her to Scotland, when she was but a year old; and there has she been ever since, bred up with this old lady, in all the vanity and unlimited indulgence that fondness and admiration could bestow on a spoiled child, a fancied beauty, and a pretended wit: (*in a tone of friendly affection*) and is this a woman fit to make my happiness? this the partner that Sidney would recommend to me for life? to you, who best know me, I appeal.

Sid. Why, Charles, it is a delicate point, unfit for me to determine; besides, your father has set his heart upon the match.

Eger. (*Impatiently.*) All that I know—but still I ask and insist upon your candid judgment—is she the kind of woman that you think could possibly contribute to my happiness? I beg you will give me an explicit answer.

Sid. The subject is disagreeable; but, since I must speak, I do not think she is.

Eger. (*In a start of friendly rapture.*) I know you do not; and I am sure you never will advise

Sid. I never will—I never will. [*the match*]

Eger. (*With a start of joy.*) You make me happy! Which, I assure you, I never could be with your judgment against me in this point.

Sid. But pray, Charles, suppose I had been so indiscreet as to have agreed to marry you to Constantia, would she have consented, think you?

Eger. That I cannot say positively; but I suppose so. [*Exit, then?*]

Sid. Did you never speak to her upon that subject?

Eger. In general terms only; never directly requested her consent in form: (*he starts into a warmth of amorous resolution*) but I will this very moment, for I have no asylum from my father's arbitrary design, but my Constantia's arms. Pray do not stir from hence; I will return instantly. I know she will submit to your advice; and I am sure you will persuade her to my wish, as my life, my peace, my earthly happiness, depend on my Constantia. [*Exit.*]

Sid. Poor Charles! he little dreams that I love Constantia too; but to what degree I knew not myself, till he importuned me to join their hands. Yes, I love; but must not be a rival, for he is dear to me as fraternal affinity.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. (*Running up to Sidney.*) I beg pardon for my intrusion, sir, I hope, sir, I don't disturb your reverence.

Sid. Not in the least, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. I humbly beg you will excuse me, sir; but I wanted to break my mind to your honour, about a scruple that lies upon my conscience; and indeed I should not have presumed to trouble you, sir, but that I know you are my young master's friend, and my old master's friend, and, indeed, a friend to the whole family; (*curtsying very low*), for, to give you your due, sir, you are as good a preacher as ever went into a pulpit.

Sid. Ha, ha, ha! do you think so, Mrs. Betty?

Bet. Ay, in truth do I; and as good a gentleman, too, as ever came into a family, and one that never

gives a servant a bad word, nor that does any one an ill turn, neither behind their back nor before their face.

Sid. Ha, ha, ha! why, you are a mighty well-spoken woman, Mrs. Betty; and I am mightily beholden to you for your good character of me.

Bet. Indeed, it is no more than you deserve, and what all the world and all the servants say of you.

Sid. I am much obliged to them, Mrs. Betty; but, pray, what are your commands with me?

Betty. Why, I'll tell you, sir;—to be sure, I am but a servant, as a body may say, and every tub should stand upon its own bottom; but—(*she looks about cautiously*)—my young master is now in the china-room, in close conference with Miss Constantia. I know what they are about, but that is no business of mine; and, therefore, I made bold to listen a little; because, you know, sir, one would be sure, before one took away anybody's reputation.

Sid. Very true, Mrs. Betty; very true, indeed.

Betty. O! heavens forbid that I should take away any young woman's good name, unless I had a good reason for it; but, sir, (*with great solemnity*), if I am in this place alive, as I listened with my ear close to the door, I heard my young master ask Miss Constantia the plain marriage question; upon which I started and trembled, nay, my very conscience stirred within me so, that I could not help peeping through the key-hole.

Sid. Ha, ha, ha! and so your conscience made you peep through the key-hole, Mrs. Betty?

Betty. I did, indeed, sir; and there I saw my young master upon his knees—lord bless us! and what do you think he was doing?—kissing her hand as if he would eat it; and protesting and assuring her he knew that you, sir, would consent to the match; and then the tears ran down her cheeks as fast—

Sid. Ay.

Betty. They did indeed. I would not tell your reverence a lie for the world.

Sid. I believe it, Mrs. Betty; and what did Constantia say to all this?

Betty. Oh!—Oh! she is sly enough; she looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth; but all is not gold that glitters; smooth water, you know, sir, runs deepest. I am sorry my young master makes such a fool of himself; but, um!—take my word for it, he is not the man; for, though she looks as modest as a maid at a christening, (*hesitating*)—yet—ah!—when sweethearts meet, in the dusk of the evening, and stay together a whole hour in the dark grove, and embrace, and kiss, and weep at parting—why, then, you know, sir, it is easy to guess all the rest.

Sid. Why did Constantia meet anybody in this manner?

Betty. (*Starting with surprise.*) O! heavens! I beg, sir, you will not misapprehend me; for I assure you, I do not believe they did any harm; that is, not in the grove; at least not when I was there; and she may be honestly married for aught I know. O! lud, sir, I would not say an ill thing of Miss Constantia for the world. I only say that they did meet in the dark walk; and all the servants observe that Miss Constantia wears her stays very loose, looks very pale, is sick in the morning and after dinner; and, as sure as my name is Betty Hint, something has happened that I won't name; but, nine months hence, a certain person in this family may ask me to stand god-mother; for I think I know what's what, when I see it, as well as another

Sid. No doubt you do, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. (Going and returning.) I do indeed, sir; and so, your servant, sir. But I hope your worship won't mention my name in this business; or that you had an item from me.

Sid. I shall not, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. For, indeed, sir, I am no busybody, nor do I love fending nor proving; and I assure you, sir, I hate all titling and tattling, and gossiping, and backbiting, and taking away a person's good name.

Sid. I observe you do, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. I do, indeed, sir; I am the farthest from it in the world.

Sid. I dare say you are.

Betty. I am indeed, sir; and so your humble

Sid. Your servant, Mrs. Betty.

Betty (Aside, in great exultation.) So! I see he believes every word I say—that's charming. I'll do her business for her, I'm resolved.

Sid. What can this ridiculous creature mean by her dark walk, her private spark, her kissing; and all her slanderous insinuations against Constantia, whose conduct is as unblamable as innocence itself? I see envy is as malignant in a paltry waiting wench, as in the vainest or most ambitious lady of the court. It is always an infallible mark of the basest nature; and merit in the lowest, as well as in the highest station, must feel the shaft of envy's constant agents—falsehood and slander.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Library

Enter CONSTANTIA and EGERTON.

Con. Mr. Sidney is not here, sir.

Ege. I assure you I left him, and begged he would stay till I returned.

Con. His prudence, you see, sir, has made him retire; therefore we had better defer the subject till he is present; in the meantime, sir, I hope you will permit me to mention an affair that has greatly alarmed and perplexed me: I suppose you guess what it is?

Ege. I do not, upon my word.

Con. That is a little strange. You know, sir, that you and Mr. Sidney did me the honour of breakfasting with me this morning in my little

Ege. We had that happiness, madam.

Con. Just after you left me, upon opening my book of accounts, which lay in the drawer of the ready desk, to my great surprise, I there found this case of jewels, containing a most elegant pair of earrings, a necklace of great value, and two bankills in this pocket-book, the mystery of which, sir, I presume, you can explain?

Ege. I can.

Con. They were of your conveying, then?

Ege. They were, madam.

Con. I assure you, they startled and alarmed me.

Ege. I hope it was a kind of alarm, such as blushing virtue feels, when with her hand, she gives her heart and last consent.

Con. It was not indeed, sir.

Ege. Do not say so, Constantia: come, be kind to me; my peace and worldly bliss depend upon this moment.

Con. What would you have me do?

Ege. What love and virtue dictate.

Con. O! sir, experience but too severely proves, that such unequal matches as ours, never produce anything but contempt and anger in parents, censure from the world, and a long train of sorrow and repentance in the wretched parties; which is but too often entailed upon their hapless issue.

Ege. But that, Constantia, cannot be our case:

my fortune is independent and ample; equal to luxury and splendid folly. I have a right to choose the partner of my heart.

Con. But I have not, sir; I am a dependant on my lady—a poor, forsaken, helpless orphan: your benevolent mother found me, took me to her bosom, and there supplied my parental loss, with every tender care, indulgent dalliance, and with all the sweet persuasion that maternal fondness, religious precept, polished manners, and hourly example could administer—she fostered me: (weeping) and shall I now turn viper, and with black ingratitude sting the tender heart that thus hath cherished me? shall I seduce her house's heir, and kill her peace? No; though I loved to the mad extreme of female fondness; though every worldly bliss, that woman's vanity or man's ambition could desire, followed the indulgence of my love, and all the contempt and misery of this life, the denial of that indulgence, I would discharge my duty to my benefactress—my earthly guardian, my more than parent.

Ege. My dear Constantia, your prudence, your gratitude, and the cruel virtue of your self-denial, do but increase my love, my admiration, and my misery.

Con. Sir, I must beg you will give me leave to return these bills and jewels.

Ege. Pray do not mention them: sure my kindness and esteem may be indulged so far without suspicion or reproach: I beg you will accept of them; nay, I insist.

Con. I have done, sir; my station here is to obey. I know, sir, they are gifts of a virtuous mind; and mine shall convert them to the tenderest and most grateful use.

Ege. Hark! I hear a coach; it is my father. Dear girl, retire and compose yourself. I will send my lady and Sidney to you; and by their judgment we will be directed: will that satisfy you?

Con. I can have no will but my lady's. With your leave, I will retire; I would not see her in this confusion.

Ege. Dear girl, Adieu!

[Exit Constantia.

Enter SAM.

Sam. Sir Pertinax and my lady are come, sir; and my lady desires to speak with you in her own room.—Oh! here she is, sir.

[Exit. Enter LADY MACSYCOPHANT.

Lady M. (In great confusion and distress.) Dear child, I am glad to see you; why did not you come to town yesterday, to attend the levee; your father is incensed to the utmost at your not being there.

Ege. (With great warmth.) Madam, it is with extreme regret I tell you, that I can be no longer a slave to his temper, his politics, and his scheme of marrying me to this woman; therefore, you had better consent at once to my going out of the kingdom, and my taking Constantia with me; for without her I never can be happy.

Lady M. As you regard my peace, or your own character, I beg you will not be guilty of so rash a step. You promised me you would never marry her without my consent. I will open it to your father. Pray, dear Charles, be ruled: let me prevail.

Sir P. (Without, in great anger.) Sir, will ye do as ye are bid, and hand your gab, you rascal! You are so full of gab, you scoundrel! Take the elegant gelding, return to town directly, and see what is become of my Lord Lumbercourt.

Lady M. Here he comes. I will get out of his way; but, I beg, Charles, while he is in this humour that you will not oppose him, let him

what he will; when his passion is a little cool, I will return, and try to bring him to reason; but do not thwart him.

Eger. Madam, I will not. (Exit Lady M. Sir P. (Without.) Here, you Toinkins, where is my son Egerton?

Tom. (Without.) In the library, sir.

Sir P. (Without.) As soon as the lawyers come, be sure bring me word.

Enter SIR PERTINAX.

Sir P. Weel, sir! very weel! very weel! are nae ye a fine spark? are ye nae a fine spark, I say? Ah! ye are a—So you we'd not come up till the levee?

Eger. Sir, I beg your pardon; but I was not very well; besides, I did not think my presence there was necessary.

Sir P. (Snapping him up.) Sir, it was necessary; I tauld you it was necessary; and, sir, I must now tell you that the whole tenor of your conduct is most offensive.

Eger. I am sorry you think so, sir; I am sure I do not mean to offend you.

Sir P. I care not what you intend. Sir, I tell you, you do offend. What is the meaning of this conduct, sir?—Neglect the levee!—death, sir, you—what is your reason, I say, for thus neglecting the levee, and disobeying my commands?

Eger. (With a stifled, filial resentment.) Sir, I am not used to levees; nor do I know how to dispose of myself; nor what to say or do in such a situation.

Sir P. (With a proud, angry resentment.) Zounds! sir, do you nae see what others do? gentle and simple, temporal and spiritual, lords, members, judges, generals, and bishops; aw crowding, busting, and pushing foremost intill the middle of the circle, and there waiting, watching, and striving to catch a look or a smile frae the great mon, which they meet wi' an amicable reeibility of aspect—a modest cadence of body, and a conciliating co-operation of the whole mon; which expresses an officious promptitude for his service, and indicates that they luok upon themselves as the suppliant appendages of his power, and the enlisted Swiss of his poetical fortune; this, sir, is what you ought to do; and this, sir, is what I never once omitted for this five-and-thirty years, let who would be minister.

Eger. (Aside.) Contemptible!

Sir P. What is that you mutter, sir?

Eger. Only a slight reflection, sir, not relative to you.

Sir P. Sir, your absenting yourself frae the levee at this juncture is suspicious; it is looked upon as a kind of disaffection, and aw your countrymen are highly offended at your conduct. For this, sir, they do not look upon you as a friend or weel-wisher either to Scotland or Scotchmen.

Eger. (With a quick warmth.) Then sir, they wrong me, I assure you; but, pray sir, in what particular can I be charged, either with coldness or offence to my country?

Sir P. Why, sir, ever since your mother's uncle, Sir Stanley Egerton, left you his three thousand pounds a-year, and that you have, in compliance with his will, taken up the name of Egerton, they think you are grown proud; that you have estranged yourself frae the Macquophants; have associated with your mother's family—with the opposition; and with those who do not wish well to Scotland; besides, sir, the other day, in a conversation, at dinner, at your cousin Campbell M'Kenzie's, before a whole table full of your sin relations, did you not publicly wish a total extinguishment to aw party,

and of aw national distinctions whatsoever, relative to the three kingdoms? (With great anger.) And, you blockhead! was that a prudent wish before so many of your sin countrymen? or was it a filial language to hold before me?

Eger. Sir, with your pardon, I cannot think it unphil or imprudent. (With a most patriotic warmth.) I own I do wish, most ardently wish, for a total extinction of all party; particularly, that those of English, Irish, and Scotch, might never more be brought into contest or competition; unless, like loving brothers, in generous emulation for one common cause.

Sir P. How, sir! do you persist? What! would you banish aw party, and aw distinction between English, Irish, and your sin countrymen.

Eger. (With great dignity of spirit.) I would, sir.

Sir P. Then d—n you, sir; you are nae true Scot. Ay, sir, you may look as angry as you will, but again, I say, you are nae true Scot.

Eger. Your pardon, sir; I think he is the true Scot, and the true citizen, who wishes equal justice to the merit and demerits of every subject of Great Britain! amongst whom I know but of two distinctions. those?

Sir P. Weel, sir, and what are those—what are

Eger. The brave and the honest man.

Sir P. Pah! ridiculous!

Eger. And he who makes any other, let him be of the north, or of the south—of the east, or of the west—in place, or out of place, is an enemy to the whole, and to the virtues of humanity.

Sir P. Ay, sir, this is your brother's sacred doctrine; for the which I have banished him for ever frae my presence, my heart, and my estate. Sir, I will have no son of mine, because, truly he has been educated in an English seminary, presume, under the mask of candour, to speak against his native, land or against my principles. Scotchmen, sir, Scotchmen, wherever they meet throughout the globe, should unite, and stick together, as I were, in a political phalanx. However, nae mair-f this now; I will talk at large to you about the anon. In the meanwhile, sir, notwithstanding your contempt of my advice, and your disobedience ill my commands, I will convince you of my paternal attention till your welfare, by my management of this voluntary, this Lord Lumbarcourt, whose daughter you are to marry. You ken, sir, that the fellow has been my patron above these five-and-thirty years.

Eger. True, sir.

Sir P. Vary weel. And now, sir, you see, by his prodigality, he is become my dependant and, accordingly, I have made my bargain with him: the devil a baubee he has in the world but what comes through these clutches; for his whole estate, which has three implectic boroughs upon it—make—is now in my custody at nare; the which estate, on my paying off his debts, and allowing him a life-rent of five thousand pounds per annum, is to be made over till me for my life, and as my death is to descend till ye and your issue. The postage of Lumbarcourt, you ken, will follow of course. So, sir, you see, there are three implectic boroughs, the whole patrimony of Lumbarcourt, and a peerage at one slap. Why, it is a stroke—a hit—a hit. Zounds! sir, a mon may live a century, and not make sic an hit again.

Eger. It is a very advantageous bargain indeed, sir; but what will my lord's family say to it.

Sir P. Why, mon, he cares not if his family were aw at the devil, so his luxury is but gratified only let him have his race-horse to feed his vanity; his

harnidan to drink drams with him, sweat his face, and burn his party, when she is in her madman hysterics; and three or four discontented patriotic dependants, to abuse the ministry, and settle the affairs of the nation, when they are aw intoxicated; and then, sir, the fellow has aw his wishes, and aw his wants in this world and the next.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Lady Rodolph is come, sir.

Sir P. And my lord?

Sir P. Not yet, sir, he is about a mile behind, the servants say.

Sir P. Let me know the instant he arrives.

Tom. I shall, sir.

[Exit. Sir P. Step you out, Charles, and receive Lady Rodolph; and I desire you will treat her with as much respect and gallantry as possible; for my lord has hinted that you have been very remiss as a lover. Adzooks! Charles, you should administer a whole torrent of flattery till her; for a woman ne'er thinks a man loves her, till he has made an idiot of her understanding by flattery: flattery is the prime bliss of the sex, the nectar and ambrosia of their charms, and you can ne'er get 'em o'er muck on't; so, there's a good lad, gang and mind your flattery. [Exit Eustace. Ah! I must keep a devil's tight hand upon this fellow. Ah! I am frightened out of my wits, lest his mother's family should seduce him to desert to their party, which would certainly ruin my whole scheme, and break my heart. A fine time of day for a blockhead to turn patriot—when the character is exploded, marked, proscribed! Why, the common people, the very vulgar have found out the jest, and laugh at a patriot now-a-days, just as they do at a conjurer, a magician, or any other impostor in society.

Enter TOMLINS and LORD LUMBERCOURT.

[Exit Lord Lumbercourt.

Lord L. Sir Pertinax, I kiss your hand.

Sir P. Your lordship's most devoted.

Lord L. Why, you stole a march upon me this morning; gave me the slip, Mac; though I never wanted your assistance more in my life. I thought you would have called upon me.

Sir P. My dear lord, I beg ten millions of pardons for leaving town before you; but ye ken that your lordship, at dinner yesterday, settled it that we should meet this morning at the levee.

Lord L. That I acknowledge, Mac; I did promise to be ere, I own.

Sir P. You did, indeed; and accordingly I was at the levee, and waited there till every soul was gone, and seeing you did not come, I concluded that your lordship was gone before.

Lord L. Why, to confess the truth, my dear Mac, those idlers, Lord Franks, General Jolly, Sir Amory Soaker, and two or three more of that set, belched me to last night at the opera; and, as the General says, "from the intelligence of my head to morning," I believe we drank pretty deep ere we parted; ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! nay, if you were with that party, my lord, I do not wonder at not seeing your lordship at the levee.

Lord L. The truth is, Sir Pertinax, my fellow let me sleep too long for the levee. But I wish I had seen ye before you left town; I wanted you dreadfully.

Sir P. I am heartily sorry that I was not in the way; on what account did you want me?

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! a cursed awkward affair; and—ha, ha!—yet, I can't help laughing at it, notwithstanding it vexed me confoundedly.

Sir P. Vexed you, my lord? Zounds! I wish I

had been with you! But, for heaven's sake! my lord, what was it that could possibly vex your lordship?

Lord L. Why, that impudent, teasing, dashing, rascal, Mahogany, my upholsterer; you know the Sir P. Perfectly, my lord.

[Follow.]

Lord L. The impudent scoundrel has sued me up to some d-d kind of a—something or other in the law, that I think they call an execution.

Sir P. The rascal!

Lord L. Upon which, sir, the fellow, by way of asking pardon—ha, ha, ha!—had the modesty to wait on me two or three days ago, to inform my honour—ha, ha, ha!—as he was pleased to dignify me, that the execution was now ready to be put in force against my honour; but that, out of respect to my honour, as he had taken a great deal of my honour's money, he would not suffer his lawyer to serve it, till he had first informed my honour; because he was not willing to affront my honour—ha, ha, ha!—a son of a w—!

Sir P. I never heard of so impudent a dog.

Lord L. Now, my dear Mac—ha, ha, ha!—as the scoundrel's apology was so very satisfactory, and his information so very agreeable, I told him that, in honour, I thought that my honour could not do less than to order his honour to be paid immediately.

Sir P. Very well, very well! you were as compassionate to the scoundrel till the full, I think, my lord.

Lord L. You shall hear, you shall hear; Mac; so sir, with great composure, seeing a smart oaken cudgel that stood very handily in a corner of my dressing-room, I ordered two of my fellows to hold the rascal, and another to take the cudgel, and return the scoundrel's civility with a good drubbing, as long as the stick lasted.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! admirable! as good a stroke of humour as ever I heard of. And, did they drub him, my lord?

Lord L. Most liberally, most liberally, sir; and there I thought the affair would have rested, till I should think proper to pay the scoundrel; but this morning, just as I was stepping into my chair, my servants about me, a fellow called a tipster, stepped up, and begged the favour of my footman, who thrashed the upholsterer, and of the two that held him, to go along with him upon a little business to my lord Chief Justice.

Sir P. The devil!

Lord L. And, at the same instant, I in my turn, was accosted by two other very civil scoundrels; who, with a most insolent politeness, begged my pardon, and informed me that I must not go into my own chair!

Sir P. How, my lord, not into your own carriage?

Lord L. No, sir; for that silly, by order of the sheriff, must seize it, at the suit of a gentleman—see Mr. Mahogany, an upholsterer.

Sir P. An impudent villain!

Lord L. It is all true, I assure you; so you see my dear Mac, what a d-d country this is to live in, where noblemen are obliged to pay their debts just like merchants, cobblers, peasants, or mechanics: is not that a scandal, dear Mac, to this nation?

Sir P. My lord, it is not only a scandal, but a national grievance.

Lord L. Sir, there's not a nation in the world has such a grievance to complain of.

Sir P. Very true, my lord, very true; and it is monstrous that a man of your lordship's condition is not entitled to run one of these mechanics through the body when he is impertinent about his money.

but our laws shamefully, on these occasions, make no distinction of persons amongst us.

Lord L. A vile policy, indeed, Sir Pertinax. But, sir, the scoundrel has seized upon the house, too, that I furnished for the girl I took from the opera.

Sir P. I never heard of sic an a scoundrel!

Lord L. Ay, but what concerns me most, I am afraid, my dear Mac, that the villain will send down to Newmarket, and seize my string of horses.

Sir P. Your string of horses? Zounds! we must prevent that at all events, that would be sic a disgrace. I will despatch an express to town directly, to put a stop till the rascal's proceedings.

Lord L. Frythee do, my dear Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. O! it shall be done, my lord.

Lord L. Thou art an honest fellow, Sir Pertinax, upon honour!

Sir P. O! my lord, it is my duty to oblige your lordship to the utmost stretch of my abedility.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Colonel Toper presents his compliments to you, sir; and having no family down with him in the country, he and Captain Hardbottle, if not inconvenient, will do themselves the honour of taking a family dinner with you.

Sir P. They are two of our militia-officers: does your lordship know them?

Lord L. By sight only.

[our business.]

Sir P. I am afraid, my lord, they will interrupt

Lord L. Not at all: I should be glad to be acquainted with Toper; they say he's a jolly fellow.

Sir P. O! devilish jolly, devilish jolly; he and the Captain are the two hardest drinkers in the country.

Lord L. So I have heard: let us have them by all means, Mac; they will enliven the scene: How far are they from you?

Sir P. Just across the meadows; not half a mile, my lord; a step, a step.

Lord L. O! let's have the jolly dogs, by all means.

Sir P. My compliments, I shall be proud of their company. [*Exit TOMLINS.*] Guff y please, my lord, we will gang and chat a bit with the women; I have not seen Lady Rodolpha since she returned fra the Bath. I long to have a little news from her about the company there.

Lord L. O! she'll give you an account of them, I warrant you.

[*A very loud laugh without.*]

Lady R. (Without.) Ha, ha, ha! weel, I vow, cousin Egerton, you have a vast deal of shrewd humour. But, Lady Macsycophant, which way is Sir Pertinax?

Lady M. (Without.) Straight forward, madam.

Lord L. Here the hairbrain comes: it must be her by the noise.

Lady R. (Without.) Allons, gude folks: follow me—*sans cérémonie.*

Enter LADY RODOLPHA, LADY MACSYCOPHANT, EGERTON, and SIDNEY.

Lady R. (Running up to Sir P.) Sir Pertinax, your most devoted, most obsequious, most obedient vassal.

[*Curties very low.*]

Sir P. (Bowing ridiculously low.) Lady Rodolpha, down till the ground, my congratulations and duty attend you; and I should rejoice to kiss your ladyship's footsteps.

Lady R. (Curties very low.) Oh! Sir Pertinax your humeility is most sublimely complaisant; as present unanswerable! but I shall intensely study to return it at fifty fold.

Sir P. Your ladyship does me singular honour. Weel, madam; ha! you look gaily; weel, and how, how is your ladyship after your jaunt till Bath?

Lady R. Never better. Sir Pertinax; as weel as youth, health, riotous spirits, and a careless, happy heart can make me.

Sir P. I am mightily glad till hear it, my lady.

Lord L. Ay, ay; Rodolpha is always in spirits. Sir Pertinax. *Vive la bagatelle* is the philosophy of our family: ha, Rodolpha, ha?

Lady R. Traith it is, my lord; and upon honour, I am determined it shall never be changed with my consent. Weel, I vow—ha, ha, ha! *Vive la bagatelle* would be a most brilliant motto for the chariot of a belle of fashion. What say you till my fancy, Lady Macsycophant?

Lady M. It would have novelty, at least, to recommend it, madam.

Lady R. Which of all charms is the most delightful that can accompany wit, taste, love, or friendship; for novelty I take to be the true *jame sans quoi* of all wordly bliss. Cousin Egerton, should you not like to have a wife with *vive la bagatelle* upon her wedding chariot?

Eger. O! certainly, madam.

Lady R. Yes, I think it would be quite out of the common, and singularly elegant.

Eger. Indisputably, madam; for, as a motto is a word to the wise, or rather a broad hint to the whole world of a person's taste and principles, *vive la bagatelle* would be most expressive, at first sight, of your ladyship's character.

Lady R. (Curties.) Oh! Maister Egerton, you touch my very heart with your approbation: ha, ha, ha! that is the very spirit of my intention, the instant I commence bride. Weel, I am immensely proud that my fancy has the approbation of so sound an understanding, and so polished a taste, as that of the all-accomplished [*curties*] Mr. Egerton.

Sir P. Weel, but, Lady Rodolpha, I wanted to ask your ladyship some questions about the company at the Bath; they say you had all the world there.

Lady R. O, yes! there was a very great mob there indeed, but very little company. Aw comé, except our ain party. The place was crowded with your little purse proud mechanics; an odd kind of queer looking animals, that have started in ill fortune fra lottery-tickets, rich prizes at sea, gambling in 'Change-alley, and sic like caprices of fortune; and away they aw crowd to the Bath, to learn gentility, and the names, titles, intrigues, and *on mots* of us people of fashion—ha, ha, ha!

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! I know them; I know the things you mean, my dear, extremely well. I have observed them a thousand times, and wondered where the devil they all came from—ha, ha, ha!

Lady M. Pray, Lady Rodolpha, what were your diversions at Bath?

Lady M. Gude traith, my lady, the company were my diversion; and better use human follies ever afforded—ha, ha, ha! sic an mixture, antic oddities—ha, ha, ha! a perfect gallimaufry. Lady Kuneunda McKensie and I used to gaze about till every part of this human chaos, on purpose to reconnoitre the monsters, and pick up their frivolities—ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! why that must have been a high entertainment till your ladyship.

Lady R. Superlative and inexhaustible, Sir Pertinax—ha, ha, ha! Madam, we had in our group, a peer and a sharper, a duchess and a plianker's wife; a boarding-school miss and her grand-mother; a fat parson, a lean general, and a yellow admiral—ha, ha, ha! aw speaking together, and bawling and wrangling in fierce contention, as if

the fame and fortune of saw the parties were to be the issue of the conflict.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! pray, madam, what was the object of their contention?

Lady R. O! a very important one, I assure you; of no less consequence, madam, than how an odd trick at whist was lost, or might have been saved.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady R. In another party, Sir Pertinax—ha, ha, ha! we had what was called the cabinet council, which was composed of a duke and a haberdasher, a red-hot patriot and a sneering courtier, a discarded statesman, and his scribbling chaplain, with a busy, bawling, muckle-headed prerogative lawyer; all of whom were every moment ready to gang togeth'er by the luggs, about the in and the out ministry—ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! weel, that is a droll motley cabinet, I vow. Very whimsical, upon honour! But they are all great politicians at Bath, and settle a meenstry there with as much ease as they do the time off country dance.

Lady R. Then, Sir Pertinax, in a retired part of the room, in a by-corner, snug, we had a Jew and a bishop.

Sir P. A Jew and a bishop! ha, ha! a devilish guid connection that: and pray, my lady, what were they about?

Lady R. Why, sir, the bishop was striving to convert the Jew; while the Jew, by intervals, was slyly piking up intelligence fra the bishop, about the change in the meenstry, in hopes of making a stroke at the stocks.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! admirable! admirable! I honour the mouse! ha! it was devilish clever of him, my lord, devilish clever! The Jew distilling the bishop's brains.

Lord. Yes, yes; the fellow kept a sharp lookout. I think it was a fair trial of skill on both sides, *M.* Egerton.

Eger. True, my lord; but the Jew seems to have been the fairer way to succeed.

Lord. O! all to nothing, sir—ha, ha, ha! Well said, I like your Jew and your bishop much. It's devilish clever. Let us have the rest of the history, pray, my dear.

Lady. Guid traith, my lord, the sum total is, that they we aw danced, and wrangled, and flattered, ad slandered, and gambled, and cheated, and migtled, and jumbled togeth'er, even like the animal assembly in Noah's ark.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you are a droll girl Rodolph; and, upon my honour—ha, ha, ha! you have given us as whimsical a sketch as ever was hit off. What say you, Mr. Sidney?

Sid. Upon my word, my lord, the lady has made me see the whole assembly in distinct colours.

Lady. O! Maister Sidney, your approbation makes me as vain as a reigning toast before her looking-glass.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Clapel Toper and Captain Hardbottle are come, sir.

Sir P. A very weel. Dinner directly.

Tom. As ready, sir. [Exit.]

Sir P. My lord, we attend your lordship.

Lord. Lady Mac, your ladyship's hand if you please. [Exit with Lady M.]

Sir P. And here, Lady Rodolph, is an Arcadian swain that has a hand at your ladyship's devotion.

Lady. [Giving her hand to Egerton.] And I, sir, have got at his. There, sir; as to hearts, ye ken,

cousin, they are not brought into the account of human dealings now-a-days.

Eger. O! madam, they are mere temporary bables, especially in courtship; and no more to be depended upon than the weather, or a lottery-ticket.

Lady R. Ha, ha, ha! twa excellent similes, I vow, Mr. Egerton. Excellent! for they illustrate the vagaries and inconstancy of my dissipated heart, as exactly as if you had meant to describe it.

[Exit with Egerton.]

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! what a vast fund of spirits and guid humour she has, Maister Sidney!

Sid. A great fund, indeed, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Come, let us till dinner. Ah! by this time to-morrow, Maister Sidney, I hope we shall have every thing ready for you to put the last hand till the happiness of your friend and pupil; and then, sir, my cares will be over for this life; for as to my other son, I expect nae guid of him, nor should I grieve, were I to see him in his coffin: but this match—O! it will make me the happiest of aw human beings. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter SIR PERTINAX AND EGERTON.

Sir P. [In worn resentment.] Zounds! sir, I will not hear a word about it: I insist upon it you are wrong; you should have paid your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa, or twenty till oblige him.

Eger. Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

Sir P. Yes, you did; but how, how? just as a bairn takes physic; with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed: then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the Colonel got intill a drunken dispute about religion, you slyly slunged away.

Eger. I thought, sir, it was time to go, when my lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

Sir P. Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the Colonel, in order to try his bottom; but they aw agreed that you and I should drink out of sma' glasses. [To drink any more.]

Eger. But, sir, I beg pardon: I did not choose.

Sir P. But, zounds! sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking more.

Eger. A necessity! in what respect, pray, sir?

Sir P. Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage; about which I am afraid we shall have a warm squabble; and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

Eger. But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

Sir P. Yes, sir, it would have contributed—and greatly have contributed to assist me.

Eger. How so, sir?

Sir P. Nay, sir, it might have prevented the squabble entirely; for as my lord is proud of you for a son-in-law, and is fond of your little French songs, your stories, and your bon-mots, when you are in the humour; and guin you had but staid, and been a little jolly, and drank half a score bumpers with him, till he had got a little tipsy, I am sure, when we had him in that mood, we might have settled the point as I could wish it among ourselves, before the lawyers came: but now, sir, I do not ken what will be the consequence.

Eger. But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, sir?

Sir P. The most seasonable, sir; for sir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspicion is asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, fun, and guid fellowship; and

sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or to settle a dispute with a friend? What is it you shrug up your shoulders at, sir?

Eger. At my own ignorance, sir: for I understand neither the philosophy, nor the morality of your doctrine.

Sir P. I know you do not, sir: and, what is worse, you never will understand it, as you proceed: in one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for all, that the manoeuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world, as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar: why you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune; and how do you think I raised it?

Eger. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

Sir P. Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead: nae, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it: sir, I raised it—by booing, (*boos ridiculously low*) by booing: sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great man, but always bood, and bood, and bood—as it were by instinct.

Eger. How do you mean by instinct, sir?

Sir P. How do I mean by instinct! Why, sir, I mean by—by—the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example and demonstration?

Eger. Certainly, sir.

Sir P. Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to be by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

Eger. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir P. Very well, sir; sit ye down then, sit you down here. (*They sit down*.) And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts, that your grandfather was a man, whose penurious income of captain's half-pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, saw my provision for him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel; the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every man well pleased with himself.

Eger. Very prudent advice, sir.

Sir P. Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials, I set out a raw-boned stripling frae the North, to try my fortune with them here in the south; and my first step in the world was a beggarly clerkship in Gwynne Gordon's counting-house, here, in the city of London: which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Eger. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir P. The reverse, the reverse: well, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply; I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every man, and every mode of prosperity; at last, I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition; and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty! beauty! ah! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart: and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked: but the devil an entrance I ever let it get: for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally,—a proud,

vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed.

Sir P. And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and, in its stead, sir, mark!—I looked out for an ancient, well-jointed, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phibistic, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an apperal—and—or, in short, anything, anything that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

Eger. O! doubtless, doubtless, sir.

Sir P. Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller? nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies; nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptist, independent, Bradonian, and Muggletonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, waking, conciliating love feasts of the methodists; and there, sir, at last, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—na, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world; had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—na, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir P. O! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the tabernacle in Moorfields. And as soon as I found she had the siller, ah! good faith, I plunged me down upon my knees, close by her—cheeky jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her to her chair, waited on her home, got most intimately intimate with her in a week; married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month; consumed the siller; and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyless heart, I began the world again; (*rise*) and this, sir, was the first boo, that is the first effectual boo I ever made till the vanity of human nature. Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

Eger. Perfectly well, sir.

Sir P. Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and well hit off?

Eger. Certainly, sir; extremely well.

Sir P. My next boo, sir, was till your st. mother, whom I ran away with frae the boarding-school; by the interest of whose family I got a good smart place in the treasury; and, sir, my very next step was in till parliament, and the which I entered with as ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I bood, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great man, till I got into the very bowels of his confidence; and then, sir, wriggled, and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them. Ha! got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and all the political bonuses: till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one half of the golden calves I had been so

long a boogie to; and was nae that boogie to some purpose?

Eger. It was indeed, sir.

Sir P. But are you convinced of the guid effects and of the utility of boogie?

Eger. Thoroughly, sir.

Sir P. Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah! while I was thus boogie, and wriggling, and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met with many heart-sores and disappointments frae the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular abstractions. Sir, guin I could but have spoken in the house, I should have done the deed in half the time; but the instant I opened my mouth there they aw fell a laughing at me; aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined, at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, who I hoped would one day raise the house of Macgyeophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan; I have done my part of it; Nature has done hers; you are popular, you are eloquent; aw partied like and respect you; and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed—completion follows.

Eger. Your liberality, sir, in my education, is an obligation I shall ever remember with the deepest filial gratitude.

Sir P. Vary weel, sir; but, Charles, have you had any conversation yet with Lady Rodolpha, about the day of your marriage; your liveries, your equipage; or your domestic establishment?

Eger. Not yet, sir.

[vary wrong.]

Sir A. Poh! why there again, now, you are wrong; *Eger.* Sir, we have not had an opportunity.

Sir P. Why, Charles, you are vary tardy in this business.

Lord D. (Sings without, flushed with wine.)

"What have we with day to do?"

Sir A. O! here comes my lord.

Lord L. "Bons of care, 'twas made for you." *Enter LORD LUMBERHOOT, drinking a dish of coffee; TOMLINS waiting.*

"Sons of care, 'twas made for you." Very good coffee, indeed, Mr. Tomlins. "Bons of care, 'twas made for you." Here, Mr. Tomlins. [dish?]

Tom. Will your lordship please to have another Lord? No more, Mr. Tomlins. [Exit Tomlins.] Ha, ha, ha! my host of the Scotch pints, we have had wae work.

Sir P. Yes, you pushed the bottle about, my lord, with the joy and vigour of a bacchanal.

Lord L. That I did, my dear Mac; no loss of time with me: I have but three motions, old boy—charge, fast, fire—and off we go. Ha, ha, ha, that's my exercise.

Sir P. And fine warm exercise it is, my lord; especially with the half-pint glasses.

Lord L. Zounds! it does execution point blank; ay, ay, ade of your pinking acorn glasses for me, but yourmanly, old English half-pint bumpers, my dear boys try a fellow's stamina at once: but where's Merton.

Sir P. At at hand, my lord; there he stands.

Lord L. My dear Egerton.

Eger. Your lordship's most obedient.

Lord L. beg pardon, I did not see you. I am sorry you left us so soon after dinner: had you staid, you would have been highly entertained. I have made such examples of the commissioner, the captain, and the colonel.

Eger. So I understand, my lord.

Lord L. But, Egerton, I have slipped from the company for a few moments, on purpose to have a little chat with you. Rodolpha tells me she fancies

there is a kind of demur on your side, about your marriage with her.

Sir P. A demur! how so, my lord?

Lord L. Why, as I was drinking my coffee with the women just now, I desired they would fix the wedding night, and the etiquette of the ceremony; upon which the girl burst into a loud laugh, telling me she supposed I was joking, for that Mr. Egerton had never yet given her a single glance or hint upon the subject.

Sir P. My lord, I have been just now talking to him about his shyness to the lady.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Counsellor Plausible is come, sir, and Serjeant Eitherside. [very evening, my lord.]

Sir P. Why then we can settle the business this *Lord L.* As well as in seven years; and, to make the way as short as possible, pray, Mr. Tomlins, present your master's compliments and mine to Lady Rodolpha, and let her ladyship know we wish to speak with her directly. [Exit Tomlins.] He shall attack her this instant, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Ay, this is doing business effectually, my lord.

Lord L. O! I will pit them in a moment, Sir Pertinax; and that will bring them into the heat of the action at once, and save a great deal of awkwardness on both sides. O, here your dulcinea comes, sir.

Enter LADY RODOLPHA, singing.

Lady R. Weel, Sir Pertinax, I attend your commands; and yours, my paternal lord.

Lord L. Why then, my filial lady, we are to inform you that the commission for your ladyship and this enamoured cavalier, commanding you to serve your country, jointly and inseparably, in the honourable and forlorn hope of matrimony, is to be signed this very evening.

Lady R. This evening, my lord!

Lord L. This evening, my lady. Come, Sir Pertinax, let us leave them to settle their liveries, wedding suits, carriages, and all their amorous equipage for the nuptial campaign.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! excellent, excellent! Weel, I vow, my lord, you are a great officer: this is as guid a manoeuvre to bring on a rapid engagement as the ablest general of them a' could have started.

Lord L. Ay, ay! leave them together; they'll soon come to a right understanding. I warrant you; or the needle and loadstone have lost their sympathy. [Exit with Sir Pertinax.]

Eger. (Aside.) What a dilemma am I in!

Lady R. (Aside.) Why, this is downright tyranny! it has quite damped my spirits; and my betrothed, yonder, seems planet-struck, too, I think.

Eger. (Aside.) A whimsical situation, mine.

Lady R. (Aside.) Ha, ha, ha! methinks we look like a couple of cautious generals, that are obliged to take the field, but neither of us seems willing to come till action. [dress her.]

Eger. (Aside.) I protest I know not how to ad-

Lady R. (Aside.) He will nae advance, I see: what am I to in this affair? guid faith, I will even do, as I suppose many brave heroes have done before me; clasp a guid face on the matter; and so conceal an aching heart under a swaggering countenance. Sir, as we have, by the commands of our guid fathers, a business of some little consequence to transact, I hope you will excuse my taking the liberty of recommending a chair till you, for the repose of your body, in the embarrassed deliberation of your perturbed spirits.

Eger. (Greatly embarrassed.) Madam, I beg y

pardon. *(Hands her a chair, then one for himself.)*
Please to sit, madam.

Lady R. (Aside.) Ah! he's resolved not to come too near till me, I think. *(them!)*

Eger. (Aside.) A pleasant interview this—hem.

Lady R. (Aside, mimics him to herself.) Hem! he will not open the congress, I see: then I will. *(Very loud.)* Come, sir, when will you begin?

Eger. (Greatly surprised.) Begin! what, madam?

Lady R. To make love till me.

Eger. Love, madam!

Lady R. Ay, love, sir. Why, you have never said a word till me on the subject, nor cast a single glance at me, nor heaved one tender sigh, nor even secretly squeezed my loof. Now, sir, th'of our fathers are so tyrannical as to dispose of us without the consent of our hearts, yet you, sir, I hope, have more humanity than to think of marrying me without administering some of the preliminaries usual on those occasions.

Eger. Madam, I own your reproach is just; I shall, therefore, no longer disguise my sentiments; but fairly let you know my heart.

Lady R. (Starts up, and runs to him.) That's right, that is right, cousin! but sit you down, sit you down again. *(They sit.)* I shall return your frankness and your passion, cousin, with a melting tenderness, equal till the amorous enthusiasm of an ancient heroine.

Eger. Madam, if you will hear me—

Lady R. But remember, you must begin with fervency, and a most rapturous vehemency; for you are to consider, cousin, that our match is nae to arise fra the union of hearts, and a long decorum of ceremonious courtship, but is instantly to start at once, out of necessity, or mere accident. Ha, ha, ha! I like a match in an ancient romance, where, you ken, cousin, the knight and the damsel are mutually smitten and dying for each other at first sight, or by an amorous sympathy, before they exchange a single glance. So, now cousin, with the true romantic enthusiasm, you are to suppose me the lady of the enchanted castle; and you—ha, ha, ha! you are to be the knight of the sorrowful countenance; ha, ha, ha! and, upon honour, you look the character admirably, ha, ha, ha!

Eger. Trifling creature! *(Aside.)*

Lady R. Come, sir, why do you nae begin to ravish me with your valour, your vows, your knight-errantry, and your amorous frenzy? Nay, nay, nay! guin you do nae begin at once, the lady of the enchanted castle will vanish in a twinkling.

Eger. Lady Rodolpha, I know your talent for railery well; but at present, in my case, there is a kind of cruelty in it.

Lady R. Railery! upon honour, cousin, you mistake me quite and clean. I am serious, very serious; ay, and I have cause to be serious; nay, I will submit my case even to yourself. *(Whines.)* Can any pair lassie be in a mair lamentable condition, than to be sent four hundred miles, by the command of a positive grandmother, to marry man who, I find, has nae mair affection for me than if I had been his wife these seven years?

Eger. Madam, I am extremely sorry—

Lady R. (Cries and sobs.) But it is very weel, cousin: I see your unkindness and aversion plain enough; and, sir, I must tell you fairly, you are the only man that ever slighted my person, or that drew tears fra these een. But it is very weel, it's very weel; I will return till Scotland to-morrow morning, and let my grandmother know how I have been affronted by your slights, your contempts, and your aversions.

Eger. If you are serious, madam, your distress gives me a deep concern; but affection is not in our power; and you will forgive me when I tell you, I can never have that honour which is intended me, by a connexion with your ladyship.

Lady R. (Starting up.) How, sir; are you serious? And so you persist in slighting me?

Eger. I beg your pardon, madam; but I must be explicit, and at once declare, that I never can give my hand, where I cannot give my heart.

Lady R. (In great anger.) Why, then, sir, I must tell you, that your declaration is sic an affront as nae woman of spirit can, or ought to bear; and here I make a solemn vow, never to pardon it but on one condition.

Eger. If that condition be in my power, madam—
Lady R. (Snaps him up.) Sir, it is in your power.

Eger. Then, madam, you may command me.

Lady R. Why, then, sir, the condition is this—you must here give me your word and honour, that nae importunity, command, or menace of your father: in fine, that nae consideration whatsoever; shall induce you to take me, Rodolpha Lumbercomb, to be your wedded wife.

Eger. I most solemnly promise I never will.

Lady R. And I, sir, most solemnly and sincerely *(curties)* thank you for—*(curties)* your resolution, and your agreeable aversion; ha, ha, ha! for you have made me as happy as a pair wretch reviv'd in the very instant of intended execution. *(this?)*

Eger. Pray, madam, how am I to understand all?

Lady R. (With frankness and a reverse of manner.)

Why, sir, your frankness and sincerity demand the same behaviour on my side; therefore, without further disguise or ambiguity, know, sir, that I myself *(with a deep sigh)* am as deeply smitten with a certain swain, as I understand you are with your Constantia.

Eger. Indeed, madam!

Lady R. (With an amiable, soft, tender sweetness.) O! sir, notwithstanding a' my shew of courage and mirth, here I stand as errant a trembling; these as ever sighed or mourned for her Pyramus; and sir, a' my extravagant levity and ridiculous behaviour in your presence now, and ever since your father prevailed upon mine to consent till this match, has been a premeditated scheme to provoke your gravity and good sense intill a cordial disgust, and a positive refusal.

Eger. But, madam, if I may presume so far, pray, who is your lover?

Lady R. Why, in that too, I shall surprise you perhaps more than ever. In the first place, he is a beggar, and in disgrace with an unforgiving father; and, in the next place, he is *(curties)* your ain brother. So you see, cousin Charles, th' if I could nae mingle affections with you, I have nae ganged out of the family. But now, sir, let me ask one question; pray, how is your mither affected in this business?

Eger. She knows of my passion; and will, I am sure, be a friend to the common cause.

Lady R. Ah! that's lucky. Our first step, then must be to take her advice upon our conduct, so as to keep our fathers in the dark till we an hit off some measure that will wind them about till our ain purpose, and the common interest of our ain passion; so come along, cousin Charles. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter SIR PERTINAX AND COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE.

Sir P. No. no. Come away, Counsellor Plausible; come away, I say; let them chew upon it. Why,

Counsellor, did you ever see so impertinent, so meddling, and so obstinate a blockhead as that Sergeant Eitherside? Confound the fellow, he has put me out of a' temper.

Plaus. He is very positive, indeed, Sir Pertinax; and no doubt was intemperate and rude. But, Sir Pertinax, I would not break off the match notwithstanding; for certainly, even without the boroughs, it is an advantageous bargain both to you and your son.

Sir P. But, sounds! Plausible, do you think I will give up the nomination till three boroughs? Why, I would rather give him twenty, nay, thirty thousand pounds in any other part of the bargain; especially at this juncture, when votes are likely to become so valuable. Why, man, if a certain affair comes on, they will rise above five hundred per cent.

Plaus. You judge very rightly, Sir Pertinax; but what shall we do in this case? for Mr. Sergeant insists that you positively agreed to my lord's having the nomination to the three boroughs during his own life.

Sir P. Why, yes: in the first sketch of the agreement, I believe I did consent; but, at that time, mon, my lord's affairs did not appear to be half so desperate as I now find they turn out. Sir, he must acquiesce in whatever I demand; for I have got him into sic an hobble that he cannot—

Plaus. No doubt, Sir Pertinax, you have him absolutely in your power.

Sir P. Vary weel; and ought nae a man to make his vantage of it?

Plaus. No doubt you ought; no manner of doubt. But, Sir Pertinax, there is a secret spring in this business that you do not seem to perceive; and which, I am afraid, governs the matters respecting these boroughs.

Sir P. What spring do you mean, Counsellor?

Plaus. Why, this Sergeant Eitherside. I have some reason to think, that my lord is tied down, by some means or other, to bring the Sergeant in, the very first vacancy, for one of these boroughs; now, that, I believe, is the sole motive why the Sergeant is so strenuous that my lord should keep the boroughs in his own power; fearing that you might reject him for some man of your own.

Sir P. Odswunds and death! Plausible, you are clever, devilish clever. By the blood! you have hit upon the very string that has made a' this discord. Oh! I see it—I see it now. But haud—haud—bide a wee bit—a wee bit, mon: I have a thought come intill my head—yes—I think, Plausible, with a little twist in our negotiation, that this very string, properly tuned, may be still made to produce the very harmony we wish for. Yes, yes, I have it; this Sergeant, I see, understands business; and if I am not mistaken, knows how to take a hint.

Plaus. O! nobody better, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Why, then, Plausible, the short road is the best with sic a man. You must even come up till his mark at once, and assure him from me that I will secure him a seat for one of these very boroughs.

Plaus. Oh! that will do, Sir Pertinax; that will do, I'll answer for't.

Sir P. And, further, I beg you will let him know that I think myself obliged to consider him, in this affair, as acting for me as weel as my lord, as a common friend till baith; and for the services he has already done us, make my special compliments till him; and, pray let this amicable bit of paper be my faithful advocate to convince him of what

my gratitude further intends for his great (*gives him a bank-bill*) equity in adjusting this agreement betwixt my lord and me.

Plaus. Ha, ha, ha! upon my word, Sir Pertinax, this is noble. Ay, ay! this is an eloquent bit of paper, indeed.

Sir P. Maister Plausible, in a' human dealings, the most effectual method is that of ganging at once till the very bottom of a mon's heart: for, if we expect that men should serve us, we must first win their affections by serving them. O! here they baith come.

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT and SERGEANT EITHERSIDE.

Lord L. My dear Sir Pertinax, what could provoke you to break off this business so abruptly? You are really wrong in the point; and, if you will give yourself time to recollect, you will find that my having the nomination to the boroughs for my life, was a preliminary article; I appeal to Mr. Sergeant Eitherside here, whether I did not always understand it so.

Serg. I assure you, Sir Pertinax, that in all his lordship's conversation with me upon this business, and in his positive instructions, both he and I always understood the nomination to be in my lord, *durante vita*.

Sir P. Why, then, my lord, to shorten the dispute, a' that I can say in answer till your Lordship is, that there has been a total mistake betwixt us in that point; and, therefore, the treaty must end here. I give it up. O! I wash my hands of it for ever.

Plaus. Well, but, gentlemen, gentlemen! a little patience. Surely this mistake, somehow or other may be rectified. Pr'ythee, Mr. Sergeant, let you and I step into the next room by ourselves, and reconsider the clause relative to the boroughs, and try if we cannot hit upon a medium that will be agreeable to both parties.

Serg. (*With great warmth.*) Mr. Plausible, I have considered the clause fully; am entirely master of the question: my lord cannot give up the point. It's unkind and unreasonable to expect it.

Plaus. Nay, Mr. Sergeant, I beg you will not misunderstand me. Do not think I want his lordship to give up any point without an equivalent. Sir Pertinax, will you permit Mr. Sergeant and me to retire a few moments to reconsider this point?

Sir P. With a' my heart, Maister Plausible; anything to oblige his lordship; anything to accommodate his lordship; anything.

Plaus. What say you, my lord?

Lord L. Nay, I submit it entirely to you and Mr. Sergeant.

Plaus. Come, Mr. Sergeant, let us retire.

Lord L. Ay, ay, go, Mr. Sergeant, and hear what Mr. Plausible has to say.

Serg. Nay, I'll wait on Mr. Plausible, my lord, with all my heart; but I am sure I cannot suggest the shadow of a reason for altering my present opinion: impossible, impossible.

Plaus. Well, well, Mr. Sergeant, do not be positive. I am sure, reason, and your client's convenience, will always make you alter your opinion.

Serg. Ay, ay; reason and my client's convenience, Mr. Plausible, will always control my opinion, depend upon it; ay, ay! there you are right. Sir, I attend you. [*Exeunt Lawyers.*]

Sir P. I am sorry, my lord, extremely sorry, indeed, that this mistake has happened. [*Tinax.*]

Lord L. Upon my honour, and so am I, Sir P.
Sir P. But come, now, after a', your lord!

must allow you have been in the wrong: come, my dear lord, you must allow me that now.

Lord L. How so, my dear Sir Pertinax?

Sir P. Not about the boroughs, my lord; for those I do not mind of a bawbee; but about your distrust of my friendship. Why, do you think, now—I appeal till your ain breast, my lord—do you think, I say, that I should ever have alighted your lordship's nomination till these boroughs.

Lord L. Why, really, I do not think you would, Sir Pertinax; but one must be directed by one's lawyer, you know.

Sir P. Ha! my lord, lawyers are a dangerous species of animals to have any dependance upon: they are always starting punctilios and difficulties among friends. Why, my lord, it is their interest that a' mankind should be at variance; for disagreement of every kind is the very manure with which they enrich and fatten the land of litigation; and, as they find that that constantly promotes the best crop, depend upon it, they will always be sure to lay it on as thick as they can.

Lord L. Come, come, my dear Sir Pertinax; you must not be angry with the Sergeant for his insisting so warmly on this point; for those boroughs, you know, are my sheet anchor.

Sir P. I know it, my lord; and, as an instance of my promptness to study, and of my acquaintance with your lordship's inclination, as I see that this Sergeant Etherside wishes you weal, and you of him, I think, now, he would be as good a man to be returned for one of those boroughs as could be pitched upon: and, as such, I humbly recommend him till your lordship's consideration.

Lord L. Why, my dear Sir Pertinax, to tell you the truth, I have already promised him. He must be in for one of them, and that is one reason why I insisted so strenuously; he must be in.

Sir P. And why not? odswounds! why not? is nae your word a fiat? an will it nae be always so till me? are ye nae my friend, my patron? and are ye nae, by this match of our children, to be united intill one interest?

Lord L. So I understand it, I own, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. My lord, it can nae be otherwise; then, for heaven's sake! as your lordship and I can have but one interest for the future, let us have nae mair words about these paltry boroughs, but conclude the agreement just as it stands; otherwise, there must be new writings drawn up, new consultations of lawyers; new objections and delays will arise; creditors will be impatient and impertinent; so that we shall nae finish the Lord knows when.

Lord L. You are right, you are right; say no more, Mac, say no more. Split the lawyers—you judge the point better than all Westminster-Hall could. It shall stand as it is: yes, you shall settle it your own way; for your interest and mine are the same, I see plainly.

Sir P. No doubt of it, my lord.

Lord L. O! here the lawyers come.

Enter COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE and SERGEANT EETHERSIDE.

Lord L. So, gentlemen—Well, what have you done?—How are your opinions now?

Serg. My lord, Mr. Plausible has convinced me; fully convinced me.

Plaus. Yes, my lord, I have convinced him: I have laid such arguments before Mr. Sergeant as were irresistible.

Serg. He has, indeed, my lord? besides, as Sir Pertinax gives his honour that your lordship's nomination shall be sacredly observed, why, upon a nearer review of the whole matter, I think it will

be the wiser measure to conclude the agreement just as it is drawn.

Lord L. I am very glad you think so, Mr. Sergeant, because that is my opinion too: so may dear Etherside, do you and Mr. Plausible despatch the business now as soon as possible.

Serg. My lord, every thing will be ready in less than an hour. Come, Mr. Plausible, let us go and fill up the blanks, and put the last hand to the writings on our part.

Plaus. I attend you, Mr. Sergeant.

[Exit Lawyers.]

Lord L. And, while the lawyers are preparing the writings, Sir Pertinax, I will go and saunter with the women.

[Presently.]

Sir P. Do, do, my lord; and I will come to you. Lord L. Very well, my dear Mac, I shall expect you.

[Exit singing.]

Sir P. So; a little flattery, mixed with the promise of a gilded promise on one side, and a quantum sufficit of the *aurum palpabile* on the other, have at last made me the happiest father in Great Britain. Ha! my heart expands itself, as it were, through every part of my whole body, at the completion of this business, and feels nothing but dignity and elevation. Heald, heald! hide a wee, hide a wee! I have but one little matter made in this affair to-day; and then, Sir Pertinax, you may dictate ill fortune herself, and send her to govern fools; while you shew and convince the world that wise men always govern her. What's there?

Enter SAM.

Tell my son, Egerton, I would speak with him here in the library. [Exit Sam.] Now I have settled the grand point with my lord, this, I think, is the proper juncture to feel the political pulse of my spark; and, once for a', to set it to the exact measure that I would have it constantly beat.

Enter EGERTON.

Come, hither, Charles.

Eger. Your pleasure, sir.

Sir P. About two hours since, I told you, Charles, that I received a letter express, complaining of your brother's activity at an election in Scotland, against a particular friend of mine, which has given great offence; and, sir, you are mentioned in the letter as well as he: to be plain, I must roundly tell you, that on this interview depends my happiness as a father and as a man; and my affection to you, sir, as a son, for the remainder of our days.

Eger. I hope, sir, I shall never do anything either to forfeit your affection or disturb your happiness.

Sir P. I hope so, too: but to the point. The fact is this: there has been a motion made this very day to bring on the grand affair, which is settled for Friday seven-night. Now, sir, as you are popular, have talents, and are well heard, it is expected, and I insist upon it, that you endeavour to atone, sir, for your late misconduct, by preparing, and taking a larger share in that question, and supporting it with a' your power.

Eger. Sir, I hope you will not so exert your influence, as to insist upon my supporting a measure by an obvious, prostituted sophistry, in direct opposition to my character and conscience.

Sir P. Conscience! why you are mad! Did you ever hear any man talk of conscience in political matters? Conscience, quotha! I have heard in parliament these three and thirty years, and never heard the term made use of before. Sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and you will be laughed at for it.

Eger. Then, sir, I must frankly tell you, that

you work against my nature; you would connect me with men I despise, and press me into measures I abhor; for know, sir, that the malignant ferment which the venal ambition of the times provokes in the heads and hearts of other men I detest.

Sir P. What are you about, sir? Malignant ferment and venal ambition! Sir, every man should be ambitious to serve his country, and every man should be rewarded for it: and pray, sir, would not you wish to serve your country? Answer me that. I say, would not you wish to serve your country?

Eger. Only show me how I can serve my country, and my life is here. Were I qualified to lead her armies, to steer her fleets, and to deal her honest vengeance on her insulting foes—or could my eloquence pull down a state Leviathan, mighty by the plunder of his country, black with the treasures of her disgraces, and send his infamy down to a free posterity, as a monumental terror to corrupt ambition, I would be foremost in such service, and act with the unremitting ardour of a Roman spirit.

Sir P. Why, are you mad, sir? you have certainly been bit by some mad whig or other. Oh! you are young, very young in these matters; but experience will convince you, sir, that every man in public business has two consciences—a religious and a political conscience. Why, you see a merchant now, or a shopkeeper, that keeps the scales of the world, always looks upon an oath as a custom-house, or behind the counter, only as an oath in business, a thing of course, a mere thing of course, that has nothing to do with religion; and just so it is at an election: for instance, now, I am a candidate, (pray observe), and I gang till a porriwig-maker, a hater, or a hower, and I give ten, twenty, or thirty guineas for a periwig, a hat, or a pair of hose; and so on, through a majority of voters; very well! what is the consequence? why this commercial intercourse, you see, begets a friendship betwixt us, a commercial friendship—and in a day or two, these men gang and give their suffrages; well! what is the inference? Pray, sir, can you, or any lawyer, divine, or counsel, call this a bribe? Nae, sir, in fair political reasoning, it is only generosity on the one side, and gratitude on the other. So, sir, let me have nae more of your religious or philosophical refinements; but prepare, attend, and speak till the question, or you are nae son of mine.—Sir, I insist upon it.

Enter SAM.

Sam. Sir, my lord says the writings are now ready; and his lordship and the lawyers are waiting for you and Mr. Egerton.

Sir P. Very well, we'll attend his lordship. [*Exit Sam.*] Come, sir, let us gang down and finish this business.

Eger. (Stopping *Sir P.* as he is going off.) Sir, with your permission, I beg you will first hear a word or two upon this subject.

Sir P. Well, sir, what would you say?

Eger. I have often resolved to let you know my aversion to this match—

Sir P. How, sir?

Eger. But my respect, and fear of disobligeing you, have hitherto kept me silent.

Sir P. Your aversion!—your aversion, sir! How dare you use sic language to me? Your aversion! Look ye, sir; I shall cut the matter very short; consider, my fortune is nae inheritance; a' mine ain acquisition; I can make ducks and drakes of it; so do not provoke me, but sign the articles directly.

Eger. I beg your pardon, sir, but I must be free

on this occasion, and tell you at once, that I can no longer dissemble the honest passion that fills my heart for another woman.

Sir P. How! another woman? and, you villain! how dare you love another woman without my leave? But what other woman? what is she? Speak, sir, speak.

Eger. Constantia.

Sir P. Constantia! Oh, you profligate! What a creature taken in for charity!

Eger. Her poverty is not her crime, sir, but her misfortune: her birth is equal to the noblest; therefore, sir—

Sir P. Hold your jabbering, you villain! hand your jabbering; none of your romances nor refinement till me. I have but one question to ask you; but one question, and then I have done with you for ever—for ever; therefore, think before you answer: will you marry the lady, or will you break my heart?

Eger. Sir, my presence shall not offend you any longer; but when reason and reflection take their turn, I am sure you will not be pleased with yourself for this unparental passion. (Going.)

Sir P. Tarry, I command you; and I command you, likewise, not to stir till you have given me an answer—a definitive answer: will you marry the lady, or will you not?

Eger. Since you command me, sir—know, then, that I cannot, will not marry her. [*Exit.*]

Sir P. Oh! the villain has shot me through the head! he has cut my vitals! I shall run distracted! the fellow destroys a' my measures, a' my schemes: there never was sic a bargain as I have made with this foolish lord; possession of his whole estate, with three boroughs upon it—six members. Why, what an acquisition! what consequences! what dignity! what weight till the house of Maccycophant! O, damn the fellow! three boroughs, only for sending down six boroughs! O, miserable! O, miserable! ruined! undone! For these five-and-twenty years, ever since this fellow came intill the world, have I been secretly preparing him for ministerial dignity; and, with the fellow's eloquence, abilities, popularity, these boroughs, and proper connexions, he might certainly, in a little time, have done the deed; and sure never were times so favourable, every thing conspires, for a' the said political post-horses are broken-winded and foamed, and cannot get on; and as till the rising generation, the vanity of surpassing one another in what they foolishly call taste and elegance, blinds them hand and foot in the chains of luxury, which will always get them up till the best bidder; so that, if they can but get wherewithal to supply their dissipation, a minister may convert the political morals of a' sic volup-tuaries, intill a vote that would sell the nation till Frestes John, and their boasted liberties till the great Mogul. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Library.

Enter SIR PERTINAX and BETTY HINT.

Sir P. Come this way, Betty; come this way: you are a gaudy girl, and I will reward you for this discovery. Oh, the villain! offer her marriage!

Betty. It is true, indeed, sir; I would not tell your honour a lie for the world; but, in truth, it lay upon my conscience, and I thought it my duty to tell your worship.

Sir P. You are right, you are right; it was your duty to tell me, and I'll reward you for it. But you say Maister Sidney is in love with her too; pray—how came you with that intelligence?

Betty. O, sir, I know when folks are in love, let them strive to hide it as much as they will. I know it by Mr. Sidney's eyes, when I see him stealing a sly look at her; by his trembling—his breathing short; his sighing when they are reading together. Besides, sir, he has made love-verses upon her, in praise of her virtue, and her playing upon the music. Ay, and I suspect another thing, sir; she has a sweetheart, if not a husband, not far from hence.

Sir P. Wha, Constantia?

Betty. Ay, Constantia, sir. Lord, I can know the whole affair, sir, only for sending over to Hadley, to farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford.

Sir P. Then send this instant, and get me a particular account of it.

Betty. That I will, sir.

Sir P. In the meantime, keep a strict watch upon Constantia; and be sure you bring me word of whatever new matter you can pick up about her, my son, or this Hadley husband or sweetheart.

Betty. Never fear, sir.

Sir P. This love of Sidney's for Constantia is not unlikely. There is something promising in it. Yes, I think it is not impossible to convert it into a special and immediate advantage. It is but trying. Wha's there? If it misses, I am but where I was.

Enter TOMLINS.

Where is Maister Sidney?

Tom. In the dining-room, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Tell him I would speak with him. [*Exit Tomlins.*] 'Tis more than probable. Spare to speak, and spare to speed. Try, try, always try the human heart; try as a guide a maxim in politics as in war. Why, suppose, this Sidney, now, should be privy till his friend Charles's love for Constantia, what then? Guid trash, it is natural to think that his ain love will demand the preference; ay, and obtain it, too. Yes; self, self is an eloquent advocate on these occasions, and seldom loses his cause. I have the general principle of human nature, at least to encourage me in the experiment; for only make it a man's interest to be a rascal, and I think we may safely depend upon his integrity—in serving himself.

Enter SIDNEY.

Sid. Sir Pertinax, your servant. Mr. Tomlins told me you desired to speak with me.

Sir P. Yes, I wanted to speak with you upon a very singular business. Maister Sidney, give me your hand. Guin it did nae look like flattery, which I detest, I would tell you, Maister Sidney, that you are an honour till your cloth, your country, and till human nature.

Sid. Sir, you are very obliging.

Sir P. Sit you down, Maister Sidney; sit you down here by me. [*They sit.*] My friend, I am under the greatest obligations till you for the care you have taken of Charles. The principles, religious, moral and political, that you have infused intill him, demand the warmest return of gratitude both fra him and fra me.

Sid. Your approbation, sir, next to that of my own conscience, is the best test of my endeavours, and the highest applause they can receive.

Sir P. Sir, you deserve it; richly deserve it. And now, sir, the same care that you have had of Charles, the same my wife has taken of her favourite Constantia; and sure, never were accomplishments, knowledge, or principles, social and religious, infused intill a better nature.

Sid. In truth, sir, I think so too.

Sir P. She is besides a gentlewoman, and of as guid a family as any in this country.

Sid. So I understand, sir.

Sir P. Sir, her father had a vast estate; the

which he dissipated and melted in feastings, and friendships, and charities, and hospitalities, and sic kind of nonsense: but to the business. Maister Sidney, I love you; yes, I love you; and I have been looking out, and contriving how to settle you in the world. Sir, I want to see you comfortably and honourably fixed at the head of a respectable family; and guin you were mine ain son a thousand times, I could nae make a more valuable present till you for that purpose, as a partner for life, than this same Constantia, with sic a fortune down with her as you yourself shall deem to be competent, and an assurance of every canonical contingency in my power to confer or promote.

Sid. Sir, your offer is noble and friendly; but though the highest station would derive lustre from Constantia's charms and worth, yet, were she more amiable than love could paint her in the lover's fancy, and wealthy beyond the thirst of the miser's appetite, I could not, would not wed her. [*Rises.*]

Sir P. Not wed her! odswounds, man! you surprise me! Why so—what hinders?

Sid. I beg you will not ask a reason for my refusal; but, briefly and finally, it cannot be; nor is it a subject I can long converse upon.

Sir P. Weel, weel, weel, sir! I have done, I have done. [*Sidney sits down.*] Sit you down, mon; sit you down again; sit you down; I shall mention it no more: not but I must confess honestly till you, friend Sidney, that the match, had you consented to my proposal, besides profiting you, would have been of singular service till me likewise. However, you may still serve me as effectually as if you had married her.

Sid. Then, sir, I am sure I will, most heartily.

Sir P. I believe it, friend Sidney; and, I thank you: I have nae friend to depend upon but yourself. My heart is almost broke; I cannot help these tears. And, to tell you the fact at once, your friend Charles is struck with a most dangerous malady—a kind of insanity. You see I cannot help weeping when I think of it; in short, this Constantia, I am afraid, has cast an evil eye upon him. Do you understand me?

Sid. Not very well, sir.

Sir P. Why, he is grievously smitten with the love of her; and, I am afraid, will never be cured without a little of your assistance.

Sid. Of my assistance! pray, sir, in what manner?

Sir P. In what manner? Lord! Maister Sidney, how can you be so dull? Now then, my very guid friend, guin you would but give him that hint, and take an opportunity to speak a good word for him intill the wench; and guin you would likewise cast about a little, now, and contrive to bring them together once: why, in a few days after, he would nae care a pinch of snuff for her. [*Sidney starts up.*] What is the matter with you, mon? What the devil gars you start, and look so astounded?

Sid. Sir, you amaze me! In what part of my mind or conduct have you found that baseness, which entitles you to entreat me with this indignity?

Sir P. Indignity! What indignity do you mean, sir? Is asking you to serve a friend with a wench an indignity? Sir, am I not your patron, and benefactor, eh?

Sid. You are, sir, and I feel your bounty at my heart; but the virtuous gratitude that sowed the deep sense of it there, does not inform me that, in return, the tutor's sacred function, or the social virtue of the man, must be debased into the pupil's pander, or the patron's prostitute.

Sir P. [*Rising.*] How! what, sir? do you dispute? Are you a dependant, eh? and do you

hesitate about an ordinary civility, which is practised every day by men and women of the first fashion? Sir, let me tell you, however nice you may be, there is nae a client about the court that would nae jump at sic an opportunity to oblige his patron.

Sid. Indeed, sir, I believe the doctrine of pimping for patrons, as well as that of prostituting eloquence and public trust for private lucre, may be learned in your party schools: for, where faction and public venality are taught as measures necessary to good government and general prosperity, there every vice is to be expected.

Sir P. Oho! oho! vara weel, vara weel! fine slander upon ministers! fine sedition against government! O, ye villain! You—you—you are a black sheep, and I'll mark you. I am glad you shew yourself. Yes, yes; you have taken off the mask at last: you have been in my service for many years, and I never knew your principles before.

Sid. Sir, you never affronted them before; if you had, you should have known them sooner.

Sir P. It is vara weel; I have done with you. Ay, ay; now I can account for my son's conduct: his aversions till courts, till ministers, levees, public business, and his disobedience till my commands. Ah! you are a Judas—a perfidious fellow: you have ruined the morals of my son, you villain! But I have done with you. However, this I will prophecy at our parting, for your comfort, that guin you are so very squeamish about bringing a lad and a lass together, or about doing sic an harmless, innocent job for your patron, you will never rise in the church.

Sid. Though my conduct, sir, should not make me rise in her power, I am sure it will in her favour; in the favour of my own conscience, too, and in the esteem of all worthy men; and that, sir, is a power and dignity beyond what patrons, or any minister can bestow. *[Exit.]*

Sir P. What a rigorous, saucy, stiff-necked rascal it is! I see my folly now; I am undone by mine sin policy. This Sidney is the last man that should have been about my son. The fellow, indeed, hath given him principles that might have done very weel among the ancient Romans, but are d-d unfit for the modern Britons. Weel, guin I had a thousand sons, I never would suffer one of these English university-bred fellows to be about a son of mine again; for they have sic an pride of literature and character, and sic saucy English notions of liberty continually fermenting in their thoughts, that a man is never sure of them. But what am I to do?—Zoons! he must nae marry this beggar; I cannot set down tamely under that. Stay! hand a wee: By the blood, I have it! yes, I have hit upon it.

Enter BETTY HINT.

Betty. O, sir! I have got the whole secret out.

Sir P. About what?

Betty. About Miss Constantia. I have just got all the particulars from farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford.

Sir P. Weel, weel; but what is the story? quick, quick; what is it?

Betty. Why, sir, it is certain that Mrs. Constantia has a sweetheart, or a husband; a sort of gentleman, or gentleman's gentleman, they don't know which, that lodges at Gaffer Hodges: for Sukey says she saw them together last night, in the dark walk, and Mrs. Constantia was all in tears.

Sir P. Zoons! I am afraid this is too gude news to be true.

Betty. O! sir, 'tis certainly true. Besides, sir,

she has just writ a letter to her gallant, and I have sent John Gardener to her, who is to carry it to him to Hadley. Now, sir, if your worship would seize it—see, see, sir; here John comes, with the letter in his hand.

Sir P. Step you out, Betty, and leave the fellow till me.

Betty. I will, sir.

Exit.

Enter JOHN, with a packet and a letter.

John. *(Putting the packet into his pocket.)* There, go you into my pocket. There's no body in the library so I'll e'en go through the short way. Let me see—what is the name?—Mel—Mellil—O, no! Melville, at Gaffer Hodges's.

Sir P. What letter is that, sir?

John. Letter, sir!

Sir P. Give it me, sir.

John. An't please you, sir, it is not mine.

Sir P. Deliver it this instant, sirrah, or I'll break your head.

John. There, there, your honour.

Sir P. Begone, rascal. This, I suppose, will let us intill the whole business.

John. *(Aside.)* You have got the letter, old Surly, but the packet is safe in my pocket. I'll go and deliver that, however, for I will be true to poor Mrs. Constantia in spite of you. *[Exit.]*

Sir P. *(Reading a letter.)* Um—um—"and bless mine eyes with a sight of you."—Um—um—"throw myself into your dear arms." Zoons! this letter is invaluable. Aha, madam! yes, this will do; this will do, I think. Let me see how it is directed—"To Mr. Melville." Very weel.

Enter BETTY.

O, Betty, you are an excellent wench; this letter is worth a million.

Betty. Is it as I suspected—to her gallant?

Sir P. It is, it is. Bid Constantia pack out of the house this instant; and let them get a chaise ready to carry her wherever she pleases. But first send my wife and son hither.

Betty. I shall, sir.

Sir P. Do so; begone! *[Exit Betty.]* Aha, Maister Charles! I believe I shall cure you of your passion for a beggar now. I think he cannot be so enraptured as to be a dupe. Let me see, how am I to set now? Why, like a true politician, I must pretend most sincerely where I intend most deceit.

Enter EGERTON and LADY MACSYCOOPHANT.

Weel, Charles, notwithstanding the misery you have brought upon me, I have sent for you and your mother, in order to convince you both of my affection and my readiness to forgive; nay, and even to indulge your perverse passion. Sir, since I find this Constantia has got hold of your heart, and that your mother and you think that you can never be happy without her, why, I'll nae longer oppose your inclinations.

Eger. Dear sir, you snatch me from the sharpest misery; on my knees, let my heart thank you for this goodness.

Lady M. Let me express my thanks, too, and my joy; for, had you not consented to his marrying her, we all should have been miserable.

Sir P. Weel, I am glad I have found a way to please you both at last. But, my dear Charles, suppose, now, that this spotless vestal—this wonder of virtue—this idol of your heart, should be a concealed wanton after a? or should have an engagement of marriage, or an intrigue with another man, and is only making a dupe of you a' this time; I say, only suppose it, Charles—what would you think of her?

Eger. I should think her the most deceitful, and

most subtle of her sex; and, if possible, would never think of her again.

Sir P. Will you give me your honour of that?

Eger. Most solemnly, sir.

Sir P. Enough; I am satisfied: you shake the young again. Your prudence has brought tears of joy fra my very vitals. I was afraid you were fascinated with the charms of a crack. Do you ken

Eger. Mighty well, sir.

Sir P. And you, madam?

Lady M. As well as I do my own, sir; it is Constantia's.

Sir P. It is so; and a better evidence it is, than any that can be given by the human tongue. Here is a warm, rapturous, lascivious letter, under the hypocritical syren's sin hand—her sin hand, sir. Ay, ay; here, take and read it yourself.

Eger. (Reads.) "I have only time to tell you, that the family come down sooner than I expected, and that I cannot bless my eyes with the sight of you till the evening. The notes and jewels, which the bearer of this will deliver to you, were presented to me since I saw you by the son of my benefactor."—

Sir P. Now mark!

Eger. (Reads.) "All which I beg you will convert to your immediate use."

Sir P. Mark! I say.

Eger. (Reads.) "For my heart has no room for any wish or fortune, but what contributes to your rest and happiness."—

Sir P. Oh! Charles, Charles! do you see, sir, what a dupe she makes of you? But mark what follows.

Eger. (Reads.) "O, how I long to throw myself into your dear, dear arms; to soothe your fears, your apprehensions, and your sorrows. I have something to tell you of the utmost moment, but will reserve it till we meet this evening in the dark walk."—

Sir P. In the dark walk! in the dark walk! Ah! an evil-eyed curse upon her! Yes, yes; she has been often in the dark walk, I believe. But read on.

Eger. (Reads.) "In the meantime, banish all fears, and hope the best from fortune, and your ever dutiful
CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON."

Sir P. There! there's a warm epistle for you! In short, the hussy, you must know, is married till

Eger. Not unlikely, sir.

Lady M. Indeed, by her letter I believe she is.

Sir P. Now, madam, what amends can you make me for countenancing your son's passion for this strumpet? And you, sir, what have you to say for your disobedience and your frenzy? O, Charles, Charles!

Eger. Pray, sir, be patient; compose yourself a moment: I will make you any compensation in my power.

Sir P. Then instantly sign the articles of marriage.

Eger. The lady, sir, has never yet been consulted; and I have some reason to believe that her heart is engaged to another man.

Sir P. Sir, that is no business of yours; I know she will consent, and that's all we are to consider. O! here comes my lord.

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT.

Lord L. Sir Pertinax, every thing is ready and the lawyers wait for us.

Sir P. We attend your lordship. Where is lady

Lord L. Giving some female consolation to poor Constantia. Why, my lady—ha, ha, ha!—I hear your vocal has been firing.

Sir P. Yes, yes, my lord; she's in very good order for any man that wants a wife and all their till his estate until the bargain.

Enter TOMLINE.

Tom. Sir, there is a man below that wants to speak to your honour upon particular business.

Sir P. I cannot speak all any body now; he must come another time! ha! ha!—what is he a gentleman?

Tom. He looks something like one, sir—a sort of a gentleman; but he seems to be in a kind of a passion; for when I asked him home, he answered hastily. "It is no matter, friend; go tell your master, there is a gentleman here that must speak to him directly."

Sir P. Must? ha! very presumptuous indeed: pray, then, let's see him, for curiosity's sake. [Exit Tom.]

Enter LADY RODOLPHE.

Lady R. O! my Lady Maudyouthful, I am come an humble advocate for a weeping piece of female frailty, who begs she may be permitted to speak till your ladyship, before you finally reprehend her.

Sir P. I beg your pardon, Lady Rodolphe, but it must not be; see her she shall not.

Lady M. Nay, there can be no harm, my dear, in hearing what she has to say for herself.

Sir P. I tell you, it shall not be.

Lady M. Well, my dear, I have done.

Enter TOMLINS and MELVILLE.

Tom. Sir, that is my master.

Sir P. Well, sir, what is your urgent business with me?

Mel. To shun disgrace, and punish baseness.

Sir P. Punish baseness! what does the fellow mean? Who are you, sir?

Mel. A man, sir; and one whose fortune once bore as proud a sway as any within this country's Lord L. You seem to be a soldier, sir?

Mel. I was, sir; and have the soldier's certificate to prove my service—in India and abroad. In my heart for ten long years, in India's parching clime, I bore my country's cause, and in noblest dangers sustained it with my sword; at length, ungrateful peace has laid me down where welcome war first took me up—in poverty, and the dread of cruel creditors. Paternal affection brought me to my native land, in quest of an only child: I found her, as I thought, amiable as parental fondness could desire; but foul seduction has snatched her from me; and hither she comes, fraught with a father's anger and a soldier's honour, to seek the seducer, and get revenge.

Lady M. Pray, sir, who is your daughter?

Mel. I blush to own her—But—Constantia.

Eger. Is Constantia your daughter, sir?

Mel. She is; and was the only comfort that nature, fortune, or my own extravagance had left me.

Sir P. Good faith, then, I fancy you will and but very little comfort from her; for she is much better than she should be. She has had no damage in this mansion. I am told she is with bairn; but you may gang till Hadley, till the farmer Hodge's, and there you may learn the whole story; still, who the father of the bairn is, frab & cheeld they call Melville!

Sir P. Yes, sir, Melville.

Mel. O! would to heaven she had no crime to answer but her commerce with Melville! No, sir; he is not the man; it is your son, your Elberton, that has seduced her; and here, sir, are the evidences of his seduction.

Eger. Of my seduction!

Mel. Of yours, sir; if your name be Egerton.

Eger. I am that man, sir; but pray what is your evidence?

Mel. These bills, and these gorgeous jewels; not to be had in her mental state, but at the price of

chastity! Not an hour since she sent them, imprudently sent them, by a servant of this house: contagious infamy started from their touch.

Eger. Sir, do you but elude her conduct with Melville, and I will instantly satisfy your fears concerning the jewels and her virtue.

Mel. Sir, you give me new life; you are my better angel: I believe in your words—your looks. Know, then, I am that Melville.

Sir P. How, sir? you that Melville that was at farmer Hodge's?

Mel. The same, sir; it was he brought my Constantia to my arms—lodged and secreted me; once my lowly tenant, now my only friend. The fear of inexorable creditors made me change my name from Harrington to Melville, till I could see and consult some who once called themselves my friends.

Eger. Sir, suspend your fears and anger but for a few minutes; I will keep my word with you religiously, and bring your Constantia to your arms, as virtuous and as happy as you could wish her.

[*Exit with Lady Mac.*]

Sir P. The clearing up of this wench's virtue is d—d unlucky; I am afraid it will ruin a ~~few~~ *few* affairs again; however, I have one stroke still in my head that will secure the bargain with my lord, let matters gang as they will. (*Aside.*) But I wonder, Maister Melville, that you did nae pick up some little matter of siller in the Indies. Ah! there have been bonny fortunes snapt up there, of late years, by some of the military blades.

Mel. It is very true, sir; but it is an observation among soldiers, that there are some men who never meet with anything in the service, but blows and ill-fortune. I was one of those, even to a proverb.

Sir P. Ah! 'tis pity, sir, a great pity, now, that you did nae get a Mogul, or some sic an animal, intill your clutches. Ah! I should like to have the strangling of a nabob, the rummaging of his gold dust, his jewel-closet, and a' his magazines of bars and ingots. Ha, ha, ha! guld traith, now, sic a fellow would be a bonny chield to bring till this town, and to exhibit him riding on an elephant; upon honour, a man might raise a poll-tax by him, that would gang near to pay the debts of the nation.

Enter EGERTON, CONSTANTIA, LADY MACSYCOPHANT, and SIDNEY.

Eger. Sir, I promised to satisfy your fears concerning your daughter's virtue; and my best proof is, that I have made her the partner of my heart, and the tender guardian of my earthly happiness for life.

Sir P. How! married!

Eger. I know, sir, at present, we shall meet your anger; but time, reflection, and our dutiful conduct, we hope, will reconcile you to our happiness.

Sir P. Never, never! and, could I make you, her, and a' your issue beggars, I would move hell, heaven, and earth to do it.

Lord L. Why, Sir Pertinax, this is a total revolution, and will entirely ruin my affairs.

Sir P. My lord, with the consent of your lordship and Lady Rodolpha, I have an expedient to offer, that will not only punish that rebellious villain, but answer every end that your lordship

and the lady proposed by the intended match with him.

Lord L. I doubt it much, Sir Pertinax; I doubt it much. But what is it, sir? what is your expedient?

Sir P. My lord, I have another son, Sandy—ah! he's a guld lad; and, provided the lady and your lordship have nae objection till him, every article of that rebel's intended marriage shall be amply fulfilled upon Lady Rodolpha's union with my younger son.

Lord L. Why, that is an expedient, indeed, Sir Pertinax. But what say you, Rodolpha?

Lady L. Nay, my lord; as I ha nae reason to have the least affection till my cousin Egerton, and as my intended marriage with him was entirely an act of obedience till my grandmother, provided my cousin Sandy will be as agreeable till her ladyship as my cousin Charles here would have been, I have nae the least objection till the change. Ay, ay; one brother is as good to Rodolpha as another.

Sir P. I'll answer, madam, for your grandmother. Now, my lord, what say you?

Lord L. Nay, Sir Pertinax, so the agreement stands, all is right again. Come, child, let us begone. Ay, ay; so my affairs are made easy, it is equal to me whom she marries. I say, Sir Pertinax, let them be but easy, and rat me if I care if she incorporates with the cham of Tartary. [*Exit.*]

Sir P. As to you, my Lady Macsycophant, I suppose you concluded, before you gave your consent till this match, that there would be an end of a intercourse betwixt you and me. You shall have a jointure; but not a bawbee besides, living or dead, shall you, or any of your issue, ever see of mine: and so, madam, live with your Constantia, with your son, and with that d—d black sheep there.

[*Exit.*]

Lady R. Weel, cousin Egerton, in spite of the ambitious frenzy of your father, and the thoughtless dissipation of mine, Don Cupid has at last carried his point in favour of his devotees. But I must now take my leave; and so, guld folks, I will leave you with the tag and of an auld north-country wish: "May mutual love and guld humour be the guest of your hearts, the theme of your tongues, and the blithsome subjects of aw your tricksome dreams through the rugged road of this deceitful world; and may our fathers be an example till ourselves, to treat our bairns better than they have treated us." [*Exit.*]

Eger. You seem melancholy, sir.

Mel. These precarious turns of fortune, sir, will press upon the heart; for, notwithstanding my Constantia's happiness, and mine in hers, I own, I cannot help feeling some regret, that my misfortunes should be the cause of any disagreement between a father and the man to whom I am under the most endearing obligations.

Eger. You have no share in his disagreement: if affluence can procure content and ease, they are within our reach. My fortune is ample, and shall be dedicated to the happiness of this domestic circle.

*My scheme, though mock'd by knave, coquette, and fool,
To thinking minds will prove this golden rule:*

In all pursuits, but chiefly in a wife,

Not wealth, but morals, make the happy life. [*Exeunt*]

LOVE IN A VILLAGE;

AN OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.



Just. W.—“HEM! HEM! ROSETTA!”—Act II, Scene 2.

Persons Represented.

SIR WILLIAM MEADOWS.
YOUNG MEADOWS.
JUSTICE WOODCOCK.
HAWTHORNS.
EUSTACE.

HODGE.
FOOTMAN.
CARTER.
VILLAGERS.
ROSETTA.

LUCINDA.
DEBORAH WOODCOCK.
MADGE.
COOK.
HOUSEMAID.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden, with statues, fountains, and flower-pots.*

Several arbours appear in the side-scenes; ROSETTA and LUCINDA are discovered at work, seated on two garden chairs.

DUET.

Ros. *Hope! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairly promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glowworm fire,
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.*

Luc. *Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmey cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.*

Both. *Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossess;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.*

Luc. *Heigho! Rosetta!*
Ros. *Well, child, what do you say?*

Luc. 'Tis a cruel thing to live in a village a hundred miles from the capital, with a preposterous gouty father, and a superannuated maiden aunt. I am heartily sick of my situation.

Ros. And with reason; but 'tis in a great measure your own fault. Here is this Mr. Eustace, a man of character and family; he likes you, you like him; you know one another's mind, and yet you'll not resolve to make yourself happy with him.

AIR.

*Whence can you inherit
So slavish a spirit?
Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log?
Now fondled, now chid,
Permitted, forbid:
'Tis leading the life of a dog.*

*For shame! you a lover!
More firmness discover;
Take courage, nor here longer mope;
Resist and be free,
Run riot, like me,
And, to perfect the picture, elope.*

Luc. And is this your advice?

Ros. Positively.

Luc. Here's my hand; positively, I'll follow it. I have already sent to my gentleman, who is now in the country, to let him know he may come hither this day; we will make use of the opportunity to settle all preliminaries, and then—but take notice, whenever we decamp, you march off along with us.

Ros. Oh! madam, your servant; I have no inclination to be left behind, I assure you. But you say you got acquainted with this spark, while you were with your mother during her last illness at Bath, so that your father has never seen him.

Luc. Never in his life, my dear; and, I am confident, he entertains not the least suspicion of my having any such connexion: my aunt, indeed, has her doubts and surmises; but, besides that, my father will not allow any one to be wiser than himself, it is an established maxim between these affectionate relations, never to agree in anything.

Ros. Except being absurd; you must allow they sympathize perfectly in that. But, now we are on the subject, I desire to know what I am to do with this wicked old justice of peace, this father of yours? He follows me about the house like a tame goat.

Luc. Nay, I'll assure you he hath been a wag in his time; you must have a care of yourself.

Ros. Wretched me! to fall into such hands, who have been just forced to run away from my parents to avoid an odious marriage. You smile at that now; and I know you think me whimsical, as you have often told me; but you must excuse my being a little over-delicate in this particular.

AIR.

*My heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice;
No mortal man shall wed with me,
Till first he's made my choice.*

*Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
And children still obey;
And is there then no saving clause,
Against tyrannic sway!*

Luc. Well, but my dear, mad girl—

Ros. Lucinda, don't talk to me. Were your father to go to London, meet there by accident with an old fellow as wrong-headed as himself, and, in a fit of absurd friendship, agree to marry you to that old fellow's son, whom you had never seen, without consulting your inclinations, or allowing you a negative, in case he should not prove agreeable—

Luc. Why, I should think it a little hard, I confess; yet, when I see you in the character of a chambermaid—

Ros. It is the only character, my dear, in which I could hope to be concealed; and, I can tell you, I was reduced to the last extremity, when in consequence of our old boarding-school friendship, I applied to you to receive me in this capacity; for we expected the parties the very next week.

Luc. But had not you a message from your intended spouse, to let you know he was as little inclined to such ill-concerted nuptials as you were?

Ros. More than so; he wrote to advise me, by all means, to contrive some method of breaking them off; for he had rather return to his dear studies at Oxford: and after that, what hopes could I have of being happy with him?

Luc. Then you are not at all uneasy at the strange rout you must have occasioned at home? I warrant, during this month you have been absent—

Ros. Oh! don't mention it, my dear; I have had so many admirers, since I commenced Abigail, that I am quite charmed with my situation. But hold; who stalks yonder in the yard, that the dogs are so glad to see?

Luc. Daddy Hawthorn, as I live! He is come to pay my father a visit; and never more luckily, for he always forces him abroad. By the way, what will you do with yourself while I step into the house to see after my trusty messenger, Hodge?

Ros. No matter; I'll sit down in that arbour, and listen to the singing of the birds: you know I am fond of melancholy amusements.

Luc. So it seems. Indeed: sure, Rosetta, none of your admirers had power to touch your heart; you are not in love, I hope?

Ros. In love! that's pleasant: who do you suppose I should be in love with, pray?

Luc. Why, let me see; what do you think of Thomas, our gardener? There he is at the other end of the walk. He's a pretty young man, and the servants say, he's always writing verses on you.

Ros. Indeed, Lucinda, you are very silly.

Luc. Indeed, Rosetta, that blush makes you look very handsome.

Ros. Blush! I am sure I don't blush.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha!

Ros. Psha! Lucinda, how can you be so ridiculous?

Luc. Well, don't be angry, and I have done. But suppose you did like him, how could you help yourself.

[Exeunt into arbour.]

Enter Young MEADOWS.

Young M. Let me see; on the fifteenth of June, at half an hour past five in the morning, (taking out a pocket-book,) I left my father's house unknown to any one, having made free with a coat and jacket of our gardener's that fitted me, by way of a disguise; so says my pocket-book: and chance

directing me to this village, on the twentieth of the same month I procured a recommendation to the worshipful Justice Woodcock, to be the superintendent of his pumpkins and cabbages, because I would let my father see, I chose to run any lengths, rather than submit to what his obstinacy would have forced me to, a marriage against my inclination with a woman I never saw. (*Picks up the book, and takes up a watering-pot.*) Here I have been three weeks, and in that time I can as much altered as if I had changed my nature with my habit 'Death; to fall in love with a chambermaid! And yet, if I could forget that I am the son and heir of sir William Meadows—But that's impossible.

AIR.

*O! had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain,
In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
My sheep upon the plain!
What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know!
Ye envious powers! why have ye plac'd
My fair-one's lot so low!*

Ha! who was it I had a glimpse of as I passed by that arbour? Was it not she sat reading there? The trembling of my heart tells me my eyes were not mistaken. Here she comes.

Enter ROSETTA from the arbour.

Ros. Laisinda was certainly in the right of it; and yet I blush to own my weakness, even to myself. Marry, hang the fellow for not being a gentleman.

Young M. I am determined not to speak to her. (*Turning to a rose-tree, and plucking the flowers.*) Now or never is the time to conquer myself; besides, I have some reason to suppose the girl has no aversion to me; and, as I wish not to do her an injury, it would be cruel to fill her head with notions of what can never happen. (*Hums a tune.*) Psha! rot these roses, how they prick one's fingers!

Ros. He takes no notice of me, but so much the better; I'll be as indifferent as he is. I am sure the poor lad likes me; and, if I were to give him any encouragement, I suppose the next thing he talked of would be buying a ring, and being asked to church. Oh, dear pride! I thank you for that thought.

Young H. Ha! going without a word—a look! I can't bear that. Mrs. Rosetta, I am gathering a few roses here, if you please to take them in with you.

Ros. Thank you, Mr. Thomas, but all my lady's flower-pots are full.

Young H. Will you accept of them yourself, then? (*Catching hold of her.*) What's the matter? you look as if you were angry with me.

Ros. Pray let go my hand.

Young H. Nay, pry thee, why is this? you shan't go, I have something to say to you.

Ros. Well, but I must go—I will go; I desire, Mr. Thomas—

AIR.

*Gentle youth, ah, tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly?
Cease, Oh! cease to persecute!
Speak not what I must not hear.*

*To my heart its ease restore;
Go, and never see me more.*

[Exit.

Young H. This girl is a riddle. That she loves me I think there is no room to doubt; she takes a thousand opportunities to let me see it: and yet, when I speak to her, she will hardly give me an answer; and if I attempt the smallest familiarity, she is gone in an instant. I feel my passion grow for her every day more and more violent. Well; would I marry her? would I make a mistress of her, if I could? Two things, called prudence and honour, forbid either. What am I pursuing, then? A shadow. Sure my evil genius laid this snare in my way. However, there is one comfort: it is in my power to fly from it; if so, why do I hesitate? I am distracted—unable to determine anything.

AIR.

*Still in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now, prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Her charm in thought I brave;
Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
And confess myself a slave.*

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Hall in Justice Woodcock's house.

Enter HAWTHORN, with a fowling piece in his hand, and a net with birds at his girdle.

AIR.

*There was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd and sung from morn till night;
No lark more blithe than he:
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be:—
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.*

House! Here, house! What, all gadding, all abroad! House, I say! hili-ho-ho!

Jus. W. (*Without.*) Here's noise, here's a racket! William, Robert, Hodge! why does not somebody answer? Ods-my-life, I believe the fellows have lost their hearing!

Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK.

Oh, master Hawthorn! I guessed it was some such mad-cap. Are you there?

How. Am I here? Yes; and, if you had been where I was three hours ago, you would have found the good effects of it by this time: but you have got the lazy, unwholesome London fashion of lying a-bed in a morning, and there's gout for you. Why, sir, I have not been in bed five minutes after sunrise these thirty years; am generally up before it; and I never took a dose of physic but once in my life, and that was in compliment to a cousin of mine, an apothecary, that had just set up business.

Jus. W. Well but, master Hawthorn, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; for, I say, sleep is necessary for a man; ay, and I'll maintain it.

How. What, when I maintain the contrary?—Look you, neighbour Woodcock, you are a rich man, a man of worship, a justice of peace, and all that; but learn to know the respect that is due to the sound from the infirm; and allow me that superiority, a good constitution gives me over you. Health is the greatest of all possessions; and 'tis a maxim with me, that a hale cobbler is a better man than a sick king.

Jus. W. Well, well, you are a sportsman.

How. And we would you be too, if you would take my advice. A sportsman! why, there is nothing like it. I would not exchange the satisfaction I feel, while I am beating the lawns and thickets about my little farm, for all the entertainment and pageantry in Christendom.

AIR.

*Let gay ones and great
Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run;
Well, who cares a jot?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.
For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light;
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and discretion unite.*

Enter HODGE.

Hodge. Did your worship call, sir?

Jus. W. Call, sir! Where have you and the rest of the rascals been? but I suppose I need not ask. You must know there is a statute, a law for hiring servants, held upon my green to day; we have it usually at this season of the year, and it never fails to put all the folks hereabout out of their senses.

Hodge. Lord, your honour, look out and see what a nice show they make yonder: they had got pipers, and fiddlers, and were dancing as I came along, for dear life.—I never saw such a mortal throng in our village in all my born days again.

How. Why, I like this now; this is as it should be.

Jus. W. No, no, 'tis a very foolish piece of business; good for nothing but to promote idleness and the getting of bastards; but I shall take measures for preventing it another year, and I doubt whether I am not sufficiently authorized already; for by an act passed Anno undecimo Carolo primi, which empowers a justice of peace, who is lord of the manor—

How. Come, come, never mind the act; let me tell you, this is a very proper, a very useful meeting. I want a servant or two myself; I must go see what your market affords; and you shall go, and the girls, my little Lucy and the other young rogue, and we'll make a day of it as well as the rest.

Jus. W. I wish, master Hawthorn, I could teach you to be a little more sedate: why won't you take pattern by me, and consider your dignity? Ods heart, I don't wonder you are not a rich man; you laugh too much ever to be rich.

How. Right, neighbour Woodcock! health, good humour, and competence, is my motto; and, if my executors have a mind, they are welcome to make it my epitaph.

AIR.

*The honest heart, whose thoughts are clear,
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.
The greatness that would make us grave
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals hope?
The cheerful man's a king.*

[Exit.]

Enter LUCINDA, HODGE going off.

Luc. Hist, hist, Hodge!

Hodge. Who calls? Here am I.

Luc. Well, have you been?

Hodge. Been? ay, I ha' been far enough, an that be all: you never knew anything fall out so crossly in your born days.

Luc. Why, what's the matter?

Hodge. Why, you know, I dare not take a horse out of his worship's stables this morning, for fear it should be missed, and breed questions; and our old nag at home was so cruelly beat i' th' hoofs, that poor beast, it had not a foot to set to ground! so I was fain to go to farmer Ploughshare's, at the Grange, to borrow the loan of his bald filly; and, would you think it? after walking 'all that way, de'il from me, if the cross-grained toad did not deny me the favour.

Luc. Unlucky!

Hodge. Well, then I went my ways to the King's-head in the village, but all their cattle were at plough; and I was as far to seek below at the turnpike: so at last, for want of a better, I was forced to take up with dame Quicksheet's blind mare.

Luc. Oh, then you have been?

Hodge. Yes, yes, I ha' been.

Luc. Psha! why did you not say so at once?

Hodge. Ay, but I have had a main tiresome jaunt on't for she is a sorry jade at best.

Luc. Well, well, did you see Mr. Eustace, and what did he say to you? Come, quick; have you e'er a letter?

Hodge. Yes, he gave me a letter, if I ha'na lost it.

Luc. Lost it, man!

Hodge. Nay, nay, have a bit of patience: ad-wawns! you are always in such a hurry: (rum-maging his pockets,) I put it somewhere in this waistcoat pocket. Oh, here it is.

Luc. So! give it me. (Reads the letter to herself.)

Hodge. Lord a mercy! how my arm aches with beating that plaguy beast! I'll be hang'd if I wou'na rather ha' thrash'd half a day, than ha' ridden her.

Luc. Well, Hodge, you have done your business very well.

Hodge. Well, have not I now?

Luc. Yes: Mr. Eustace tells me in this letter that he will be in the green lane, at the other end of the village, by twelve o'clock; you know where he came before?

Hodge. Ay, ay.

Luc. Well, you must go there, and wait till he arrives; and watch your opportunity to introduce him, across the fields, into the little summer-house, on the left side of the garden.

Hodge. That's enough.

Luc. But take particular care that nobody sees you.

Hodge. I warrant you.
Luc. Not for your life, drop a word of it to any mortal.

Hodge. Never fear me.

Luc. And, Hodge—

AIR.—HODGE.

*Well, well, say no more;
Sure you told me before;
I see the full length of my lether:
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to school?
I can spell you and put you together.*

*A word to the wise,
Will always suffice:
Admiggers! go talk to your parrot;
I'm not such an elf,
Though I say it myself,
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.*

[Exit.

Luc. How severe is my case! Here I am obliged to carry on a clandestine correspondence with a man in all respects my equal, because the oddity of my father's temper is such, that I dare not tell him I have ever yet seen the person I should like to marry; but perhaps he has quality in his eye; and hopes, one day or other, as I am his only child, to match me with a title: vain imagination!

AIR.

*Cupid, god of such persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part:
Seize, oh seize some kind occasion.
To reward a faithful heart.*

*Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthral;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those, who would enslave the mind.*

*What is grandeur? foe to rest,
Childish mummery at best.
Happy I, in humble state;
Catch, ye fools, the glittering bait,*

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Field with a stile.

Enter HODGE, followed by MADGE.

Hodge. What does the wench follow me for? Ods flesh! folk may well talk, to see you dangling after me everywhere, like a tantom pig: find some other road, can't you: and don't keep wherretting me with your nonsense.

Madge. Nay, pray you, Hodge, stay, and let me speak to you a bit.

Hodge. Well; what say'n you?

Madge. Dear heart, how can you be so barbarous? and is this the way you serve me after all; and won't you keep your word, Hodge?

Hodge. Why, no, I won't, I tell you; I have chang'd my mind.

Madge. Nay, but surely, surely—consider, Hodge, you are obligated in conscience to make me an honest woman.

Hodge. Obligated in conscience! How am I obligated?

Madge. Because you are; and none but the basest of rogues would bring a poor girl to shame, and afterwards leave her to the wide world.

Hodge. Bring you to shame! Don't make me speak, Madge; don't make me speak.

Madge. Yes, do; speak your worst.

Hodge. Why, then, if you go to that, you were fain to leave your own village down in the west, for a bastard you had by the clerk of the parish; and I'll bring the man shall say it to your face.

Madge. No, no, Hodge, 'tis no such thing; 'tis a base lie of farmer Ploughshare's. But I know what makes you false-hearted to me; that you may keep company with young madam's waiting-woman; and I'm sure she's no fit body for a poor man's wife.

Hodge. How should you know what she's fit for? She's fit for as much as you, mayhap; don't find fault with your betters, Madge.

Enter YOUNG MEADOWS.

Oh! Master Thomas, I have a word or two to say to you; pray, did not you go down the village one day last week, with a basket of something upon your shoulder?

Young M. Well, and what then?

Hodge. Nay, not much, only the hostler at the Green-man was saying, as how there was a passenger at their house as see'd you go by, and said he know'd you; and ask a mort of questions. So, I thought I'd tell you.

Young M. The devil! ask questions about me? I know nobody in this part of the country: there must be some mistake in it. Come hither, Hodge.

[Exeunt Hodge and Young Meadows.

Madge. A nasty, ungrateful fellow, to use me at this rate, after being to him as I have. Well, well I wish all poor girls would take warning by my mishap, and never have any thing to say to none of them.

AIR.

*How happy were my days till now;
I ne'er did sorrow feel;
I rose with joy to milk my cow,
Or turn my spinning-wheel.*

*My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I sung;
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatter'ing tongue.*

*Oh, the fool, the silly fool,
Who trusts what man may be;
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.*

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Green, with a prospect of a village, and the representation of a statue, or fair.

Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK, MAWTHORN, MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, ROSETTA, YOUNG MEADOWS, HODGE, and several country people.

Hodge. This way, your worship, this way. Why don't you stand aside there? Here's his worship a-coming.

Countryman. His worship!

Jus. W. Flo. fle, what a crowd's this! Od. I'll put some of them in the stocks. (Striking a fellow.) Stand out of the way, arrah.

Hoge. For shame, neighbour. Well, my lad, are you willing to serve the king?

Countryman. Why, can you hat ma? Serve the king, measter? No, no; I pay the king, that's enough for me. Ho, ho, ho!

Haw. Well said, Sturdy-boots.

Jus. W. Nay, if you talk to them, they'll answer you.

Haw. I would have them do so, I like they should. Well, madam, is not this a fine sight? I did not know my neighbour's estates had been so well peopled. Are all these his own tenants?

Mrs. D. More than are good of them, Mr. Hawthorn. I don't like to see such a parcel of young brusses flooring with the fellows.

Haw. There's a lass. (*beckoning to a country girl.*) Come hither, my pretty maid. What brings you here? (*Chuckling her under the chin.*) Do you come to look for a service?

Country G. Yes, an't please you.

Haw. Well, and what place are you for?

Country G. All work, an't please you.

Jus. W. Ay, ay, I don't doubt it; any work you'll put her to.

Mrs. D. She looks like a brassen one; go, hussy.

Haw. Here's another. (*Catching a girl that goes by.*) What health, what bloom! This is nature's work; no art, no darning. Don't be asham'd, child; those cheeks of thine are enough to put a whole drawing-room out of countenance.

Hodge. Now, your honour, now the sport will come: the gut-scrappers are here, and some among them are going to sing and dance. Why there's not the like of our statute, mun, in five counties; others are but fools to it.

Servant Man. Come, good people, make a ring; and stand out, fellow-servants, as many of you as are willing and able to bear a bob. We'll let our masters and mistresses see we can do something at least; if they won't hire us, it shan't be our fault. Strike up the servants' medley.

MEDLEY and CHORUS.

Housem. I pray ye, gentles, list to me:
I'm young, and strong, and clean, you see:
I'll not turn tail to any she,

*For work that's in the country,
Of all your house the charge I take,
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake,
And more can do than here I'll speak,
Depending on your bounty.*

Footm. Behold a blade who knows his trade,
In chamber, hall, and entry:
And what though here I now appear,
I've served the best of gentry.
A footman would you have,
I can dress, and comb, and shave;
For I a handy lad am go:
On a message I can go,
And slip a billet-doux,
With "your humble servant, madam."

Cookm. Who wants a good cook my hand they must cross;

*For plain wholesome dishes I'm ne'er at a loss;
And what are your soups, your ragouts, and your sauce,*

*Compar'd to the beef of old England,
Compar'd to old English roast beef?*

Cart. If you want a young man, with a true honest heart,

Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart,

*Here's one for your purpose, come take me and try;
You'll say you ne'er met with a better nor I.*

Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.

Chorus. My master and mistress hither repair;
What servants you want, you will find in our fair;
Men and maids fit for all sorts of stations there be;
And, as for their wages, we shan't disagree.

(Dance.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Parlour in Justice Woodcock's house.

Enter LUCINDA and EUSTACE.

Luc. Well, am I not a bold adventurer, to bring you into my father's house at noon-day? Though, to say the truth, we are safer here than in the garden; for there is not a human creature under the roof besides ourselves.

Eust. Then why not put our scheme into execution this moment? I have a post-chaise ready.

Luc. Fie: how can you talk so lightly? I protest I am half afraid to have anything to do with you; and my aunt Deborah says—

Eust. What! by all the rapture my heart now feels—

Luc. Oh, to be sure, promise and vow; it sounds prettily, and never fails to impose upon a fond female.

Eust. Well, I see you've a mind to divert yourself with me; but I wish I could prevail on you to be a little serious.

Luc. Seriously, then, what would you desire me to say? I have promised to run away with you; which is as great a concession as any reasonable lover can expect from his mistress.

Eust. Yes; but, my dear, provoking angel, you have not told me when you will run away with me.

Luc. Why, that, I confess, requires some consideration.

Eust. Yet, remember, while you are deliberating, the season, now so favourable to us, may elapse never to return.

Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK, and MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK.

Jus. W. Hoity-toity! who have he here?

Luc. My father, and my aunt.

Eust. The devil! what shall we do?

Luc. Take no notice of them, only observe me.—(*Speaks aloud to Eustace.*) Upon my word, sir, I don't know what to say to it, unless the justice was at home; he is just stepp'd into the village with some company; but, if you sit down a moment, I dare swear, he will return.—(*Pretends to see the Justice.*) O sir, here is my papa!

Jus. W. Here is your papa, hussy! Who's this you have got with you? Hark you, sirrah, who are you, ye dog? and what's your business here?

Eust. Sir, this is a language I am not used to.

Jus. W. Don't answer me, ye rascal! I am a justice of the peace; and if I hear a word out of your mouth, I'll send you to jail.

Mrs. D. Send him to jail, brother, that's right.

Jus. W. And how do you know it's right? F

should you know anything's right? Sister Deborah, you are never in the right.

Mrs. D. Brother, this is the man I have been telling you about so long.

Jus. W. What man, goody Wiscars?

Mrs. D. Why the man your daughter has an intrigue with: but I hope you will not believe it now, though you see it with your own eyes. Come, hussy, confess, and don't let your father make a fool of himself any longer.

Luc. Confess what, aunt? This gentleman is a music-master: he goes about the country, teaching ladies to play and sing; and has been recommended to instruct me; I could not turn him out when he came to offer his service; and did not know what answer to give him until I saw my papa.

Jus. W. A music-master?

Eust. Yes, sir, that's my profession.

Mrs. D. It's a lie, young man; it's a lie. Brother, he is no more a music-master than I am a music-master.

Jus. W. What then, you know better than the fellow himself, do you? and you will be wiser than all the world?

Mrs. D. Brother, he does not look like a music-master.

Jus. W. He does not look! ha, ha, ha! Was ever such a poor stupa? Well, and what does he look like, then? But I suppose you mean he is not dressed like a music-master. Why, you silly wretch, these whipper-snappers set up for gentlemen now-a-days, and give themselves as many airs as if they were people of quality.—Hark you, friend, I suppose you don't come within the vagrant act: you have some settled habitation. Where do you live?

Mrs. D. It's an easy matter for him to tell you a wrong place.

Jus. W. Sister Deborah, don't provoke me.

Mrs. D. I wish, brother, you would let me examine him a little.

Jus. W. You sha'n't say a word to him; you sha'n't say a word to him.

Mrs. D. She says he was recommended here, brother; ask him by whom.

Jus. W. No, I won't now, because you desire it.

Luc. If my papa did ask the question, aunt, it would be very easily resolved.

Mrs. D. Who bid you speak, Mrs. Nimblechops? I suppose the man has a tongue in his head to answer for himself.

Jus. W. Nobody stop that prating old woman's mouth for me? Get out of the room.

Mrs. D. Well, so I can, brother; I don't want to stay: but remember, I tell you, you will make yourself ridiculous in this affair: for through your own obstinacy, you will have your daughter run away with, before your face.

Jus. W. My daughter! who will run away with my daughter?

Mrs. D. That fellow will.

Jus. W. Go, go, you are a wicked, censorious woman.

Luc. Why, sure, madam, you must think me very forward, indeed.

Jus. W. Ay, she judges of others by herself; I remember when she was a girl, her mother dared not trust her the length of her apron-string; she was clambering upon every fellow's back.

Mrs. D. I was not.

Jus. W. You were.

Luc. Well, but why so violent?

AIR.—LUCINDA.

*Believe me, dear aunt,
If you raise thus and rant,
You'll never a lover persuade;
The men will all fly,
And leave you to die,
Oh, terrible chance! an old maid.*

*How happy the lass,
Must she come to this pass,
Who ancient virginity 'scapes!
'Tis better on earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than to hell be a leader of apes.*

(Exit Mrs. D.)

Jus. W. Well done, Lucy, send her about her business; a troublesome, foolish creature. Does she think I want to be directed by her?—Come hither, my lad, you look tolerably honest.

(Lucy retires.)

Eust. I hope, sir, I shall never give you cause to alter your opinion.

Jus. W. No, no, I am not easily deceived; I am generally pretty right in my conjectures.—You must know, I had once a little notion of music myself, and learned upon the fiddle. I could play the Trumpet, Minuet, and Buttered Peas, and two or three tunes. I remember, when I was in London, about thirty years ago, there was a song, a great favourite at our club at Nando's Coffee-house; Jack Pickle used to sing it for us, a droll fish! but 'tis an old thing, I dare swear you have heard of it often.

AIR.

*When I follow'd a lass that was forward and shy,
Oh! I stuck to her staff, till I made her comply;
Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
And I smack'd her lips and held her fast:
When hugg'd and haul'd,
She squeal'd and squeal'd:
But though she vow'd all I did was in odd,
Yet I pleas'd her so well that she bore it again:*

*Then hoity-toity,
Whisking, frisking,
Green was her gown upon the grass:
Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.*

Eust. Very well, sir, upon my word.

Jus. W. No, no, I forget all those things now; but I could do a little at them once.—Well, stay and eat your dinner, and we'll talk about your teaching the girl.—Lucy, take your master to your spinnet, and shew him what you can do—I must go and give some orders. Then hoity-toity, &c.

(Exit, singing.)

Luc. My sweet, pretty papa, your most obedient, humble servant; ha, ha, ha! was ever so whimsical an accident? Well, stay, what do you think of this?

Eust. Think of it! I am in a frame.

Luc. O your awkwardness! I was frightened out of my wits, lest you should not take the hint; and, if I had not turned matters so cleverly, we should have been utterly undone.

Eust. Silence! why would you bring me into the house? We could expect nothing else: besides, since they did surprise us, it would have been better to have discovered the truth.

Luc. Yes, and never have seen one another afterwards. I know my father better than you do; he has taken it into his head I have no inclination for a husband; and let me tell you, that is our best security; for if once he has said a thing, he will not be easily persuaded to the contrary.

Eust. And pray what am I to do now?

Luc. Why, as I think all danger is pretty well over, since he has invited you to dinner with him, stay; only be cautious of your behaviour; and, in the mean time, I will consider what is next to be done.

Eust. Had not I better go to your father?

Luc. Do so, while I endeavour to recover myself a little out of the hurry this affair has put me in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Garden.

Enter ROSETTA.

Ros. If ever poor creature was in a pitiable condition, surely I am. The deuce take this fellow! I cannot get him out of my head; and yet I would fain persuade myself I don't care for him: well, but surely I am not in love; let me examine my heart a little: I saw him kissing one of the maids the other day; I could have boxed his ears for it, and have done nothing but find fault and quarrel with the girl ever since. Why was I uneasy at his toying with another woman? What was it to me? Then I dream of him almost every night—but that may proceed from his being generally uppermost in my thoughts all day:—Oh! worse and worse!—Well, he certainly is a pretty lad; he has something very uncommon about him, considering his rank. And now, let me only put the case, if he were not a servant, would I or would I not prefer him to all the men I ever saw? Why, to be sure, if he were not a servant.—In short, I'll ask myself no more questions, for the further I examine, the less reason I shall have to be satisfied.

AIR.

*How blest the maid whose bosom
No headstrong passion knows:
Her days in joy she passes,
Her nights in calm repose.
Where'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her;
But pleasure,
Without measure,
From every object flows.*

Enter YOUNG MEADOWS.

Young M. Do you come into the garden, Mrs. Rosetta, to put my lilies and roses out of countenance; or, to save me the trouble of watering my flowers, by reviving them? The sun seems to have hid himself a little, to give you an opportunity of supplying his place.

Ros. Where could he get that now? He never read it in the Academy of Compliments.

[*Aside.*]

Young M. Come, don't affect to treat me with contempt; I can suffer anything better than that. In short, I love you; there is no more to be said: I am angry with myself for it, and strive all I can against it; but in spite of myself, I love you.

Ros. Really, Mr. Thomas, this is very improper language; it is what I don't understand; I can't suffer it, and, in short, I don't like it.

Young M. Perhaps you don't like me.

Ros. Well, perhaps I don't.

Young M. Nay, but 'tis not so; come, confess you love me.

Ros. Confess! Indeed, I shall confess no such thing: besides, to what purpose should I confess it?

Young M. Why, as you say, I don't know to what purpose; only it would be a satisfaction to me to hear you say so; that's all.

Ros. Why, if I did love you, I can assure you, you would never be the better for it; women are apt enough to be weak; we cannot always answer for our inclinations, but it is in our power not to give way to them; and if I were so silly, I say if I were so indiscreet, which I hope I am not, as to entertain an improper regard, when people's circumstances are quite unsuitable, and there are obstacles in the way that cannot be surmounted—

Young M. Oh! to be sure, Mrs. Rosetta; to be sure you are entirely in the right of it:—I know very well you and I can never come together.

Ros. Well, then, since that is the case, as I assure you it is, I think we had better behave accordingly.

Young M. Suppose we make a bargain, then, never to speak to one another any more.

Ros. With all my heart.

Young M. Nor look at, nor, if possible, think of, one another?

Ros. I am very willing.

Young M. And as long as we stay in the house together, never to take any notice?

Ros. It is the best way.

Young M. Why, I believe it is. Well, Mrs. Rosetta—

DUET.

Ros. *Be gone—I agree;
From this moment we're free,
Already the matter I've sworn:*

Young M. *Yet let me complain
Of the fates that ordain
A trial so hard to be borne.*

Ros. *When things are not fit,
We should calmly submit;
No cure in reluctance we find:*

Young M. *Then, thus I obey,
Fear your image away,
And banish you quite from my mind.*

Ros. Well, now I think I am somewhat easier: I am glad I have come to this explanation with him, because it puts an end to things at once.

Young M. Hold, Mrs. Rosetta, pray stay a moment. The airs this girl gives herself are intolerable: I find now the cause of her behaviour; she

despises the meanness of my condition, thinking a gardener below the notice of a lady's waiting-woman: 'adeath, I have a good mind to discover myself to her.

(Aside.)

Ros. Poor wretch! he does not know what to make of it: I believe he is heartily mortified, but I must not pity him.

(Aside.)

Young M. It shall be so: I will discover myself to her, and leave the house directly.—Mrs. Rosetta—Plague on it, yonder's the justice come into the garden.

Ros. O lord! he will walk round this way: pray go about your business; I would not for the world he should see us together.

Young M. The devil take him; he's gone across the parterre, and can't hobble here this half hour: I must and will have a little conversation with you.

Ros. Some other time.

Young M. This evening, in the greenhouse, at the lower end of the canal; I have something to communicate to you of importance. Will you meet me there?

Ros. Meet you!

Young M. Ay; I have a secret to tell you; and I swear, from that moment, there shall be an end of everything betwixt us.

Ros. Well, well, pray leave me now.

Young M. You'll come, then?

Ros. I don't know; perhaps I may.

Young M. Nay, but promise.

Ros. What signifies promising; I may break my promise—but I tell you, I will.

Young M. Enough; yet, before I leave you, let me desire you to believe, I love you more than ever man loved woman; and that when I relinquish you, I give up all that can make my life supportable.

AIR.

Oh! how shall I, in language weak,

My ardent passion tell;

Or form my falt'ring tongue to speak

That cruel word, farewell?

Farewell—but know, though thus we part,

My thoughts can never stray:

Go where I will, my constant heart

Must with my charmer stay.

[Exit.

Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK.

Ros. What can this be that he wants to tell me? I have a strange curiosity to hear it, methinks. Well—

Jus. W. Hem! hem! Rosetta!

Ros. So I thought the devil would throw him in my way; now for a courtship of a different kind; but I'll give him a surfeit. (Aside.) Did you call me, sir?

Jus. W. Ay, where are you running so fast?

Ros. I was only going into the house, sir.

Jus. W. Well, but come here; come here, I say. (Looking about.) How do you do, Rosetta!

Ros. Thank you, sir, pretty well.

Jus. W. Why, you look as fresh and bloomy

to-day—Adad, you little slant, I believe you are painted.

Ros. O, sir! I have you are pleased to compliment.

Jus. W. Adad, I believe you are—let me try—

Ros. Lord, sir!

Jus. W. What brings you into this garden so often, Rosetta? I hope you don't get eating green fruit and trash; or have you an hankering after some lover in dowlas, who spoils my trees by engraving true lovers' knots on them, with your horn and buck-handled knives? I see your name written upon the ceiling of the servant's-hall, with the smoke of a candle; and I suspect—

Ros. Not me, I hope, sir. No, sir, I am of another guess mind, I assure you; for I have heard say, men are false and sickle.

Jus. W. Ay, that's your flaunting, idle, young fellows; so they are: and they are so d—d impudent, I wonder a woman will have anything to say to them; besides, all that they want is something to brag of, and tell again.

Ros. Why, I own sir, if ever I were to make a slip it should be with an elderly gentleman; about seventy or seventy-five years of age.

Jus. W. No, child, that's out of reason; though I have known many a man turned of three-score with a hale constitution.

Ros. Then, sir, he should be troubled with the gout, have a good, strong, substantial, winter cough; and, I should not like him the worse, if he had a small touch of the rheumatism.

Jus. W. Pho, pho! Rosetta, this is jesting.

Ros. No, sir; everybody has a taste, and I have mine.

Jus. W. Well but, Rosetta, have you thought of what I was saying to you?

Ros. What was it, sir?

Jus. W. Ah, you know; you know well enough, hussy.

Ros. Dear sir, consider what has a poor servant to depend on but her character? and I have heard you gentlemen will talk one thing before, and another after.

Jus. W. I tell you again, these are the idle, flashy, young dogs: but when you have to do with a staid, sober man—

Ros. And a magistrate, sir!

Jus. W. Right; it's quite a different thing. Well, shall we Rosetta; shall we?

Ros. Really, sir, I don't know what to say to it.

AIR.

Young I am, and sore afraid;

Would you hurt a harmless maid?

Lead an innocent astray?

Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe;

And, should you my faith deceive,

Ruin first, and then forsake,

Sure my tender heart would break.

Jus. W. Why, you silly girl, I won't do you any harm.

Ros. Won't you, sir?

Jus. W. Not I.

Ros. But won't you, indeed, sir?

Jus. W. Why, I tell you I won't.

Ros. Ha, ha, ha!

Jus. W. Hussy, hussy!

Ros. Ha, ha, ha! Your servant, sir, your servant!

[Exit.

Jus. W. Why, you impudent, audacious—

Enter HAWTHORN.

Haw. So, so, justice at odds with gravity! his worship playing at romps! (*Aside*) Your servant, sir,

Jus. W. Ha! friend Hawthorn!

Haw. I hope I don't spoil sport, neighbour; I thought I had the glimpse of a petticoat as I came in here?

Jus. W. Oh! the maid. Ay, she has been gathering a salad: but come hither, Master Hawthorn, and I'll shew you some alterations I intend to make in my garden.

Haw. No, no, I am no judge of it; besides, I want to talk to you a little more about this. Tell me, Sir Justice, were you helping your maid to gather a salad here, or consulting her taste in your improvements, eh? ha, ha, ha! Let me see, all among the roses: 'egad! I like your notion; but you look a little blank upon it; you are ashamed of the business then, are you?

*Oons! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this;
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss?
The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace—
Would do the same thing, were they in the same place.*

*No age, no profession, no station is free;
To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee;
That power, resistless, no strength can oppose,
We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.*

Jus. W. I profess, Master Hawthorn, this is all Indian, all Cherokee language to me; I don't understand a word of it.

Haw. No, may be not; well, sir, will you read this letter, and try whether you can understand that? It is just brought by a servant, who stays for an answer.

Jus. W. A letter! and to me? (*Taking the letter.*) Yes, it is to me; and yet I am sure it comes from no correspondent that I know of. Where are my spectacles? not but I can see very well without them, Master Hawthorn; but this seems to be a sort of a crabbed hand. (*Reads.*) Sir,—I am ashamed of giving you this trouble: but I am informed there is an unthinking boy, a son of mine, now disguised and in your service, in the capacity of a gardener. Tom is a little wild but an honest lad; and no fool either, though I am his father that say it. Tom! oh, this is Thomas our gardener; I always thought that he was a better man's child than he appeared to be, though I never mentioned it.

Haw. Well, well, sir, pray let's hear the rest of the letter.

Jus. W. Stay, where is the place? Oh, here. I am come in quest of my runaway, and write this at an inn in your village, while I am swallowing a morsel of dinner; because, not having the pleasure of your acquaintance, I did not care to intrude, without giving you notice. Whoever this person is, he understands good manners. I beg leave to wait on you, sir; but desire you would keep my arrival a secret, particularly from the young man.

WILLIAM MEADOWS.

I'll assure you, a very well worded, civil letter. Do you know anything of the person who writes it, neighbour?

Haw. Let me consider! Meadows. By dad! I believe it is Sir William Meadows of Northamptonshire; and, now I remember, I heard some time

ago that the heir of that family had absconded, on account of a marriage that was disagreeable to him. It is a good many years since I have seen Sir William, but we were once well acquainted: and, if you please, sir, I will go and conduct him to the house.

Jus. W. Do, so, Master Hawthorn, do so. But pray, what sort of a man is this Sir William Meadows? Is he a wise man?

Haw. There is no occasion for a man that has five thousand pounds a year, to be a conjuror; but I suppose you ask that question because of this story about his son; taking it for granted, that wise parents make wise children.

Jus. W. No doubt of it, Master Hawthorn; no doubt of it. I warrant we shall find now that this young rascal has fallen in love with some minx, against his father's consent. Why, sir, if I had as many children as king Priam had, that we read of at school, in the destruction of Troy, not one of them should serve me so.

Haw. Well, well, neighbour, perhaps not; but we should remember when we were young ourselves; and I was as likely to play an old don such a trick in my day, as e'er a spark in the hundred; nay, between you and me, I had done it once, had the wench been as willing as I.

AIR.

*My Dolly was the fairest thing!
Her breath disclos'd the secrets of spring;
And if for summer you would seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek;*

*Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful autumn was the type;
But, when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was winter cold.*

Jus. W. Ah! you were always a scape-grace rattle-cap.

Haw. Ods heart! neighbour Woodcock, don't tell me; young fellows will be young fellows, though we preach till we're hoarse again; and so there's an end on't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Justice Woodcock's Hall.

Enter HODGE and MADGE.

Hodge. So, mistress, who let you in?

Madge. Why, I let myself in.

Hodge. Indeed! Marry come up! why then pray let yourself out again. Times are come to a pretty pass; I think you might have had the manners to knock at the door first. What does the wench stand for?

Madge. I want to know if his worship's at home?

Hodge. Well, what's your business with his worship?

Madge. Perhaps you will hear that. Look ye, Hodge, it does not signify talking; I am come, once for all, to know what you intends to do? for I won't be made a fool of any longer.

Hodge. You won't?

Madge. No, that's what I won't, by the best man that ever wore a head; I am the make-game of the whole village upon your account; and I'll try whether your master gives you toleration in your doings,

Hodge. You will?

Madge. Yes, that's what I will; his worship shall be acquainted with all your pranks, and see how you will like to be sent for a soldier.

Hodge. There's the door: take a friend's advice, and go about your business.

Madge. My business is with his worship; and I won't go till I sees him.

Hodge. Look you, Madge, if you make any of your orations here, never stir, if I don't set the dogs at you. Will you be gone?

Madge. I won't.

Hodge. Here, Towser; (whistling,) whu, whu, whu!

AIR.

Was ever poor fellow so plag'd with a vixen?

Zavens! Madge, don't provoke me, but mind what I say;

You've chase a wrong parson for playing your tricks on,

So, pack up your alle, and be trudging away;

You'd better be quiet,

And not breed a riot;

'Sblood! must I stand prating with you here all day?

I've got other matters to mind;

Mayhap, you may think me an ass,

But to the contrary you'll find;

A fine piece of work, by the mass!

Enter ROSETTA.

Ros. Sure, I heard the voice of discord here. As I live, an admirer of mine; and, if I mistake not, a rival. I'll have some sport with them. How now, fellow servant, what's the matter?

Hodge. Nothing, Mrs. Rosetta, only this young woman wants to speak with his worship; Madge, follow me.

Madge. No, Hodge, this is your fine madam! but I am as good flesh and blood as she, and have as clear a skin too, tho' I mayn't go so gay; and now she's here, I'll tell her a piece of my mind.

Hodge. Hold your tongue, will you?

Madge. No; I'll speak, if I die for it.

Ros. What's the matter, I say?

Hodge. Why, nothing, I tell you; Madge—

Madge. Yes, but it is something; it's all along of she, and she may be ashamed of herself.

Ros. Bless me, child! do you direct your discourse to me?

Madge. Yes, I do, and to nobody else; there was not a kinder soul breathing than he was till of late; I never had a cross word with him till he kept you company; but all the girls about say, there is no such thing as keeping a sweetheart for you.

Ros. Do you hear this, friend Hodge?

Hodge. Why, you don't mind she, I hope? but if that vexes her, I do like you, I do: my mind runs upon nothing else; and if so be as you was agreeable to it, I would marry you to-night, before to-morrow.

Madge. You're a nasty monkey! you are parjur'd, you know you are; and you deserve to have your eyes tore out.

Hodge. Let me come at her; I'll teach you to call names, and abuse folk.

Madge. Do; strike me! You a man!

Ros. Hold, hold! we shall have a battle here presently, and I may chance to get my cap tore off. Never exasperate a jealous woman, 'tis taking a mad bull by the horns; leave me to manage her.

Hodge. You manage her! I'll kick her.

Ros. No, no; it will be more for my credit to get the better of her by fair means; I warrant I'll bring her to reason.

Hodge. Well, do so then; but may I depend upon you? when shall I speak to the parson?

Ros. We'll talk of that another time. Go!

Hodge. Madge, good bye!

[Exit.

Ros. The brutality of this fellow shocks me! Oh, man! man! you are all alike. A bumpkin here, bred at the barn door; had he been brought up in a court, could he have been more fashionably vicious? Show me the lord, squire, colonel, or captain of them all, that can outdo him!

Madge. I am ready to burst; I can't stay in the place any longer.

Ros. Hold, child! come hither.

Madge. Don't speak to me, don't you.

Ros. Well, but I have something to say to you of consequence, and that will be for your good; I suppose this fellow promised you marriage?

Madge. Ay; or he never should have prevail'd upon me.

Ros. Well, now you see the ill consequence of trusting to such promises: when once a man hath cheated a woman of her virtue, she has no longer hold of him; he despises her for wanting that which he has robb'd her of; and, like a lawless conqueror, triumphs in the ruin he has occasioned.

Madge. Anan!

Ros. However, I hope the experience you have got, though somewhat dearly purchased, will be of use to you for the future; and, as to any designs I have upon the heart of your lover, you may make yourself easy; for I assure you, I shall be no dangerous rival; so go your ways, and be a good girl.

[Exit.

Madge. Yes; I don't very well understand her talk, but I suppose that's as much as to say she'll keep him all to herself; well, let her; who cares? I don't fear getting better nor he is any day of the year, for the matter of that; and I have a thought come into my head, that, may be, will be more to my advantage.

AIR.

Since Hodge proves ungrateful, no further I seek;

But go up to town in the waggon next week;

A service in London is no such disgrace,

And Register's office will get me a place;

Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a friend,

Folks say, in her silks, she's now standing an end!

Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,

And better my fortune, as other girls do?

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Chamber.

Enter ROSETTA and LUCINDA.

Ros. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, admirable; most delectably ridiculous! And so, your father is content he should be a music-master; and will have him such, in spite of all your aunt can say to the contrary?

Luc. My father and he, child, are the best companions you ever saw; and have been singing together the most hideous duets! Bobbing Joan and old Sir Simon the King: heaven knows where Eustace could pick them up.

Ros. And have you resolved to take wing to-night?

Luc. This very night, my dear: my swain will go from hence this evening, but no further than the inn, where he has left his horses; and, at twelve precisely, he will be with a post-chaise at the little gate that opens from the lawn into the road, where I have promised to meet him.

Ros. Then depend upon it I'll bear you company.

Luc. We shall slip out when the family are asleep, and I have prepared Hodge already. Well, I hope we shall be happy.

Ros. Never doubt it.

ACT

In love should there meet a fond pair.

Untutor'd by falsehood or art:

Whose wishes are warm and sincere,

Whose words are th' excess of the heart:

If ought of substantial delight,

On this side the stars can be found,

'Tis sure when that couple unite,

And Obedience to ligament's end.

Enter HAWTHORN.

Haw. Lucy, where are you?

Luc. Your pleasure, sir.

Ros. Mr. Hawthorn, your servant.

Haw. What, my little water-wagtail! The very couple I wished to meet: come hither both of you.

Ros. Now, sir, what would you say to both of us?

Haw. Why, let me look at you a little; have you got on your best gowns, and your best faces? If not, go and trink yourselves out directly, for I'll tell you a secret: there will be a young bachelor in the house within these three hours, that may fall to the share of one of you, if you look sharp; but whether mistress or maid—

Ros. Ay, marry, this is something; but how do you know whether either mistress or maid will think him worth acceptance?

Haw. Follow me, follow me; I warrant you.

Luc. I can assure you, Mr. Hawthorn, I am very difficult to please.

Ros. And so am I, sir.

Haw. Indeed!

TRIO.

*Well come, let us hear what the stroke shall possess,
Who may hope at your feet to stoop with success?*

Ros. He must be, first of all,

Straight, comely, and tall:

Luc. *Neither awkward*

Ros. *Nor foolish,*

Luc. *Nor opish,*

Ros. *Nor mulish;*

Luc. *Nor yet should his fortune be small.*

Ros. *Nor yet should his fortune be small.*

Haw. *What think'st of a captain?*

Luc. *All bluster and wounds.*

Haw. *What think'st of a squire?*

Ros. *To be left for his hounds.*

Luc. *The youth that is form'd to my mind,*

Must be gentle, obliging, and kind;

Of all things its nature love me;

Ros. *Have sense both to speak and to see,*

Yet sometimes be silent and blind.

Haw. *Fore George, a most rare matrimonial receipt;*

Ros. *Observe it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate;*

Luc. *Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—A Parlor in Justice Woodcock's House.

Enter SIR WILLIAM MEADOWS, followed by HAWTHORN.

Sir W. Well, this is excellent, this is mighty good, this is mighty merry, faith; ha, ha, ha! Was ever the like heard of? That my boy, Tom, should run away from me, for fear of being forced to marry a girl he never saw; that she should scamper from her father, for fear of being forced to marry him; and that they should run into one another's arms this way in disguise, by mere accident; against their consent, and without knowing it, as a body may say? May I never do an ill turn, Master Hawthorn, if I is not one of the oddest adventures partly—

Haw. Why, Sir William, it is a romance, a novel, a pleasant history by half, that the loves of Dorastus and Fawnia; we shall have ballads made of it within these two months, setting forth how a young squire became a serving-man of low degree; and it will be stick up with Margaret's Ghost, and the Spanish Lady, against the walls of every cottage in the country.

Sir W. But what pleases me best of all, Master Hawthorn, is the ingenuity of the girl. May I never do an ill turn, when I was called out of the room, and the servant said she wanted to speak to me, if I knew what to make on't: but when the little gossip took me aside, and told me her name, and how matters stood, I was quite astonished, as a body may say; and could not believe it partly, till her young friend that she is with here, assured me of the truth on't:—Indeed, at last, I began to recollect her face, though I have not set eyes on her before, since she was the height of a full grown greyhound.

Haw. Well, Sir William, your son as yet knows nothing of what has happened, nor of your being come hither; and, if you'll follow my counsel, we'll have some sport with him. He and his mistress were to meet in the garden this evening by appointment, she's gone to dress herself in all her airs; will you let me direct your proceedings in this affair?

Sir W. With all my heart, Master Hawthorn, with all my heart; do what you will with me, say what you please for me; I am so overjoyed, and so happy; and may I never do an ill turn, but I am very glad to see you too; ay, and partly as much pleased at that as anything else, for we have been merry together before now, when we were some years younger: well, and how has the world gone with you, Master Hawthorn, since we saw one another last?

Haw. Why, pretty well, Sir William; I have no reason to complain; every one has a mixture of sour with his sweets; but, in the main, I believe, I have done in a degree as tolerably as my neighbours.

AIR.

*The world is a well furnished table,
Where guests are promised only self;
We all fare as well as we are able,
And scramble for what we can get.*

*My smile holds to a tittle,
Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste;
But if I'm content with a tittle,
Enough is as good as a feast.*

Enter ROSETTA.

Ros. Sir William, I beg pardon for detaining you, but I have had so much difficulty in adjusting my borrowed plumes.

Sir W. May I never do an ill turn, but they fit you so a T. and you look very well, so you do; your father will chuckle when he comes to hear this! Her father, Master Hawthorn, is as worthy a man as lives by bread, and has been almost out of his senses for the loss of her. But tell me, hussy, has not this been all a scheme, a piece of conjuration between you and my son? Faith, I am half persuaded it has, it looks so like hocus-pocus, as a body may say.

Ros. Upon my honour, Sir William, what has happened has been the mere effect of chance; I came hither unknown to your son, and he unknown to me; I never in the least suspected that Thomas the gardener was other than his appearance spoke him; and least of all, that he was a person with whom I had so close a connexion. Mr. Hawthorn can testify the astonishment I was in when he first informed me of it; but I thought it was my duty to come to an immediate explanation with you.

Sir W. Is not she a neat wench, Master Hawthorn? May I never do an ill turn, but she is—but you little, plaguy devil, how came this love affair between you?

Ros. I have told you the whole truth very ingeniously, sir; since your son and I have been fellow-servants, as I may call it, in this house, I have had more than reason to suspect he has taken a liking to me; and I will own, with equal frankness, had I not looked upon him as a person so much below me, I should have had no objection to receive his courtship.

Haw. Well said, by the lord Harry, all above board, fair and open.

Ros. Perhaps I may be censured by some for this candid declaration; but I love to speak my sentiments; and I assure you, Sir William, in my opinion, I should prefer a gardener with your son's good qualities, to a knight of the shire without them.

Haw. Well but, sir, we lose time; is not this about the hour appointed to meet in the garden?

Ros. Pretty near it.

Haw. Oons then, what do we stay for? Come, my old friend, come along; and by the way we will consult how to manage your interview.

Sir W. Ay, but I must speak a word or two to my man about the horses first.

[Exeunt Sir W. and Haw.]

Enter HODGE.

Ros. Well, what's the business?

Hodge. Madam, mercy on us, I crave pardon!

Ros. Why, Hodge, don't you know me?

Hodge. Mrs. Rosetta!

Ros. Ay.

Hodge. Know you! eood, I don't know whether I do or not; never stir, if I did not think it was some lady belonging to the strange gentlefolks: why, you ben't dizen'd this way to go to the statute dance presently, be you?

Ros. Have patience and you'll see; but is there anything amiss that you came in so abruptly?

Hodge. Amies! why there's ruination.

Ros. How? where?

Hodge. Why, with Miss Lucinda: her 'aunt has catch'd she and the gentleman above stairs, and overheard all their love discourse.

Ros. You don't say so!

Hodge. Eood, I had like to have popp'd in among them this instant; but, by good luck, I heard Mrs. Deborah's voice, and run down again as fast as ever my legs would carry me.

Ros. Is your master in the house?

Hodge. What, his lordship! no, no, he is gone in to the fields to talk with the reapers and people.

Ros. Poor Lucinda! I wish I could go up to her: but I am so engaged with my own affairs.

Hodge. Mistress Rosetta!

Ros. Well.

Hodge. Odds bobs, I must have one smack of your sweet lips.

Ros. Oh, stand off; you know I never allow liberties.

Hodge. Nay, but why so coy? there's reason in roasting of eggs; I would not deny you such a thing.

Ros. That's kind; ha, ha, ha! but what will become of Lucinda? Sir William waits for me, I must be gone. Friendship, a moment by your leave; yet, as our sufferings have been mutual, so shall our joys; I already lose remembrance of all former pains and anxieties.

AIR.

*The traveller benighted,
And led through weary ways,
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn surveys.
The rising prospects viewing,
Each look is forward cast;
He smiles his course pursuing,
Nor thinks on what is past.*

[Exit.]

Hodge. Aist! stay! don't I hear a noise?

Luc. *(Without.)* Well, but dear, dear aunt—

Mrs. D. *(Without.)* You need not speak to me, or it does not signify.

Hodge. Adwawns, they are coming here! eood, I'll get you out of the way; Murrain take it, this door is bolted now—so, so.

Enter MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, driving in LUCINDA, before her

Mrs. D. Get along, get along; you are a scanda to the name of Woodcock; but I was resolved to find you out; for I have suspected you a great while, though your father, silly man, will have you such a poor innocent.

Luc. What shall I do?

(Aside)

Mrs. D. I was determin'd to discover what you and your pretended music-master were about, and lay in wait on purpose: I believe he thought to escape me, by slipping into the closet when I knocked at the door; but I was even with him; for now I have him under lock and key; and please the fates there he shall remain till your father comes in: I will convince him of his error, whether he will or not.

Luc. You won't be so cruel, I'm sure you won't: I thought I had made you my friend by telling you the truth.

Mrs. D. Telling me the truth, quotha! did I not overhear your scheme of running away to-night through the partition? did I not find the very bundles pack'd up in the room with you, ready for going off? No, brazen-face, I found out the truth by my own sagacity, though your father says I am a fool, but now we'll be judged who is the greatest; and you, Mr. Rascal; my brother shall know what an honest servant he has got.

Hodge. Madam!

Mrs. D. You were to have been aiding and assisting them in their escape, and have been the go-between, it seems; the letter-carrier!

Hodge. Who? me, madam?

Mrs. D. Yes, you, sirrah.

Hodge. Miss Lucinda, did I ever carry a letter for you? I'll make my affidavit before his worship—

Mrs. D. Go, go, you are a villain; hold your tongue.

Luc. I own, aunt, I have been very faulty in this affair; I don't pretend to excuse myself; but we are all subject to frailties; consider that, and judge of me by yourself; you were once young and inexperienced as I am.

Mrs. D. This is mighty pretty, romantic stuff! but you learn it out of your play books and novels. Girls in my time had other employments, we worked at our needles, and kept ourselves from idle thoughts; before I was your age, I had finished, with my own fingers, a complete set of chairs and a fire-screen in tent-stitch, four counterpanes in Marseilles quilting, and the Creed and the Ten Commandments in the hair of our family; it was framed and glazed, and hung over the parlour chimney-piece, and your poor, dear grandfather was proud of it than e'er a picture in his house. I never looked into a book, but when I said my prayers, except it was the Complete Housewife, or the great Family Receipt Book; whereas, you are always at your studies! Ah! I never knew a woman come to good, that was fond of reading.

Luc. Well pray, madam, let me prevail on you to give me the key to let Mr. Eustace out, and I promise I never will proceed a step further in this business without your advice and approbation.

Mrs. D. Have not I told you already, my resolution? Where are my clogs and my bonnet? I'll go out to my brother in the fields; I'm a fool, you know, child; now let's see what the wits will think of themselves. Don't hold me.

[Exit.

Luc. I'm not going; I have thought of a way to be even with you, so you may do as you please.

[Exit.

Hodge. Well, I thought, it would come to this, I'll be shot if I didn't; so, here's a fine job: but what can they do to me? They can't send me to gaol for carrying a letter, seeing there was no treason in it; and how was I obliged to know my master did not allow of their meetings? The worst they can do, is to turn me off, and I am sure the place is no such great purchase; indeed, I should be sorry to leave Mrs. Rosetta, seeing as how matters are so near being brought to an end betwixt us; but she and I may keep company all as one; and I find Madge has been speaking with Gaffer Broadwheels, the waggoner, about her carriage up to London; so that I have got rid of she, and I am sure I have reason to be main glad of it,

for she led me a wearisome life; but that's the way with them all.

AIR.

*A plague o' these wenches, they make such a pother,
When once they have let'n a man have his will;
They're always a whining for something or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage:
What tho' he speaks them so fairly,
Still they keep tearing, tearing on:
You cannot persuade 'em,
I'll promise you've made 'em;
And after they've got it,
They tell you, od rot it!
Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone,
Then to be sure, sir,
There is but one cure, sir,
And all their discourse is of marriage.*

[Exit

SCENE II.—A Greenhouse.

Enter YOUNG MEADOWS.

Young M. I am glad I had the precaution to bring this suit of clothes in my bundle, though I hardly know myself in them again. However, my gardener's jacket goes on no more. I wonder this girl does not come. (Looking at his watch.) Perhaps she won't come. Why, then I'll go into the village, take a post-chaise, and depart without any further ceremony.

AIR.

*How much superior beauty comes,
The coldest bosoms find;
But with restless force it drags,
To sense and sweetness join'd.
The casket, where, to outward show,
The workman's art is seen,
Is doubly valu'd when we know
It holds a gem within.*

Hark! she comes.

Enter SIR WILLIAM MEADOWS and HAWTHORN.

Young M. Confusion! my father! What can this mean?

Sir W. Tom, are not you a sad boy, Tom, to bring me a hundred and forty miles here? May I never do an ill turn, but you deserve to have your head broke; and I have a good mind, partly. What, sirrah, don't you think it worth your while to speak to me?

Young M. Forgive me, sir; I own I have been in fault.

Sir W. In fault! to run away from me because I was going to do you good. May I never do an ill turn, Mr. Hawthorn, if I did not pick out as fine a girl from him, partly, as any in England; and the rascal ran away from me, and came here and turn'd gardener. And pray what did you propose to yourself, Tom? I know you were always fond of botany, as they call it: did you intend to keep the trade going, and advertise fruit-trees and flowering-shrubs, to be had at Meadows' nursery?

Haw. No, sir William, I apprehend the young gentleman designed to lay by the profession; for he has quitted the habit already.

Young M. I am so astonished to see you here, sir, that I don't know what to say: but I assure you, if you had not come, I should have returned home directly. Pray, sir, how did you find me out?

Sir W. No matter, Tom, no matter: it was partly by accident as a body may say; but what does that signify? Tell me, boy, how stands your stomach towards matrimony: do you think you could digest a wife now?

Young M. Pray, sir, don't mention it: I shall always behave myself as a dutiful son ought; I will never marry without your consent, and I hope you won't force me to do it against my own.

Sir W. Is not this mighty provoking, master Hawthorn? Why, sirrah, did you avow the lady I designed for you?

Young M. Sir, I don't doubt the lady's merit; but, at present I am not disposed—

Haw. May but, young gentleman, fair and softly; you should pay some respect to your father in this matter.

Sir W. Respect, master Hawthorn! I tell you he shall marry her, or I'll disinherit him! there's once. Look you, Tom, not to make any more words of the matter, I have brought the lady here with me, and I'll see you contracted before we part; or you shall delve and plant cucumbers as long as you live.

Young M. Have you brought the lady here, sir? I am sorry for it.

Sir W. Why sorry? What, then, you won't marry her? We'll see that! Pray, master Hawthorn, conduct the fair one in. *(Exit Hawthorn.)* Ay, sir, you may fret and dance about, trot at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, if you please; but, marry whip me, I'm resolved.

Enter HAWTHORN and ROSETTA.

Haw. Here is the lady, sir William.

Sir W. Come in, madam; but turn your face from him; he would not marry you because he had not seen you: but I'll let him know my choice shall be his, and he shall consent to marry you before he sees you, or not an acre of estate. Pray, sir, walk this way.

Young M. Sir, I cannot help thinking your conduct a little extraordinary; but since you urge me so closely, I must tell you my affections are engaged.

Sir W. How, Tom, how? And pray, sir, who are your affections engaged to? Let me know that.

Young M. To a person, sir, whose rank and fortune may be no recommendation to her, but whose charms and accomplishments entitle her to a monarch. I am sorry, sir, it's impossible for me to comply with your commands, and I hope you will not be offended if I quit your presence.

Sir W. Not I, not in the least: go about your business.

Young M. Sir, I obey.

Haw. Now, madam, is the time.

(Rosetta advances. Young Meadows turns round and sees her.)

AIR.—ROSETTA.

*When we see a lover languish,
And his truth and honour prove,
Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,
And repay him love for love.*

Sir W. Well, Tom, will you go away from me now?

Haw. Perhaps, sir William, your son does not like the lady; and, if so, pray don't put a force upon his inclination.

Young M. You need not to have taken this me-

thod, sir, to let me see you are acquainted with my folly, whatever my inclinations are.

Sir W. Well but, Tom, suppose I give my consent to your marrying this young woman?

Young M. Your consent, sir?

Sir W. May I never do an ill turn, Tom, if it is not truth! this is my friend's daughter.

Young M. Sir!

Haw. Even so; 'tis very true, indeed. In short, you have not been a more whimsical gentleman than I have a gentlewoman; but you see we are designed for one another, 'tis plain.

Young M. I know not, madam, what I either hear or see; a thousand things are crowding on my imagination, while, like one just awakened from a dream, I doubt which is reality, which delusion.

Sir W. Well then, Tom, come into the air a bit, and recover yourself.

Young M. Nay, dear sir, have a little patience; do you give her to me?

Sir W. Give her to you! ay, that I do, and my blessing into the bargain.

Young M. Then, sir, I am the happiest man in the world! I inquire no further: here I fix the utmost limits of my hopes and happiness.

DUET.

Young M. All I wish, in her obtaining,
Fortune can no more impart;

Haw. Let my eyes, my thoughts expressing,
Speak the feelings of my heart.

Young M. Joy and pleasure never ceasing,

Haw. Love with length of years increasing.

Together. Thus my heart and head surrender,
Here my faith and truth I plight;
Constant still, and kind and tender,
May our flames burn ever bright!

Haw. Give you joy, sir; and you, fair lady. And under favour, I'll salute you too, if there's no fear of jealousy.

Young M. And may I believe this? Pr'ythee tell me, dear Rosetta!

Haw. Step into the house, and I'll tell you everything; I must entreat the good offices of sir William and Mr. Hawthorn immediately: for I am in the utmost uneasiness about my poor friend Lucinda.

Haw. Why, what's the matter?

Haw. I don't know; but I have reason to fear I left her just now in very disagreeable circumstances; however, I hope if there's any mischief fallen out between her father and her lover—

Haw. The music-master! I thought so.

Sir W. What, is there a lover in the case? May I never do an ill turn, but I am glad, so I am: for we'll make a double wedding; and, by way of celebrating it, take a trip to London, to show the ladies some of the pleasures of the town. Come, children, go before us. *(Hawthorn, Young M. and Ros.)* And, master Hawthorn, you shall be of the party.

Haw. Thank you, sir William; I'll go into the house with you, and to church, to see the young folks married, but as to London, I beg to be excused.

AIR.

*If ever I'm catch'd in those regions of smoke,
That seat of confusion and noise,
May I ne'er know the sweets of a chamber unbroke,
Nor the pleasures the country enjoys.*

*Nay more, let them take me, to punish my sin,
 Whence, geping, the cockneys they flee;
 Clap me up with their monsters, cry, monsters walk in.
 And shew me for two-pence a-piece.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Justice Woodcock's Hall.*

Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK, MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, EUSTACE and HODGE.

Mrs. D. Why, brother, do you think I can't hear, or see, or make use of my senses? I tell you, I left that fellow locked up in her closet; and, while I have been with you, they have broke open the door, and got him out again.

Just. W. Well, you hear what they say.

Mrs. D. I care not what they say; it's you encourage them in their impudence. Hark ye, hussy, will you face me down that I did not lock the fellow up?

Luc. Really, aunt, I don't know what you mean; when you talk intelligibly, I'll answer you.

Eust. Seriously, madam, this is carrying the jest a little too far.

Mrs. D. What, then, I did not catch you together in the chamber, nor overhear your design of going off to-night, nor find the bundles packed up—

Eust. Ha, ha, ha!

Luc. Why, aunt, you rave.

Mrs. D. Brother, as I am a Christian woman, she confessed the whole affair to me from first to last; and in this very place was down upon her marrow-bones for half an hour together, to beg I would conceal it from you.

Hodge. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Mrs. D. What, sirrah, would you brazen me too! Take that. *(Boxes his ears.)*

Hodge. I wish you would keep your hands to yourself! You strike me, because you have been telling his worship stories.

Just. W. Why, sister, you are tipsy.

Mrs. D. I tipsy, brother! I—that never touch a drop of anything strong from year's end to year's end; but now and then a little aniseed water, when I have got the cholick.

Luc. Well, aunt, you have been complaining of the stomach-ache all day; and may have taken too powerful a dose of your cordial.

Just. W. Come, Come, I see well enough how it is: this is a lie of her own invention, to make herself appear wise; but, you simpleton, did you not know I must find you out?

Enter SIR WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, ROSETTA, and Young MEADOWS.

Young M. Bless me, sir! look who is yonder.

Sir W. Cocksbones! Jack, honest Jack, are you there?

Eust. Plague on't, this rencounter is unlucky; sir William, your servant.

Sir W. Your servant, again and again, heartily your servant; may I never do an ill turn, but I am glad to meet you.

Just. W. Pray, sir William, are you acquainted with this person?

Sir W. What, with Jack Eustace? why he's my kinsman: his mother and I were cousin-germans once removed, and Jack's a very worthy young fellow: may I never do an ill turn, if I tell a word of a lie.

Just. W. Well but, sir William, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; this man is a

music-master; a thrummer of wire, and a scrape of catgut, and teaches my daughter to sing.

Sir W. What, Jack Eustace a music-master! no, no; I know him better.

Eust. 'Sdeath, why should I attempt to carry on this absurd farce any longer: what that gentleman tells you is very true, sir; I am no music-master, indeed.

Just. W. You are not? you own it, then?

Eust. Nay more, sir, I am, as this lady has represented me, *(pointing to Mrs. Deborah,)*—your daughter's lover: whom, with her own consent, I did intend to have carried off this night; but now that sir William Meadows is here, to tell you who and what I am, I throw myself upon your generosity; from which I expect greater advantages than I could reap from any imposition upon your unsuspecting nature.

Mrs. D. Well, brother, what have you to say for yourself now? You have made a precious day's work of it! Had my advice been taken—Oh, I am ashamed of you; but you are a weak man, and it can't be helped; however, you should let wiser heads direct you.

Luc. Dear papa, pardon me.

Sir W. Ay, do, sir, forgive her; my cousin Jack will make her a good husband, I'll answer for it.

Ros. Stand out of the way, and let me speak two or three words to his worship. Come, my dear sir, though you refuse all the world, I am sure you can deny me nothing: love is a venial fault. You know what I mean. Be reconciled to your daughter, I conjure you, by the memory of our past affections. What, not a word?

AIR.

Go, naughty man, I can't abide you;

Are then your vows so soon forgot?

Ah! now I see if I had triv'd you,

What would have been my hopeful lot.

But here I charge you,—make them happy;

Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss;

Come, be a dear, good-natur'd pappy,

And I'll reward you with a kiss.

Mrs. D. Come, turn out of the house, and be thankful that my brother does not hang you, for he could do it; he's a justice of peace; turn out of the house, I say:—

Just. W. Who gave you authority to turn him out of the house? he shall stay where he is.

Mrs. D. He shan't marry my niece.

Sir W. Shan't he; but I'll show you the difference now; I say he shall marry her, and what will you do about it?

Mrs. D. And you will give him your estate too, will you?

Just. W. Yes, I will.

Mrs. D. Why, I'm sure he's a vagabond.

Just. W. I like him the better; I would have him a vagabond.

Mrs. D. Brother, brother!

Haw. Come, come, madam, all's very well; and I see my neighbour is what I always thought him, a man of sense and prudence.

Sir W. May I never do an ill turn, but I say so too.

Just. W. Here, young fellow, take my daughter, and bless you both together; but hark you, no money till I die. Sister Deborah, you're a fool.

Mrs. D. Ah, brother, brother, you're a silly old man. [Exit

Haw. Adds me, sir, here are some of your neighbours come to visit you, and I suppose to make up the company of your statute ball; yonder's music too, I see; shall we enjoy ourselves?

Enter Villagers, &c.

If so, give me your hand.

Jus. W. Why, here's my hand, and we will enjoy ourselves. Heaven bless you both, children, I say—

FINALE.

*Hence with cares, complaints, and frowning,
Welcome, jollity, and joy;
Every grief in pleasure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ:*

*Let's to friendship do our duty,
Laugh and sing some good old strain;
Drink a health to love and beauty—
May they long in triumph reign.*

PIZARRO. A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE.—BY H. B. SHERIDAN.



Roll.—"HE WHO MOVES ONE STEP TO FOLLOW ME, DIES UPON THE SPOT."—Act v, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

ATALIRA.
BOLLA.
ALONZO.
PIZARRO.

ALMAGRO.
GONZALO.
DAVILLA.
GOMEZ.

VALVERDE.
LAS-CASAS.
OROZEMBO.
AN OLD BLIND MAN.

A BOY.
CORA.
ELVIRA.
- SOLDIERS, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A magnificent Pavilion near Pizarro's tent.

ELVIRA discovered sleeping under a canopy. VALVERDE enters, gazes on Elvira, and attempts to kiss her hand; Elvira awakened, rises, and looks at him with indignation.

Elv. Audacious, whence is thy privilege to interrupt the few moments of repose my harassed mind can snatch, amid the tumults of this noisy camp? Shall I inform your master of this presumptuous treachery?

Val. I am his servant, it is true—trusted by him—and I know him well; and, therefore, 'tis I ask by what magic could Pizarro gain your heart, by what fatality still holds he your affections?

Elv. Hold! thou trusty secretary!

Val. Ignobly born, in mind and manners rude, ferocious, and unpolished, though cool and crafty if occasion need; in youth, audacious; in his first manhood, a licensed pirate, treating men as brutes, the world as booty; yet now the Spanish hero is he styled—the first of Spanish conquerors! and for a warrior so accomplished, 'tis fit Elvira should leave her noble family, her fame, her home, to share the dangers, humours, and the crimes of such a lover as Pizarro!

NO. 2.—THE BRITISH DRAMA.

Elv. What, Valverde meddling! But, grant I am in error, what is my incentive? Passion, infatuation, call it as you will. But, what attracts thee to this despised, unworthy leader? Base lucre is thy object, mean fraud thy means. Could you gain me, you only hope to win a higher interest in Pizarro. I know you.

Val. On my soul, you wrong me: what else my faults, I have none towards you. But, indulge the scorn and levity of your nature; do it while yet the time permits; the gloomy hour, I fear, too soon approaches.

Elv. Valverde a prophet, too!

Val. Hear me, Elvira: shame from his late defeat, and burning wishes for revenge, again have brought Pizarro to Peru; but, trust me, he overrates his strength, nor measures well the foe. Encamped in a strange country, where terror cannot force, nor corruption buy a single friend, what have we to hope? The army mourning at increasing hardships, while Pizarro decorates, with gaudy spoil, the gay pavilion of his luxury, each day diminishes our force.

Elv. But, are you not the heirs of those that fall?

Val. Are gain and plunder then, our only purpose? Is this Elvira's herotom?

Elv. No, so save me heaven! I either the motive, means, and end of your pursuits; but, I will trust none of you. In your whole army, there is not one of you that has a heart, or speaks ingenuously; aged *Los-Ceases*, and the *Alonses*, excepted.

Val. He! an enthusiast in the opposite and worse extreme.

Elv. Oh! had I earlier known that virtuous men, how different might my lot have been!

Val. I will grant Pizarro could not then so easily have duped you. Forgive me, but, that event, I still must wonder.

Elv. Hear me, Valverde: when first my virgin fancy waked to love, Pizarro was my country's idol. Self-taught, self-reliant, and self-supported, he became hero, and I was formed to be won by glory and renown. 'Tis known that when he left Panama, in a slight vessel, his force was not an hundred men. Arrived in the island of Gallo, with his sword he drew a line upon the sands, and said, "Pass these who fear to die or conquer with their leader." Thirteen alone remained; and, at the head of these, the warrior stood his ground. Even at the moment when my ears first caught this tale, my heart exclaimed, "Pizarro is its lord!" What since I have perceived, or thought, or felt, you must have more worth to win the knowledge of.

Val. I press no further; still assured, that while Alonzo de Molina, our general's former friend and pupil, leads the enemy, Pizarro never more will be a conqueror. (*Trumpets without.*)

Elv. Silence! I hear him coming. Look not perplexed. How mystery and fraud confound the countenance! Quick, put on an honest face, if thou canst.

Piz. (*Speaking without.*) Chain and secure him; I will examine him myself.

Enter PIZARRO. (Valverde bows; Elvira laughs.)

Piz. Why dost thou smile, Elvira?

Elv. To laugh or weep without a reason, is one of the few privileges poor women have.

Piz. Elvira, I will know the cause, I am resolved.

Elv. I am glad of that, because I love resolution, and am resolved not to tell you. Now my resolution, I take it, is the better of the two, because it depends upon myself, and yours does not.

Piz. Faha! trifier!

'*Elvira was laughing at my apprehensions that—*

Piz. Apprehensions!

Val. Yes; that Alonzo's skill and genius should so have disciplined and informed the enemy, as to—

Piz. Alonzo! the traitor! How I once loved that man! His noble mother entrusted him, a boy, to my protection. At my table did he feast; in my tent did he repose. I had marked his early genius, and the valorous spirit that grew with it. Often I had talked to him of our first adventures; what storms we struggled with, what perils we surmounted! When banded, with a slender host, upon an unknown land; then, when I told how famine and fatigue, discord and ~~and~~ day by day, did thin our ranks; amid close-pressing enemies how still undaunted I endured and ~~and~~ maintained my purpose and my power, at lengths of growling mutiny or bold revolt, till, with my faithful few remaining, I became, at last victorious—when, I say, of ~~these~~ things I spoke, ~~the~~ *Alonzo*, with ~~down~~, at wonder and delight, would throw himself on my neck, and swear that his ambition owed no other leader.

Val. Who could such subtle attachment so ~~so~~ *inspire*?

Piz. *Los-Ceases*. He it was, with ~~the~~ *eloquent* craft, and ~~the~~ *eloquent* propensities of humanity, ~~which~~ *which* in Alonzo's mind, a new enthusiasm, which ~~led~~ *led* him ~~to the~~ *to the* stripping ~~of~~ *of* to forego his country's claims for those of human nature.

Val. Yes: the ~~greater~~ *greater* left you, ~~joined~~ *joined* the *Peruvians*, and became ~~my~~ *my* enemy and ~~foe~~ *foe*.

Piz. But, first, with weariless ~~unwearied~~ *unwearied* purpose, and ~~under~~ *under* the sword from my determined grasp. Much he spoke of right, of justice, and humanity; calling the *Peruvians* our innocent and unoffending brethren.

Val. They! *Obdurate heathens!* They our brethren!

Piz. But, when he found, that the soft-falling of the pleading tears he dropped upon ~~my~~ *my* ~~cheek~~ *cheek*, tell on marble, he flew and joined the foe; ~~the~~ *the* ~~profiting~~ *profiting* by the lessons he had gained in wronged Pizarro's school, the youth so disciplined and led his new allies, that soon he forced me—(Ha! I burn with shame and fury while I own it!)—in base retreat and foul discomfiture to quit the shore.

Val. But, the hour of revenge is come.

Piz. It is. I am returned; my force is strengthened, and the audacious boy shall soon know that Pizarro lives, and has a grateful recollection of the thanks he owes him.

Val. 'Tis doubted whether still Alonzo ~~lives~~ *lives*.

Piz. 'Tis certain that he does: one of his armour-bearers is just made prisoner: twelve thousand is their force, as he reports, led by Alonzo and Peruvian *Rolla*. This day they make a solemn sacrifice on their ungody altars. We must profit by their security, and attack them unprepared: the sacrificers shall become the victims.

Elv. Wretched innocents! And their own blood shall bedew their altars!

Piz. Right! (*Trumpets without.*) Elvira, retire!

Elv. Why should I retire?

Piz. Because men are to meet here, and on manly business.

Elv. Oh! men, men! ungrateful and perverse! Oh, woman! still affectionate though wronged! the beings to whose eyes you turn for animation, hope, and rapture, through the days of mirth and revelry; and on whose bosoms in the hour of some calamity, you seek for rest and consolation, them, when the pompous follies of your mean ambition are the

question, you treat as playthings or as slaves!—I shall not retire.

Piz. Remain, then; and, if thou canst, be silent.

Eva. They only babble who practise no reflection. I shall think, and thought is silence.

Piz. Ha!—there's somewhat in her manner lately —(Looks sternly and suspiciously at Elvira, who meets his glances with an undaunted eye.)

Enter LAS-CASAS, ALMAGRO, GONZALO, DAVILLA, Officers, and Soldiers. (Trumpets without.)

Las-C. Pizarro, we attend your summons.

Piz. Welcome, venerable father! My friends, most welcome. Friends and fellow-soldiers! at length the hour is arrived, which to Pizarro's hopes presents the full reward of our undaunted enterprise and long-enduring toils. Confident in security, this day the foe devotes to solemn sacrifice: if with bold surprise we strike on their solemnity—trust to your leader's word—we shall not fail.

Alm. Too long inactive have we been moulder on the coast; our stores exhausted, and our soldiers murmuring. Battle, battle, then! death to the armed, and chains for the defenceless.

Dav. Death to the whole Peruvian race!

Las-C. Merciful heaven!

Alm. Yes, general; the attack, and instantly! Then shall Alonzo, basking at his ease, soon cease to scoff our suffering, and scorn our force.

Las-C. Alonzo! Scorn and presumption are not in his nature.

Alm. 'Tis fit Las-Casas should defend his pupil. *Piz.* Speak not of the traitor; or hear his name but as the bloody summons to assault and vengeance. It appears we are agreed?

Alm. and Dav. We are.

Gon. All!—Battle, battle!

Las-C. Is, then, the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete? Battle! gracious heaven! against whom? Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries even yet have not excited hate; but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace: against a people, who never wronged the living being their Creator formed; a people, who (children of innocence!) received you, as cherished guests, with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes; you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonour. These eyes have witnessed all I speak. As gods you were received, as fiends have you acted.

Piz. Las-Casas!

Las-C. Pizarro, hear me! hear me, offshoots! and thou, All-powerful! whose thunders can shiver into sand the adamant rock; whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the rived and quaking earth; oh! let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy spirit gives courage to his will! Do not, I implore you, chieftains, countrymen,—do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities which your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race! But hush, my sighs; fall not, drops of useless sorrow; heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance. All I entreat is, send me once more to those you call your enemies. Oh! let me be the messenger of penitence from you; I shall return with blessings and with peace from them. Elvira, you weep! Alas! and does this dreadful crisis move no heart but thine?

Alm. Because there is no woman here but she and thou.

Piz. Close this idle war of words; time flies,

and our opportunity will be lost. *Chorus.* are ye for instant battle?

Alm. We are.

Las-C. Oh! men of blood!—(Kneels.) God! thou hast anointed me thy servant, not to curse, but to bless my countrymen; yet now my blessing on their force were blasphemy against thy goodness. —(Rises.) No; I curse your purpose, homicide! I curse the bond of blood by which you are united. May fell division, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects, and rebuke your hopes! On you and on your children be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day! I leave you, and for ever. No longer shall these aged eyes be seared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves, in forests, will I hide myself; with tigers and with savage beasts will I commune; and when, at length, we meet again before the blessed tribunal of that Deity, whose mild doctrines and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, then shall you feel the agony and grief of soul which tear the bosom of your accuser now! (Going.)

Eva. Oh! take me with thee, Las-Casas.

Las-C. Stay! lost, abused lady! I alone am useless here. Perhaps thy loveliness may persuade to pity, where reason and religion plead in vain. Oh! save thy innocent fellow-creatures, if thou canst; then shall thy frailty be redeemed, and thou wilt share the mercy thou bestowest. [Exit.]

Piz. How, Elvira, wouldst thou leave me?

Eva. I am bewildered, grown terrified! Your inhumanity—and that good, old man—oh! he appeared to me, just now, something more than heavenly; and you, ye all looked worse than earthly.

Piz. Compassion sometimes becomes a beauty.

Eva. Humanity always becomes a conqueror.

Piz. Now to prepare our muster and our march. At mid-day, is the hour of the sacrifice. Consulting with our guides, the route of your divisions shall be given to each commander. If we surprise, we conquer; and, if we conquer, the gates of Quito will be opened to us.

Alm. And Pizarro, then, be monarch of Peru.

Piz. Not so fast. Ambition, for a time, must take counsel from discretion. Ataliba still must hold the shadow of a sceptre in his hand; Pizarro still appear dependant upon Spain; while the pledge of future peace, his daughter's hand, secures the proud succession to the crown I seek.

Alm. This is best. In Pizarro's plans observe the statesman's wisdom guides the warrior's valour.

Val. (To Elvira.) You mark, Elvira!

Eva. Oh! yes; this is best, this is excellent.

Piz. You seem offended. Elvira still retains my heart. Think—a sceptre waves me on.

Eva. Offended! no. Thou knowest thy glory is my idol; and this will be most glorious, most just, and honourable. (Satirically.)

Piz. What mean you?

Eva. Oh! nothing; mere woman's prattle: a jealous whim, perhaps; but, let it not impede the royal hero's course. (Trumpets without.) The call of arms invites you. Away, away! you, his brave, his worthy fellow-warriors.

Piz. And go you not with me?

Eva. Undoubtedly! I needs must be the first to hail the future monarch of Peru.

Enter GOMEZ.

Alm. How, Gomez! What brings thou?

Gon. On yonder hill, among the palm-trees, we have surprised an old cackler: escape by flight he could not; and we seized him and his attendants.

unresisting; yet, his lips breathed nought but bitterness and scorn.

Piz. Drag him before us. (*Gomez leaves the tent, and returns, conducting OBOZEMBO and Attendant, in chains, guarded.*) What art thou, stranger?

Oro. First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers.

Piz. Ha!

Alm. Madman! tear out his tongue, or else—

Oro. Thou'lt hear some truth.

Das. (*Shewing his poniard.*) Shall I not plunge this into his heart?

Oro. (*To Pizarro.*) Does your army boast of many such heroes as this?

Piz. Audacious! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, grey-headed ruffian! but, first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of—that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity, perhaps, might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree,—it is not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man, even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your stronghold among the rocks: guide us to that, and name the reward. If wealth be thy wish—

Oro. Ha, ha, ha!

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Thee and thy offer. Wealth! I have the wealth of two dear gallant sons; I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here: and still my chiefest treasure do I bear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will; for it never can be thing,—the treasure of a pure, unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost?

Gon. Obdurate Pagan! How numerous is your army?

Oro. Count the leaves of yonder forest.

Alm. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Oro. It has no weak part; on every side 'tis fortified by justice.

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou, Alonzo?

Oro. Knew him! Alonzo! Know him! Our nation's benefactor! the guardian angel of Peru!

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Alm. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army; in war a tiger, chafed by the hunter's spear; in peace, more gentle than the unweaned lamb. Cora, was once betrothed to him; but, finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to Cora's happiness; yet, still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

Piz. Romantic savage! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not. The terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Das. Silence, or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! I never yet have trembled

before God; Why should I tremble before man? why before thee, thou less than man?

Das. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike.

Oro. Strike, Christian! Then boast among thy fellows—I too have murdered a Peruvian!

Das. Hell and vengeance seize thee! (*Stabs him.*)

Piz. Hold!

Das. Couldst thou longer have endured his insults?

Piz. And, therefore, should he die untortured? *Oro.* True! Observe, young man, your unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack; and you yourself have lost the opportunity of an useful lesson. You might have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments—and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

Eln. (*Supporting Orozombo's head upon her bosom.*) Oh! ye are monsters all! Look up, thou martyred innocent! Look up once more, and bless me, ere thou diest. God! how I pity thee!

Oro. Pity me! Me! so near my happiness! Bless thee, lady! Spaniards, heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you as I do. (*Orozombo is borne off, dying.*)

Piz. Away!—Devilla, if thus rash a second time—

Das. Forgive the hasty indignation which—

Piz. No more. Unbind that trembling wretch: let him depart; 'tis well he should report the mercy which we shew to insolent defiance. Hark! our troops are moving.

Attend. (*On passing Elvira.*) If, through your gentle means, my master's poor remains might be preserved from insult,—

Eln. I understand thee.

Attend. His sons may yet thank your charity, if not avenge their father's fate. [*Exit.*]

Piz. What says the slave?

Eln. A parting word, to thank you for your mercy.

Piz. Our guard and guides approach. (*Soldiers march through the tent.*) Follow me, friends! Each shall have his post assigned: and, here Peruvia's god shall sink beneath the main, the Spanish banner, bathed in blood, shall float above the walls of vanquished Quito.

[*Exeunt all but Elvira and Valverde.*]

Val. Is it now presumption that my hopes gain strength with the increasing horrors which I see appal Elvira's soul?

Eln. I am mad with terror and remorse. 'Would I could fly these dreadful scenes.

Val. Might not Valverde's true attachment be thy refuge.

Eln. What wouldst thou do to save or to avenge me?

Val. I dare do all thy injuries may demand. A word, and he lies bleeding at your feet.

Eln. Perhaps we will speak again of this. Now leave me [*Exit Valverde.*] No! not this revenge; no! not this instrument. Fie, Elvira! even for a moment to counsel with this unworthy traitor! Can a wretch, false to a confiding master, be true to any pledge of love or honour? Pizarro will abandon me; yes, me! who, for his sake, have sacrificed—oh, God! what have I not sacrificed for him! Yet, curbing the avenging pride that swells this bosom, I still will further try him. Oh, men! ye who, wearied by the fond fidelity of virtuous love, seek, in the wanton's flattery, a new delight, oh! ye may insult and leave the hearts to which your faith was pledged, and, stifling self-reproach, may fear no other peril; because such hearts, however you injure and desert them, have yet the proud re-

treat of an unpotted fame—of an unrepenting conscience. But, beware the desperate Iberdine, who forsakes the creature whom his arts have first deprived of all natural protection, of all self-consolation! What has he left her? Despair and vengeance! [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Bank, surrounded by a wild wood and rocks.*—CORA, sitting on the root of a tree, is playing with her Child, and ALONZO hangs over them with delight.

Cora. Now confess, does he resemble thee, or not?

Al. Indeed, he is liker thee: thy rosy softness, thy smiling gentleness.

Cora. But, his auburn hair, the colour of his eyes, Alonzo. Oh! my lord's image, and my heart's adored! (*Pressing the child to her bosom.*)

Al. The little darling urchin robs me, I doubt, of some portion of thy love, my Cora: at least, he shares caresses, which, till his birth, were only mine.

Cora. Oh! no, Alonzo; a mother's love for her sweet babe is not a stealth from the dear father's store; it is a new delight, that turns with quickened gratitude to him, the author of her augmented bliss.

Al. Could Cora think me serious?

Cora. I am sure he will speak soon; then will be the last of the three holidays allowed by nature's sanction to the fond, anxious mother's heart.

Al. What are those three?

Cora. The ecstasy of his birth I pass; that, in part, is selfish; but, when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did incase them; that is a day of joy: next, when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings, laughing and delighted, to his mother's knee; that is the mother's heart's next holiday: and sweeter still the third, whenever his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of "father, mother!" Oh! that is the dearest joy of all!

Al. Beloved Cora!

Cora. Oh, my Alonzo! daily, hourly, do I pour thanks to heaven for the dear blessing I possess in him and thee.

Al. To heaven and Rolla.

Cora. Yes, to heaven and Rolla. And art thou not grateful to them, too, Alonzo? Art thou not happy?

Al. Can Cora ask that question?

Cora. Why, then, of late, so restless on thy couch? Why to my waking, watching ear, so often does the stillness of the night betray thy struggling sighs?

Al. Must not I fight against my country, against my brethren?

Cora. Do they not seek our destruction? and are not all men brethren?

Al. Should they prove victorious—

Cora. I will fly and meet thee in the mountains.

Al. Fly with thy infant, Cora?

Cora. What! think you a mother, when she runs from danger, can feel the weight of her child?

Al. Cora, my beloved, do you wish to set my heart at rest?

Cora. Oh! yes, yes, yes!

Al. Hasten, then, to the concealment in the mountains; where all our matrons and virgins, and our warriors' offspring, are allotted to await the

issue of the war. Cora will not alone resist her husband's her sister's, and her monarch's wish.

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot leave you. Oh! how in every moment's absence, would my fancy paint you, wounded, alone, abandoned! No, no; I cannot leave you.

Al. Rolla will be with me.

Cora. Yes, while the battle rages, and where it rages most, brave Rolla will be found. He may revenge, but cannot save thee. To follow danger, he will leave even thee: but, I have sworn never to forsake thee but with life. Dear, dear Alonzo! can you wish that I should break my vow?

Al. Then be it so. Oh! excellence in all that's great and lovely, in courage, gentleness, and truth; my pride, my content, my all! Can there on this earth be fools who seek for happiness, and pass by love in the pursuit?

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot thank you. Silence is the gratitude of true affection; who seeks to follow it by sound, will miss the track. (*Shouts without.*) Does the king approach?

Al. No; 'tis the general placing the guard that will surround the temple during the sacrifice. 'Tis Rolla comes, the first and best of heroes.

(*Trumpets.*)

Rolla. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Then place them on the hill, fronting the Spanish camp.

Enter ROLLA.

Cora. Rolla, my friend, my brother!

Al. Rolla, my friend, my benefactor! how can our lives repay the obligations which we owe you?

Rolla. Pass them in peace and bliss. Let Rolla witness it, he is overpaid.

Cora. Look on this child; he is the life-blood of my heart; but, if ever he love or reveres thee less than his own father, his mother's hate fall on him.

Rolla. Oh! no more. What sacrifice have I made to merit gratitude? The object of my love was Cora's happiness. I see her happy. Is not my object gained? and am I not rewarded? Now, Cora, listen to a friend's advice: you must away; you must seek the sacred caverns, the unprofaned recess, whither, after this day's sacrifice, our matrons, and even the virgins of the sun, retire.

Cora. Not secure with Alonzo and with thee, Rolla?

Rolla. We have heard Pizarro's plan is to surprise us. Thy presence, Cora, cannot aid, but may impede our efforts.

Cora. Impede!

Rolla. Yes, yes. Thou know'st how tenderly we love thee; we, thy husband and thy friend. Art thou near us, our thoughts, our valour,—vengeance will not be our own. No advantage will be pursued, that leads us from the spot where thou art placed; no succour will be given but for thy protection. The faithful lover dares not be all himself amid the war, until he knows that the beloved of his soul is absent from the peril of the fight.

Al. Thanks to my friend; 'tis that I would have urged.

Cora. This timid excess of love, (producing fear instead of valour,) flatters, but does not convince me: the wife is incredulous.

Rolla. And is the mother unbelieving, too?

Cora. No more. Go with me as you please.

My friend, my husband! place me where you will.

Al. My adored! we thank you both. (*March Without.*) Hark! the king approaches to the sacrifice. You, Rolla, spoke of rumours of surprise. A servant of mine, I hear, is missing; whether surprised or treacherous, I know not.

Rol. It matters not; we are everywhere prepared. Come, Cora: upon the altar, amid the rocks, thou'lt implore a blessing on our cause. The pious supplication of the trembling wife and mother's heart, rises to the throne of mercy, the most resistless prayer of human homage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Temple of the Sun. A Solemn march. The warriors and King enter on one side of the temple; ROLLA, ALONZO, and CORA, on the other.*

Ala. Welcome, Alonzo!—(*To Rolla.*) Kinsman, thy hand.—(*To Cora.*) Blessed be the object of the happy mother's love.

Cora. May the sun bless the father of his people!

Ala. In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their king. Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers?

Rol. Such as becomes the cause which they support: their cry is,—“Victory or death! our king! our country! and our god!”

Ala. Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirits of their leaders, are we proceed to consecrate the banners which thy valour knows so well to guard.

Rol. Yet never was the hour of peril near, when, to inspire them, words were so little needed.—My brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule; we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; we serve a monarch whom we love, a god whom we adore! When'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress; when'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes; they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs,—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this: the throne we honour is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us. (*Loud shouts of the Soldiers.*)

Ala. (*Embracing Rolla.*) Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifices.

A solemn procession commences. The Priests and

Virgins arrange themselves on either side of the altar, which the High Priest approaches, and the solemnity begins.

CHORUS of Priests and Virgins

Oh! Pow'r supreme! in mercy smile:
With favour on thy servants' toil!
Our hearts from gulfed passions free,
Which here we render unto thee.
Thou Parent Light! but deign to hear
The voices of our feeble choir;
And this our sacrifice of fear,
Consume with thine own hallow'd fire!
(*Fire from above lights upon the altar.*)

Give praise! give praise! the god has heard;
Our god, most awfully rever'd!
The altar his own flames enwreath'd,
Then be the conquering sword unsheath'd,
And victory set on Rolla's brow,
His foes to crush—to overthrow!

Ala. Our offering is accepted.—(*Exit Chorus, &c.*)
Now to arms, my friends, prepare for battle!

Enter ORANO.

Ora. The enemy!

Ala. How near?

Ora. From the hill's brow, even now, as I overlooked their force, suddenly I perceived the whole in motion: with eager haste, they march towards our deserted camp, as if apprised of this most solemn sacrifice.

Rol. They must be met before they reach it.

Ala. And you, my daughters, with your dear children, away to the appointed place of safety.

Cora. Oh, Alonzo! (*Embracing him.*)

Al. We shall meet again.

Cora. Bless us once more, ere thou leave us.

Al. Heaven protect and bless thee, my beloved; and thee, my innocent!

Ala. Haste, haste! Each moment is precious.

Cora. Farewell, Alonzo! Remember, thy life is mine.

Rol. Not one farewell to Rolla?

Cora. (*Giving him her hand.*) Farewell! The god of war be with you; but bring me back Alonzo. (*Exit with the child.*)

Ala. (*Draws his sword.*) Now, my brethren, my sons, my friends! I know your valour. Should all success assail us, be despair the last feeling of our hearts; if successful, let mercy be the first. Alonzo, to you I give to defend the narrow passage of the mountains. On the right of the wood, be Rolla's station. For me, straight forwards will I march to meet them, and fight until I see my people swept or they behold their monarch fall. Be the word of battle—"God and our native land!"

[*A march and exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Wood.

Enter ROLLA and ALONZO.

Rol. Here, my friend, we separate: soon, I trust, to meet again in triumph!

Al. Or, perhaps, we part to meet no more.—Rolla, a moment's pause: We are yet before our army's strength; one earnest word at parting.

Rol. There is in language now no word but battle.

Al. Yes, one word more,—*Cora!*

Rol. Cora! Speak!

Al. The next hour brings us—

Rol. Death or victory!

Al. It may be victory to one—death to the other.

Rol. Or both may fall.

Al. If so, my wife and child I demand to the protection of heaven and my king. But, should I only fall, Rolia, be thou my heir.

Rol. How?

Al. Be Cora thy wife; be thou a father to my child.

Rol. Remove thee, Alonso! Banish these timid fancies.

Al. Rolia, I have tried in vain, and cannot fly from the foreboding which oppresses me. Thou knowest it will not shake me in the fight; but, give me the promise I exact.

Rol. If it be Cora's will—Yes—I promise. (Takes his hand.)

Al. Tell her it was my last wish; and bear to her and to my son my last blessing.

Rol. I will. Now, then, to our posts, and let our swords speak for us. (They draw swords.)

Al. For the king and Cora!

Rol. For Cora and the king.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A view of the Peruvian camp.

Enter an old blind Man and a Boy.

O. Man. Have none returned to the camp?

Boy. One messenger alone. From the temple they all marched to meet the foe.

O. Man. Hark! I hear the din of battle. Oh! had I still retained my sight, I might now have grasped a sword, and died a soldier's death. Are we quite alone?

Boy. Yes. I hope my father will be safe.

O. Man. He will do his duty. I am more anxious for thee, my child.

Boy. I can stay with you, dear grandfather.

O. Man. But should the enemy come, they will drag thee from me, my boy.

Boy. Impossible, grandfather; for they will see, at once, that you are old and blind, and cannot do without me.

O. Man. Poor child! you little know the hearts of these inhuman men. (Discharge of cannon heard.) Hark! the noise is near: I hear the dreadful roaring of the fiery engines of these cruel strangers. (Shouts at a distance.) At every shout, with involuntary haste, I clench my hand, and fancy still it grasps a sword. Alas! I can only serve my country by my prayers. Heaven preserve the king and his gallant soldiers!

Boy. Oh! father, there are soldiers rushing.

O. Man. Spaniards, boy?

Boy. No; Peruvians.

O. Man. How! and flying from the field? It cannot be.

Enter two Peruvian Soldiers.

Oh! speak to them, boy. Whence come you? How goes the battle?

Sol. We may not stop. We are sent for the reserve, behind the hill. The day is against us.

[Exeunt Soldiers.]

O. Man. Quick, then, quick!

Boy. I see the point of lances glittering in the light.

O. Man. Those are Peruvians. Do they bend this way?

Enter a Peruvian Soldier.

Boy. Soldier, speak to my blind father.

Sol. I'm sent to tell the helpless father to retreat among the rocks. All will be lost, I fear. The king is wounded.

O. Man. Quick, boy! Lead me to the hill where thou mayest view the plain.

(Alarms.)

Enter ATALIBA, wounded, with ORANO, Officers, and Soldiers.

Ala. My wound is bound; believe me, the hurt is nothing: I may return to the fight.

Ora. Pardon the servant; but the shotted priest, who attends the sacred banner, has pronounced, that the Inca's blood once shed, no blessing can await the day, until he leave the field.

Ala. Hard restraint! Oh! my poor, brave soldiers! Hard, that I may no longer be a witness of their valour. But, haste you; return to your comrades: I will not keep one soldier from his post. Go, and avenge your fallen brethren.—[Exeunt Orano, &c.]—I will not repine; my own fate is the last anxiety of my heart. It is for you, my people, that I feel and fear.

Old Man and Boy advance.

O. Man. Did I not hear the noise of an unfortunate? Who is it complains thus?

Ala. One, almost by hope forsaken.

O. Man. Is the king alive?

Ala. The king still lives.

O. Man. Then thou art not forsaken! Ataliba protects the meanness of his subjects.

Ala. And who shall protect Ataliba?

O. Man. The immortal powers, that protect the just. The virtues of our monarch alike secure to him the affection of his people, and the benign regard of heaven.

Ala. How impious, had I murmured! How wondrous, thou supreme Disposer, are thy acts! Even in this moment, which I had thought the bitterest trial of mortal suffering, thou hast infused the sweetest sensation of my life: it is the assurance of my people's love.

Boy. (Turning forward.) Oh, father!—Stranger!—see those hideous men that rush upon as yonder!

Ala. Ha! Spaniards! And I, Ataliba,—ill-fated fugitive! without a sword, even to try the ransom of a monarch's life.

Enter DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and Spanish Soldiers.

Des. Tie be; our hopes are answered. I know him well: it is the king!

Ala. Away! follow with your prize. Avail those Peruvians, though in flight. This way we may regain our line.

[Exeunt Davilla, Almagro, &c. with Ataliba.]

O. Man. The king! Wretched old man, that could not see his gracious form! Boy, would thou hadst led me to the reach of those ruffians' swords!

Boy. Father, all our countrymen are flying here for refuge.

O. Man. No; to the rescue of their king: they never will desert him. (Alarms without.)

Enter Peruvian Officers and Soldiers, flying across the stage; ORANO following.

Ora. Hold, I charge you! Rolia call you.

Off. We cannot combat with their dreadful engines.

Enter ROLIA.

Rol. Hold, recede! towards! What! fear ye death, and fear not shame? By my soul's fury, I cleave to the earth the first of you that stir; or plunge your dastard swords into your leader's heart, that he no more may witness your disgrace. Where is the king?

Ora. From this old man and boy I learn, that the detachment of the enemy, which you charge

— suddenly to quit the field, have succeeded in surprising him: they are yet in sight.

Rol. And bear the loss off a prisoner! Hear this, ye base, disloyal rout! Look there! the dust, you see, hangs on the bloody Spaniards' track, dragging, with ruffian taunts, your king, your father,—Ataliba, in bondage! Now fly, and seek your own vile safety, if you can.

O. Man. Bless the voice of Bolla! and bless the stroke I once lamented, but which now spares these extinguished eyes the shame of seeing the pale, trembling wretches who dare not follow Bolla, though to save their king!

Rol. Shrink ye from the thunder of the foe, and fall ye not at this rebuke? Oh! had ye each but one drop of the loyal blood which gushes to waste through the brave heart of this sightless veteran! Eternal shame pursue you, if you desert me now! But do. Alone I go—alone—to die with glory by my monarch's side!

Soldiers. Bolla, we'll follow thee.

[*Bolla rushes out, followed by Orano, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

O. Man. Oh! godlike Bolla! And thou, sun, send from thy clouds avenging lightning to his aid! Haste, my boy! ascend some height, and tell to my impatient terror what thou seest.

Boy. I can climb this rock, and the tree above. [*Ascends a rock, and from thence into the tree.*] Oh! now I see them—now—yes—and the Spaniards turning by the steep.

O. Man. Bolla follows them?

Boy. He does, he does! he moves like an arrow! Now he waves his arm to our soldiers. [*Report of Cannon heard.*] Now there is fire and smoke.

O. Man. Yes; fire is the weapon of those fiends.

Boy. The wind blows off the smoke; they are all mixed together.

O. Man. Seest thou the king?

Boy. Yes, Bolla is near him. His sword sheds fire as he strikes.

O. Man. Bless thee, Bolla! Spare not the monsters.

Boy. Father! father! the Spaniards fly! Oh! now I see the king embracing Bolla. [*Shouts of victory, flourish of trumpets, &c.*]

O. Man. [*Falls on his knees.*] Fountain of life! how can my exhausted breath bear to thee thanks for this one moment of my life! My boy, come down, and let me kiss thee. My strength is gone. [*The Boy descends.*]

Boy. Let me help you, father—you tremble so.

O. Man. 'Tis with transport, boy.

[*Boy leads him off. Shouts, flourish, &c.*]

Enter ATALIBA, BOLLA, and Peruvians.

Ata. In the name of my people, the saviour of whose sovereign you have this day been, accept this emblem of his gratitude. [*Giving Bolla his sun of diamonds.*] The tear that falls upon it may, for a moment, dim its lustre, yet does it not impair the value of the gift.

Rol. It was the hand of heaven, not mine, that saved my king.

Enter Peruvian Officer and Soldiers.

Rol. Now, soldier, from Alonzo?

Off. Alonzo's genius soon repaired the panic which early broke our ranks; but, I fear, we have to mourn Alonzo's loss; his eager spirit urged him too far in the pursuit.

Ata. How! Alonzo slain!

1 Sol. I saw him fall.

2 Sol. Trust me, I beheld him up again, and fighting; he was then surrounded and disarmed.

Ata. Oh! Victory dearly purchased!

Rol. Oh! Cora, who shall tell thee this?

Ata. Bolla, our friend is lost,—our native country saved! Our private sorrows must yield to the public claim for triumph. Now go we to fulfil the first, the most sacred duty which belongs to victory,—to dry the widowed and the orphaned tear of those whose brave protectors have perished in their country's cause.

[*Triumphant march, and exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—A wild Retreat among stupendous rocks. CORA and her Child, with other Wives and Children of the Peruvian warriors discovered.

GLEE.—Women.

Fly away, time, nor be the anxious hour delay'd;
Fly away, time, that soothes the heart by grief dis-
may'd.

Should ghastly death appear in view,
We can dare it;

With friends we love, so brave, so true,
We will share it.

Fly away, time, &c.

[*A triumphant march of the army is heard at a distance.*]

Hush, hush! don't you hear?

A distant march assails the ear.—

Hark! louder still from yonder hill,

Increasing sounds with terror fill.

Enter Warriors, singing.—Cora, as they pass, runs through the ranks, with her child in her arms, searching for Alonzo.

CHORUS.—Warriors.

Victory now has made us free;

We haste, we haste our friends to see!

Enter ATALIBA, BOLLA, Peruvians, &c.

Ata. Thanks, thanks, my children! I am well, believe it; the blood once stopped, my wound was nothing. [*Cora, at length, approaches Bolla, who appears to have been mournfully avoiding her.*]

Cora. Where is Alonzo? [*Bolla turns away in silence. Cora falls at the king's feet.*] Give me my husband; give this child his father!

Ata. I grieve that Alonzo is not here.

Cora. Hoped you to find him?

Ata. Most anxiously.

Cora. Ataliba, is he not dead?

Ata. No; the gods will have heard our prayers.

Cora. Is he not dead, Ataliba?

Ata. He lives—in my heart.

Cora. Oh! king, torture me not thus! Speak out: is this child fatherless?

Ata. Dearest Cora, do not thus dash aside the little hope that still remains.

Cora. The little hope! Yet still there is hope! Speak to me, Bolla, you are the friend of truth.

Rol. Alonzo has not been found.

Cora. Not found? What mean you? Will not you, Bolla, tell me true? Oh! let me not hear the thunder rolling at a distance; let the bolt fall, and crush my brain at once. Say not that he is not found; say, at once, that he is dead.

Rol. Then should I say false.

Cora. False! blessings on thee for that word! But, snatch me from this terrible suspense. Lift up thy little hands, my child; perhaps thy ignorance may plead better than thy mother's agony.

Rol. Alonzo is taken prisoner.

Coro. Prisoner! and by the Spaniards! Pizarro's prisoner! Then is he dead.

Ata. Hope better. The richest ransom which our realm can yield, a herald shall this instant bear.

Per. Wom. Oh! for Alonzo's ransom—our gold, our gems!—all, all! Here, dear *Coro*! here, here! *(The Peruvian women eagerly tear off all their ornaments, and offer them to Coro.)*

Ata. Yes, for Alonzo's ransom, they would give all! I thank thee, Father, who hast given me such hearts to rule over!

Coro. Now, one boon more, beloved monarch: let me go with the herald.

Ata. Remember, *Coro*, thou art not a wife only, but a mother, too: hazard not your own honour, and the safety of your infant. Among these barbarians, the sight of thy youth, thy loveliness, and innocence, would but rivet faster thy Alonzo's chains, and rack his heart with added fears for thee. Wait, *Coro*, the return of the herald.

Coro. Teach me how to live till then.

Ata. Now we go to offer to the gods thanks for our victory, and prayers for Alonzo's safety.

[March and procession. Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Wood.*

Enter CORA and Child.

Coro. Mild innocence! what will become of thee?

Enter ROLLA.

Rol. *Coro*, I attend thy summons at the appointed spot.

Coro. Oh! my child, my boy! hast thou still a father?

Rol. *Coro*, can thy child be fatherless, while *Rolla* lives?

Coro. Will he not soon want a mother, too? for, canst thou think I will survive Alonzo's loss.

Rol. Yes; for his child's sake. Yes, as thou didst love Alonzo, *Coro*, listen to Alonzo's friend?

Coro. You bid me listen to the world. Who was not Alonzo's friend?

Rol. His parting words—

Coro. His parting words! *(Wildly.)* Oh! speak.

Rol. Consigned to me two precious trusts—his blessing to his son, and a last request to thee.

Coro. His last request! his last! Oh! name it.

Rol. "If I fall," said he, (and sad forebodings shook him while he spoke), "promise to take my *Coro* for thy wife; be thou a father to my child." I pledged my word to him, and we parted. Observe me, *Coro*; I repeat this only as my faith to do so was given to Alonzo; for myself, I neither cherish claim nor hope.

Coro. He! does my reason fall me? or what is this horrid light that presses on my brain? Oh! Alonzo, it may be, thou hast fallen a victim to thy own guileless heart. Hadst thou been silent,—hadst thou not made a fatal legacy of these wretched charms—

Rol. *Coro*, what hateful suspicion has possessed thy mind?

Coro. Yes, yes, 'tis clear. His spirit was ensnared; he was led to the fatal spot, where mortal valour could not front a host of murderers: he fell! In vain did he exclaim for help to *Rolla*. At a distance you looked on and smiled. You could have saved him; could, but did not.

Rol. Oh! glorious sun! can I have deserved this? *Coro*, rather bid me strike this sword into my heart.

Coro. No; live! live for love! for that love thou

seekest: whose blossoms are to shoot from the bleeding grave of thy betrayed and slaughtered friend! But thou hast borne to me the last words of my Alonzo; now hear mine: sooner shall this boy draw poison from this tortured breast; sooner would I link me to the pallid corpse of the meanest wretch that perished with Alonzo, than he call *Rolla* father, than I call *Rolla* husband.

Rol. Yet call me what I am,—thy friend, thy protector!

Coro. *(Distraughtly.)* Away! I have no protector but my god! With this child in my arms, will I hasten to the field of slaughter; there, with these hands, will I turn up to the light every mangled body; seeking, how'er by death disfigured, the sweet smile of my Alonzo. With fearful cries, I will shriek out his name till my veins snap! If the smallest spark of life remain, he will know the voice of his *Coro*, open for a moment his unshrouded eyes, and bless me with a last look. But, if we find him not,—oh! then, my boy, we will to the Spanish camp. That look of thine will win me passage through a thousand swords. They, too, are men. Is there a heart that could drive back the wife that seeks her bleeding husband; or, the innocent babe that cries for his imprisoned father. No, no, my child; everywhere we shall be safe. A wretched mother, bearing a poor orphan in her arms, has nature's passport through the world. Yes, yes, my son; we'll go and seek thy father.

[Exit with the Child.]

Rol. *(After a pause of agitation.)* Could I have merited one breath of thy reproaches, *Coro*, I should be the wretch, I think I was not formed to be.—Her safety must be my present purpose, then to convince her she has wronged me.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Pizarro's Tent.—PIZARRO traversing the scene in gloomy and furious agitation.*

Piz. Well, capricious idol, Fortune! be my ruin thy work and boast. To myself I will still be true. Yet, ere I fall, grant me thy smile to prosper in one act of vengeance, and be that smile Alonzo's death.

Enter ELVIRA.

Who's there? Who dares intrude? Why does my guard neglect their duty?

Elv. Your guard did what they could; but, they knew their duty better than to enforce authority, when I refused obedience.

Piz. And what is it you desire?

Elv. To see how a hero bears misfortune. Thou, Pizarro, art not now collected,—not thyself.

Piz. Wouldst thou I should rejoice that the spears of the enemy, led by accursed Alonzo, have pierced the bravest hearts of my followers?

Elv. No; I would have thee cold and dark as the night that follows the departed storm; still and sullen as the awful pause that precedes nature's convulsion: yet I would have thee feel assured, that a new morning shall arise, when the warrior's spirit shall stalk forth: nor fear the future, nor lament the past.

Piz. Woman! Elvira! why had not all my men hearts like thine?

Elv. Then would thy brows have, this day, worn the crown of Quito.

Piz. Oh! hope fails me while that scourge of my life and fame, Alonzo, leads the enemy.

Elv. Pizarro, I am come to probe the hero farther; not now his courage, but his magnanimity: Alonzo is your prisoner.

Piz. How!

Elv. 'Tis certain. Valverde saw him even now dragged in chains within your camp. I chose to bring you the intelligence myself.

Piz. Bless thee, Elvira, for thou new'st! Alonzo is my power! then I am the conqueror; this victory is mine!

Elv. Pizarro, this is savage and unmanly triumph. Believe me, you raise impatience in my mind to see the man, whose valour and whose genius avers Pizarro; whose misfortunes are Pizarro's triumph, whose bondage is Pizarro's safety.

Piz. Guard!—[*Enter Guard.*—] Drag here the Spanish prisoner, Alonzo! Quick, bring the traitor here.

[*Exit Guard.*]

Elv. What shall be his fate?

Piz. Death! death in lingering torments! protracted to the last stretch that burning vengeance can devise, and fainting life sustain.

Elv. Shame on thee! Wilt thou have it said, that the Peruvians found Pizarro could not conquer, till Alonzo felt that he could murder?

Piz. Be it said; I care not! His fate is sealed.

Elv. Follow, then, thy will. But, mark me: if basely thou dost shed the blood of this brave youth, Elvira's lost to thee for ever.

Piz. Why this interest for a stranger? What is Alonzo's fate to thee?

Elv. His fate? Nothing! Thy glory, everything! Think'st thou I could love thee, stripped of fame, of honour, and a just renown? Know me better.

Piz. Thou shouldst have known me better. Thou shouldst have known, that, once provoked to hate, I am for ever fixed in vengeance.—[*Alonzo is brought in, in chains, and guarded.*] Welcome, welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina! 'Tis long since we have met: thy mended looks should speak a life of rural indolence. How is it, that, amid the toils and cares of war, thou dost preserve the healthful bloom of careless ease? Tell me thy secret.

Al. Thou wilt not profit by it. What'er the toils or cares of war, peace is still here. [*Putting his hand to his heart.*]

Piz. Sarcastic boy!

Elv. Thou art answered rightly. Why sport with the unfortunate?

Piz. And thou art wedded, too, I hear; ay, and the father of a lovely boy; the heir, no doubt, of all his father's loyalty, of all his mother's faith.

Al. The heir, I trust, of all his father's scorn of fraud, oppression, and hypocrisy; the heir, I hope, of all his mother's virtue, gentleness, and truth; the heir, I am sure, to all Pizarro's hate.

Piz. Really! Now, do I feel for this poor orphan; for, fatherless to-morrow's sun shall see that child. Alonzo, thy hours are numbered.

Elv. Pizarro, no!

Piz. Hence! or dread my anger.

Elv. I will not hence; nor do I dread thy anger.

Al. Generous loveliness! spare thy unavailing pity. Seek not to thwart the tiger, with his prey beneath his fangs.

Piz. Audacious rebel! Thou, a renegade from thy monarch and thy God!

Al. 'Tis false!

Piz. Art thou not—tell me—a deserter from thy country's legions? And, with vile heathens leagued, hast thou not warred against thy native land?

Al. No! deserter I am none. I was not born among robbers, pirates, murderers! When those legions, lured by the abhorred lust of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honour of Cas-

tilians, and forsook the duties of humanity, they deserted me. I have not warred against my native land, but against those who have usurped its power. The banners of my country, when first I followed arms beneath them, were justice, faith, and mercy. If these be beaten down, and trampled under foot, I have no country, nor exists the power entitled to reproach me with revolt.

Piz. The power to judge and punish thee at least exists.

Al. Where are my judges?

Piz. Thou wouldst appeal to the war-council?

Al. If the good Las-Casas have yet a seat there, yes; if not, I appeal to heaven!

Piz. And, to impose upon the folly of Las-Casas, what would be the excuses of thy treason?

Elv. The folly of Las-Casas! Such, doubtless, his mild precepts seem to thy hard-hearted wisdom. Oh! would I might have lived as I will die, a sharer in the follies of Las-Casas!

Al. To him I should not need to urge the foul barbarities which drove me from your side; but, I would gently lead him by the hand through all the lovely fields of Quito; there, in many a spot where late was barrenness and waste, I would shew him how now the opening blossom, blade, or perfumed bud, (sweet hushful pledges of delicious harvest,) waiting their increase to the opening sun, give cheerful promise to the hope of industry. This, I would say, is my work! I would shew him many an eye, and many a hand, by gentleness, from error won, raised in pure devotion to the true and only God! This, too, I could tell him, is Alonzo's work! Then would Las-Casas clasp me in his aged arms; from his uplifted eyes a tear of gracious thankfulness would fall upon my head; and that one blessed drop would be to me at once, this world's best proof, that I had acted rightly here, and surest hope of my Creator's mercy and reward hereafter.

Elv. Happy, virtuous Alonzo! And thou, Pizarro, wouldst appal with fear of death, a man who thinks and acts as he does!

Piz. Daring, obstinate enthusiast! But know, the pious blessing of thy preceptor's tears does not await thee here. He has fled, like thee; like thee, no doubt, to join the foes of Spain! The perilous trial of the next reward you hope, is nearer than, perhaps, you've thought; for, by my country's wrongs, and by mine own, to-morrow's sun shall see thy death!

Elv. Hold! Pizarro, hear me! If thou always justly, at least act always greatly. Name not thy country's wrongs; 'tis plain they have no share in thy resentment. Thy fury against this youth is private hate, and deadly personal revenge; if this be so, (and even now thy dejected countenance, in that look avows it,) profane not the name of justice or thy country's cause, but let him arm, and bid him to the field on equal terms.

Piz. Officious advocate for treason, peace!—Bear him hence! he knows his sentence.

Al. Thy revenge is eager, and I'm thankful for it: to me thy haste is mercy. For thee, sweet plender in misfortune's cause, accept my parting thanks. This camp is not thy proper sphere. Wert thou among yon savages, as they are called, thou wouldst find companions more congenial to thy heart.

Piz. Yes; she shall bear the tidings of thy death to Cora.

Al. Inhuman man! that pang at least might have been spared me; but, thy malice shall not shake my constancy. I go to death; many shall bless

and none will come my way. Then still will live, and still will be—Pizarro.

[Exit, guarded.]

Elv. Now, by the indignant scorn that burns upon my cheek, my soul is shamed and cleaved at the meanness of thy vengeance.

Piz. What has thy romantic folly aimed at? He is mine enemy, and in my power.

Elv. He is in your power, and, therefore, is no more an enemy. Pizarro, I demand not of thee virtue; I ask not from thee nobleness of mind; I require only just dealing to the fame thou hast acquired. Be not the assassin of thine own renown. Do not an act, which, however thy present power may gloss it to the world, will make thee hateful to all future ages—scorned and scorned by posterity.

Piz. And should posterity applaud my deeds, thinkst thou my mending bones would waste, then, with transport in my tomb? This is renown for vicious boys to dream of: I understand it not. The fame I make shall uplift my living estimation: o'erbear, with popular support, the envy of my foes, advance my purposes, and aid my power.

Elv. Pizarro, you no longer love me.

Piz. It is not so, Elvira. But, what might I not suspect? This wondrous interest for a stranger! Take back thy reproach.

Elv. No, Pizarro; as yet, I am not lost to you: one string still remains and binds me to your fate. Do not, I beseech you,—do not, for thine own sake, tear it asunder. Shed not Alonzo's blood.

Piz. My resolution is fixed.

Elv. Even though that moment lost you Elvira for ever?

Piz. Even so.

Elv. Pizarro, if not to honour, if not to humanity, yet listen to affection; bear some memory of the sacrifices I have made for thy sake. Have I not for thee quitted my parents, my friends, my fame, my native land? When escaping, did I not risk, in rushing to thy arms, to bury myself in the bottom of the deep? Have I not shared all thy perils, heavy storms at sea, and frightful escapes on shore? Even on this dreadful day, amid the rout of battle, who remained firm and constant at Pizarro's side? Who presented her bosom as his shield to the assailing foe?

Piz. 'Tis truly spoken all. In love, thou art thy sex's weakness; in war, the soldier's passion; and, therefore, my whole heart, and half my acquisitions, are thy right.

Elv. Convince me I possess the first, I discharge all titles to this latter, for mercy to Alonzo.

Piz. No more! Had I intended to prolong his doom, each word thou utterest now would hasten on his fate.

Elv. Alonzo, then, at noon will die?

Piz. Thinkst thou you can will set? As surely as his rising shall Alonzo die.

Elv. Then be it done. The string is cracked,—sundered for ever. But, mark me: thou hast, heretofore, had cause, 'tis true, to doubt my resolution, however offended. But, mark me now: the lips which, cold and fearing, harbinging revenge with rancorous mockery, can insult a fallen enemy, shall nevermore receive the pledge of love: the arm which, unshaken by its bloody purpose, shall assign to needless torture the victim who avows his heart, never more shall press the hand of faith! Pizarro, scorn not my words: beware you might think not! I feel how noble are the motives which now animate my thoughts. Who could not feel as

I do, I condemn: who, feeling so, yet would not act as I shall, I despise.

Piz. I have heard thee, Elvira, and know well the noble motives which inspire thee, fit advocate in virtue's cause! Believe me, I pity thy tender feelings for the youth Alonzo! He dies at sun-rise!

[Exit.]

Elv. 'Tis well! 'Tis just I should be humbled. I had forgotten myself, and in the cease of innocence assumed the tone of virtue. 'Twas fit I should be rebuked, and by Pizarro. Fall, fall, ye few reluctant drops of weakness! the last these eyes shall ever shed. How a woman can love, Pizarro, thou hast known too well; how she can hate, thou hast yet to learn. Yes, thou undaunted! Thou, whom yet no mortal hazard has appalled! Thou, who on Panama's bow didst make alliance with the raving elements, therefore the silence of that horrid night, when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, the crashing thunder's drift, and stalking o'er the trembling earth, didst plant thy banner by the red volcano's mouth! Thou, who when battling on the sea, and thy brave ship was blown to splinters, wast seen, as thou didst bestride a fragment of the smoking wreck, to wave thy glittering sword above thy head, as thou wouldst defy the world in that extremity! Come, fearless man, now meet the last and fellest period of thy life,—meet! and survive an injured woman's fury, if thou canst.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Dungeon.—ALONZO in chains. A Sentinel walking near.

Al. For the last time, I have beheld the shadowed ocean close upon the light; for the last time, through my cell dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the stars; for the last time, oh, sun! (and soon the hour) I shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew-drops. Then comes my death; and, in the morning of my day, I fall, which—no, Alonzo; death not the life which thou hast run, by the mean reckoning of the hours and days which thou hast breathed. A life spent worthily, should be measured by a nobler line,—by deeds, not years. Then wouldst thou murmur not, but bless the Providence which, in so short a span, made thee the instrument of wide and spreading blessings to the helpless and oppressed!—Though sinking in despoilage, he prematurely falls, whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man. They only have lived long, who have lived virtuously.

Enter a Soldier.—shows a passport to the Sentinel, who withdraws.

What bear you there?

Sol. These refreshments I was ordered to leave in your dungeon.

Al. By whom ordered?

Sol. By the lady Elvira. She will be here herself before the dawn.

Al. Bear back to her my humblest thanks; and take thou the refreshments, friend. I need them not.

Sol. I have served under you, Don Alonzo. Pardon my saying, that my heart pities you. [Exit.]

Al. In Pizarro's camp, to pity the unfortunate, no doubt, requires forgiveness. [Looking out.] Surely, even now, thin streaks of glimmering light, steal on the darkness of the east; if so, my life is but one hour more. I will not watch the coming dawn; but, in the darkness of my cell, my last

prayer to thee, Power Supreme! shall be for my wife and child. Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace; grant health and purity of mind; all else is worthless.

[*Enters the cavern.*]

Sen. Who's there? Answer quickly! Who's there?

Rol. (*Within.*) A friar come to visit your prisoner.—[*Enters, disguised as a monk.*—Inform me, friend, is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

Sen. He is.

Rol. I must speak with him.

Sen. You must not.

Rol. He is my friend.

Sen. Not if he were your brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate?

Sen. He dies at sun-rise.

Rol. Ha! then I am come in time.

Sen. Just—to witness his death.

Rol. Soldier, I must speak with him.

Sen. Back, back! It is impossible.

Rol. I do entreat you, but for one moment.

Sen. You entreat in vain. My orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

Sen. He brought a pass, which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold; look on these precious gems: in thy own hand, they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them; they are thine.—Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

Sen. Away! Wouldst thou corrupt me? me? an old Castilian! I know my duty better.

Rol. Soldier, hast thou a wife?

Sen. I have.

Rol. Hast thou children?

Sen. Four: honest, lively boys.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them?

Sen. In my native village; even in the cot where myself was born.

Rol. Dost thou love thy children and thy wife?

Sen. Do I love them? God knows, my heart, I do.

Rol. Soldier! imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land: what would be thy last request?

Sen. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. Oh! but if that comrade were at thy prison gate, and should there be told—thy fellow soldier dies at sun-rise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou hear his dying blessing to his poor children, or his wretched wife, what wouldst thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sen. How?

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child. I am come but to receive for her, and for her babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sen. Go in. (*Retires.*)

Rol. Oh! holy Nature, thou dost never plead in vain.—There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form and life, human or savage; native of the forest wild, or giddy air, around whose parent bosom thou hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her breast soft as the syguet's down: and o'er her unshelled brood, the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently! Yes, now he is beyond the porch, harring the outer gate. Alonzo!

Alonzo! my friend! Ha! in gentle sleep! Alonzo rise!

Al. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, (*returning from the recess,*) I am ready.

Rol. Alonzo! I know me.

Al. What voice is that?

Rol. 'Tis Rollo's.

Al. Rollo! my friend! (*Embraces him.*) Heavens! how couldst thou pass the guard? Did this habit—

Rol. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle; it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon; now take it thou, and fly.

Al. And Rollo—

Rol. Will remain here in thy place.

Al. And die for me? No; rather eternal tortures rack me.

Al. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rollo's, and, from my prison, soon will thy arm deliver me; or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted plantain, standing alone amid the sandy desert: nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art—a husband and a father; the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hangs upon thy life. Go, go, Alonzo! Go, to save, not thyself, but Cora and thy child!

Al. Urge me not thus, my friend. I had prepared to die in peace.

Rol. To die in peace! devoting her you've sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death! For, be assured, the state I left her in, forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

Al. Oh, God!

Rol. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, now heed me well:—I think thou hast not known that Rollo ever pledged his word, and shrunk from its fulfilment. And by the heart of truth I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life in thee, no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence; and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph of seeing Rollo perish by thy side, with the assured conviction, that Cora and thy child are lost for ever!

Al. Oh, Rollo, you distract me!

Rol. A moment's further pause, and all is lost. The dawn approaches. Fear not for me: I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission. I shall gain time, doubt not, while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, may'st, at night, return, release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes, hasten, dear Alonzo! Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee. Haste, haste, haste!

Al. Rollo, I fear your friendship drives me from honour and from right.

Rol. Did Rollo ever counsel dishonour to his friend?

Al. Oh, my preserver! (*Embracing him.*)

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek Go; I am rewarded. (*Throws the friar's garment over Alonzo.*) There, conceal thy face; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains. Now, God be with thee!

Al. At night we meet again. Then, so aid me heaven! I return to save, or perish with thee!

Rol. He has passed the outer porch—he is safe! He will soon embrace his wife and child! Now, Cora, didst thou not wrong me? This is the first time, throughout my life, I ever deceived man. Forgive me, God of truth, if I be wrong. Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again! Yes, there! (*lifting his hands to heaven,*) assuredly we

shall meet again; there possess in peace, the joys of everlasting love and friendship; on earth, imperfect and embittered. I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have passed their lines. (*Retires into the recess.*)

Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. No; not Pizarro's brutal taunts, nor the growing admiration which I feel for this noble youth, shall raise an interest in my harassed bosom, which honour would not sanction. If he reject the vengeance my heart has sworn against the tyrant, whose death alone can save this land; yet shall the delight be mine, to restore him to his Cora's arms, to his dear child, and to the unoffending people, whom his virtues guide, and valour guards. Alonzo, come forth!

Enter ROLLA.

Ha! Who art thou? Where is Alonzo?

Ro. Alonzo's fled.

Elv. Fled!

Ro. Yes; and he must not be pursued. Pardon this roughness; (*seizing her hand,*) but a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight.

Elv. What if I call the guard?

Ro. Do so; Alonzo still gains time.

Elv. What if thus I free myself? (*Shows a dagger.*)

Ro. Strike it to my heart! Still, with the convulsive grasp of death, I hold thee fast.

Elv. Release me! I give my faith, I neither will alarm the guard, nor cause pursuit.

Ro. At once, I trust thy word. A feeling boldness in those eyes assures me that thy soul is noble.

Elv. What is thy name? Speak freely; by my order, the guard is removed beyond the outer porch.

Ro. My name is Rolla.

Elv. The Peruvian leader?

Ro. I was so yesterday; to-day, the Spaniards' captive.

Elv. And friendship for Alonzo moved thee to this act?

Ro. Alonzo is my friend. I am prepared to die for him. Yet is the cause a motive stronger far than friendship.

Elv. One only passion else could urge such generous rashness.

Ro. And that is—

Elv. Love?

Ro. True.

Elv. Gallant, ingenuous Rolla! Know that my purpose here was thine; and were I to serve thy friend,—

Ro. How! a woman blessed with gentleness and courage, and yet not Cora?

Elv. Does Rolla think so meanly of all female hearts?

Ro. Not so. You are worse and better than we are.

Elv. Were I to save thee, Rolla, from the tyrant's vengeance; restore thee to thy native land, and thy native land to peace, wouldst thou not rank Elvira with the good?

Ro. To judge the action, I must know the means.

Elv. Take this dagger.

Ro. How to be used?

Elv. I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro sleeps; the scourge of innocence, the terror of thy race, the fiend that desolates thy afflicted country.

Ro. Have you not been injured by Pizarro?

Elv. Deeply as scorn and insult can infuse their deadly venom.

Ro. And you ask that I shall murder him in his sleep!

Elv. Would he not have murdered Alonzo in his chains? He that sleeps, and he that's bound, are equally defenceless. Hear me, Rolla: so may I prosper in this perilous act, as searching my full heart, I have put by all rancorous motive of private vengeance there, and feel that I advance to my dread purpose in the cause of human nature, and at the call of sacred justice.

Ro. The God of justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.

Elv. Then, Peruvian, since thou dost feel so coldly for thy country's wrongs, this hand, though it revolt my soul, shall strike the blow.

Ro. Then is thy destruction certain, and for Peru thou perishest! Give me the dagger.

Elv. Now follow me; but first (and dreadful is the hard necessity) you must strike down the guard.

Ro. The soldier who is on duty here?

Elv. Yes, him; else, seeing thee, the alarm will be instant.

Ro. And I must stab that soldier as I pass?—Take back thy dagger.

Elv. Rolla!

Ro. That soldier, mark me, is a man! All are not men that bear the human form. He refused my prayers, refused my gold; denying to admit me, till his own feelings bribed him. For my nation's safety, I would not harm that man!

Elv. Then be must with us. I will answer for his safety.

Ro. Be that plainly understood between us; for, whatever betide our enterprise, I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heartstrings from consuming fire. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Inside of Pizarro's Tent.*

PIZARRO discovered on a couch.

Piz. (*In his sleep.*) No mercy, traitor! Now at his heart! Stand off there, you—Let me see him bleed! Ha, ha, ha! Let me hear that groan again.

Enter ROLLA and ELVIRA.

Elv. There!—Now lose not a moment.

Ro. You must leave me now. This scene of blood fits not a woman's presence.

Elv. But, a moment's pause may—

Ro. Go! Retire to your own tent, and return not here. I will come to you. Be thou not known in this business, I implore you.

Elv. I will withdraw the guard that waits. [*Exit.*]

Ro. Now have I in my power the accursed destroyer of my country's peace; yet, tranquilly he rests. God! can this man sleep?

Piz. (*In his sleep.*) Away! away! Hideous fiends! Tear not my bosom thus!

Ro. No; I was in error. The balm of sweet repose he never more can know. Look here, ambition's fools! Ye, by whose inhuman pride, the bleeding sacrifice of nations is held as nothing, behold the rest of the guilty! He is at my mercy; and one blow—No; my heart and hand refuse the act: Rolla cannot be an assassin!—Yet, Elvira must be saved: (*Approaches the couch.*) Pizarro! awake!

Piz. (*Starts up.*) Who?—Guard!—

Ro. Speak not. Another word is thy death. Call not for aid! This arm will be swifter than thy guard.

Piz. Who art thou? and what is thy will?

Ro. I am thine enemy: Peruvian Rolla! T

death is not my will, or I could have slain thee, sleeping.

Piz. Speak: what else?

Rol. Now thou art at my mercy, answer me: Did a Peruvian ever yet wrong or injure thee, or any of thy nation? Didst thou or any of thy nation, ever yet show mercy to a Peruvian in your power? Now shalt thou feel—and if thou hast a heart, thou'lt feel it keenly,—a Peruvian's vengeance! *(Drops the dagger at his feet.)* There!

Piz. Is it possible?

Rol. Can Pizarro be surprised at this? I thought forgiveness of injuries had been the Christian's precept; thou seest, at least, it is the Peruvian's practice.

Piz. Rolla, thou hast, indeed, surprised—and subdued me.

Re-enter ELVIRA, not seeing Pizarro.

Elv. Is it done? Is he dead? *(Sees Pizarro.)* How! still living! Then I am lost! And for you, wretched Peruvians! mercy is no more. Oh! Rolla, treacherous, or cowardly?

Piz. How!—Can it be that—

Rol. Away! Elvira speaks she knows not what. —*(To Elvira.)* Leave me, I conjure you, with Pizarro.

Elv. How! Rolla, dost thou think I shall retract? or, that I meanly will deny, that in thy hand I placed a poniard to be plunged in that tyrant's heart? No! my sole regret is that I trusted to thy weakness, and did not strike the blow myself. Too soon thou'lt learn, that mercy to that man is direct cruelty to all thy race.

Piz. Guard! quick! a guard! to seize this frantic woman.

Elv. Yes, a guard! I call them too. And soon I know they'll lead me to my death. But think not, Pizarro, the fury of thy flashing eyes shall awe me for a moment; nor think that woman's anger, or the feelings of an injured heart, prompted me to this design. No! had I been only influenced so, thus failing, shame and remorse would weigh me down. But, though defeated and destroyed, as now I am, such is the greatness of the cause that urged me, I shall perish, glorying in the attempt, and my last breath of life shall speak the proud avowal of my purpose,—to have rescued millions of innocents from the blood-thirsty tyranny of one, by adding the insulted world of thee!

Rol. Had the act been noble as the motive, Rolla would not have shrunk from its performance.

Enter Guards.

Piz. Seize this discovered fiend, who sought to kill your leader.

Elv. Touch me not, at the peril of your souls. I am your prisoner, and will follow you. But thou, their triumphant leader, shalt hear me. Yet, first, for thee, Rolla, accept my forgiveness. Even had I been the victim of thy nobleness of heart, I should have admired thee for it; but, 'twas myself provoked my doom: thou wouldst have shielded me. Let not thy contempt follow me to the grave. Didst thou but know the spell-like arts, by which this hypocrite first undermined the virtue of a guileless heart; how, even in the pious sanctuary wherein I dwelt, by corruption and by fraud, he practised upon those in whom I most confided, till my dis-temper'd fancy led me, step by step, into the abyss of guilt—

Piz. Why am I not obeyed? Tear her hence.

Elv. 'Tis past—But, didst thou know my story, Rolla, thou wouldst pity me.

Rol. From my soul, I do pity thee.

Piz. Villains! drag her to the dungeon—prepare the torture instantly.

Elv. Soldiers! but a moment more: 'tis to applaud your general; it is to tell the astonished world, that, for once, Pizarro's sentence, is an act of justice. Yes; rack me with the sharpest torture that ever agonized the human frame, it will be justice. Yes; bid the minions of thy fury wrench forth the sinews of those arms that have caressed, and even have defended thee! Bid them pour burning metal into the bleeding cases of these eyes, that so oft, oh, God! have hung with love and homage on thy looks; then approach me, bound on the abhorred wheel; there glut thy savage eyes with the convulsive spasms of that dishonoured bosom, which was once thy pillow! Yet, will I bear it all; for, it will be justice all! And when thou shalt bid them tear me to my death, heaping that thy unshrinking ears may, at least be feasted with the music of my cries, I will not utter one shriek or groan; but, to the last gasp, my body's patience shall deride thy vengeance, as my soul defies thy power.

Piz. Hearst thou the wretch, whose hands were even now prepared for murder?

Rol. Yes; and if her accusations be false, thou wilt not shrink from hearing her; if true, thy barbarity cannot make her suffer the pangs thy conscience will inflict on thee.

Elv. And now farewell, world! Rolla, farewell. *(To Pizarro.)* Farewell, thou condemned of heaven. For repentance and remorse, I know, will never touch thy heart. We shall meet again. Ha! be it thy horror here to know, that we shall meet hereafter. And when thy parting hour approaches, hark to the knell, whose dreadful beat will strike to thy despairing soul. Then will vibrate on thy ear the curses of the cloistered saint from whom you stole me. Then the last shrike which burst from my mother's breaking heart, as she died, appealing to her God against the seducer of her child. Then the blood-stifled groan of my murdered brother, murdered by thee, fell monster!—seeking atonement for his sister's ruined honour. I hear them now. To me the recollection's madness! At such an hour, what will it be to thee?

Piz. A moment's more delay, and at the peril of your lives—

Elv. I have spoken, and the last mortal frailty of my heart is past. And now, with an undaunted spirit, and unshaken firmness, I go to meet my destiny. That I could not live nobly, has been Pizarro's act; that I will die nobly, shall be my own. *[Exit, guarded.]*

Piz. I would not thou, a warrior, valiant and renowned, shouldst credit the vile tales of this frantic woman. The cause of all this fury—Oh! a wanton passion for the rebel youth, Alonzo, now my prisoner.

Rol. Alonzo is not now thy prisoner.

Piz. How!

Rol. I came to rescue him,—to deceive his guard. I have succeeded; I remain thy prisoner.

Piz. Alonzo fled! Is, then, the vengeance dearest to my heart never to be gratified?

Rol. Dismiss such passions from thy heart, then thou'lt consult its peace.

Piz. I can face all enemies that dare confront me—I cannot war against my nature.

Rol. Then, Pizarro, ask not to be deemed a hero. To triumph o'er ourselves, is the only conquest where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch the laurel from thee, or chance may

place it on the brow; but, in a contest with thyself, be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be the victor.

Piz. Peruvian! thou shalt not find me to thee ungrateful or ungenerous. Return to thy countrymen; thou art at liberty.

Rol. Thou dost act in this, as honour and as duty bid thee.

Piz. I cannot but admire thee, Rolla; I would we might be friends.

Rol. Farewell! Pity Elvira, become the friend of virtue, and thou wilt be mine. *[Exit.]*

Piz. Ambition! tell me what is the phantom I have followed? where is the one delight which it has made my own? My fame is the mark of envy; my love, the drape of treachery; my glory eclipsed by the boy I taught; my revenge defeated and rebuked by the rude honour of a savage foe, before whose native dignity of soul I have sunk, confounded and subdued. I would I could retrace my steps—I cannot. Would I could evade my own reflections. No; thought and memory are my hell! *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A thick Forest. In the back-ground, a hut. A dreadful storm. COBA has covered her child on a bed of leaves and moss.*

Cora. Oh! nature thou hast not the strength of love. My anxious spirit is untried in its march; my wearied, shivering frame sinks under it. And for thee, my boy, when faint beneath thy lovely burden, could I refuse to give thy slumbers that poor bed of rest? Oh! my child, were I assured thy father breathes no more, how quickly would I lay me down by thy dear side—But, down, down for ever. *(Thunder and lightning.)* I ask thee not, unimpetuous storm, to abate thy rage; is mercy to poor Cora's misery! nor while thy thunders spare his slumbers, will I disturb my sleeping cherub; though heaven knows I wish to hear the voice of life, and feel that life is near me. But, I will endure all, while what I have of reason holds—*(Thunder and lightning.)* Still, still, implacable!—unfeeling elements. Yet still dost thou sleep, my smiling innocent—Oh! death, when wilt thou grant to this babe's mother such repose?—Surely, I may shield thee better from the storm; my veil may—

Alonso. *(Within.)* Cora.

Cora. Ha!

Al. Cora!

Cora. Oh, my heart! Sweet heaven, deceiver me not. Is it not Alonso's voice?

Al. *(Nearer.)* Cora.

Cora. It is—it is Alonso.

Al. *(Nearer still.)* Cora, my beloved!

Cora. Alonso! Here, here, Alonso!

[Runs out.]

Enter Two Spanish Soldiers.

1 Sol. I tell you we are near our outposts, and the word we heard just now was the countersign.

2 Sol. Well, in our escape from the enemy, to have discovered their secret passage through the rocks, will prove a lucky chance to us, Pizarro will reward us.

1 Sol. This way: the sun, though cloudy, is on our left, *(Perceives the child.)* What have we here? A child! as I'm a soldier.

2 Sol. 'Tis a sweet little babe. Now would it be

a great charity to take this infant from its Pagan mother's power.

1 Sol. It would so. I have one at home shall play with it. Come along.

[Takes the Child. Exit.]

Re-enter COBA with ALONZO.

Cora. This way, dear Alonso! Now, as I might! There—there—under that tree. Was it possible the instinct of a mother's heart could mistake the spot. Now, will you look at him as he sleeps, or shall I bring him waking, with his full blue laughing eyes to welcome you at once? Yes, yes. Stand thou there; I'll snatch him from his rosy slumber, blushing like the perfumed mora. *(She runs up to the spot, and finding only the mantle and veil, which she tears from the ground, and the child gone, she shrieks.)*

Al. *(Running to her.)* Cora, my heart's beloved!

Cora. He is gone!

Al. Eternal God!

Cora. He is gone! My child! my child!

Al. Where did you leave him?

Cora. *(Dashes herself on the spot.)* Here!

Al. Be calm, beloved Cora. He has awaked, and crept to a little distance. We shall find him. Are you assured this was the spot you left him in?

Cora. Did not these hands make that bed, and shelter for him? And is not this the veil that covered him?

Al. Here is a hut yet unobserved.

Cora. Ha! yes, yes; there lives the savage that has robbed me of my child. *(Beats at the door, exclaiming.)* Give me back my child, restore to me my boy!

Enter LAS-CASAS from the hut.

Las-C. Who calls me from my wretched solitude?

Cora. Give me back my child! *(Goes into the hut, and calls) Fernando!*

Al. Almighty Powers! do my eyes deceive me? Las-Casas!

Las-C. Alonso! my beloved young friend!

Al. My reverend instructor! *(Embracing.)*

Cora. *(Returned.)* Will you embrace this man before he restores my boy?

Al. Alas! my friend, in what a moment of misery do we meet!

Cora. Yet, his look is goodness and humanity. Good old man, have compassion on a wretched mother, and I will be your servant while I live. But, do not, for pity's sake, do not say you have him not; do not say you have not seen him.

[Runs into the wood.]

Las-C. What can this mean?

Al. She is my wife. Just rescued from the Spaniards' prison, I learned she had fled to this wild forest. Hearing my voice, she left the child, and flew to meet me; he was left sleeping under yonder tree.

Las-C. How! Did you leave him? *(Cora returns.)*

Cora. Oh, you are right!—right! Unnatural mother that I was, I left my child—I forgot my innocent! But, I will fly to the earth's brink, but I will find him. *(Runs out.)*

Al. Forgive me, Las-Casas, I must follow her, for at night I attempt brave Rolla's rescue.

Las-C. I will not leave thee, Alonso! You must try to lead her to the right; that way lies the camp. Wait not my infirm steps. I will follow thee, my friend. *[Re-enters.]*

SCENE II.—*The Outpost of the Spanish Camp. In the background, a foaming torrent, over which is a rude bridge, formed by a felled tree. (Trumpets sound without.)*

Alm. (Within.) Bear him along; his story must be false.

Enter ALMAGRO.—ROLLA, in chains, brought in by Soldiers.

Rol. False! Rolla utter falsehood! I would I had thee in a desert, with thy troop around thee; and I but with my sword in this unshackled hand! (*Trumpets without.*)

Alm. Is it to be credited, that Rolla, the renowned Peruvian hero, should be detected, like a spy, skulking through our camp?

Rol. But answer to the general. He is here.

Enter PIZARRO.

Piz. What do I see? Rolla!

Rol. Oh! to thy surprise, no doubt.

Piz. And bound, too!

Rol. So fast, thou need'st not fear approaching me.

Alm. The guards surprised him, passing our outpost.

Piz. Release him instantly. Believe me, I regret this insult.

Rol. You feel, then, as you ought.

Piz. Nor can I brook to see a warrior of Rolla's fame disarmed. Accept this, though it has been the enemy's. (*Gives a sword.*) The Spaniards know the courtesy that's due to valour.

Rol. And the Peruvian how to forget offence.

Piz. May not Rolla and Pizarro cease to be foes?

Rol. When the sea divides us, yes! May I now depart?

Piz. Freely.

Alm. And shall I not again be intercepted?

Piz. No. Let the word be given, that Rolla pass freely.

Enter DAVILLA and Soldiers, with the Child.

Dav. Here are two soldiers, captured yesterday, who have escaped from the Peruvian hold, and by the secret way we have so long endeavoured to discover.

Piz. Silence! Imprudent! Seest thou not—(*Pointing to Rolla.*)

Dav. In their way, they found a Peruvian child, who seems—

Piz. What is the imp to me? Bid them toss it into the sea.

Rol. Gracious heavens! It is Alonzo's child! Give it to me.

Piz. Ha! Alonzo's child! Welcome, thou pretty hostage. Now Alonzo is again my prisoner.

Rol. Thou wilt not keep the infant from its mother?

Piz. Will I not? What, when I shall meet Alonzo in the heat of the victorious fight, think'st thou I shall not have a check upon the valour of his heart, when he is reminded, that a word of mine is this child's death?

Rol. I do not understand you.

Piz. My vengeance has a long arrear of hate to settle with Alonzo; and this pledge may help to balance the account.

Rol. Man, man! Art thou a man? Couldst thou hurt that innocent? By heaven! It's smiling in thy face.

Piz. Tell me, does it resemble Cora?

Rol. Pizarro, thou hast set my heart on fire. If thou dost harm that child, think not his blood will

sink into the barren sand. No; faithful to the eager hope that now trembles in this indignant heart, 'twill rise to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on his accursed destroyer's head.

Piz. Be that peril mine.

Rol. (*Throwing himself at his feet.*) Behold me at thy feet. Me, Rolla!—Me, the preserver of thy life!—Me, that have never yet bent or bowed before created man!—In humble agony, I sue to you—prostrate, I implore you—but, spare that child, and I will be your slave.

Piz. Rolla, still art thou free to go: this boy remains with me.

Rol. Then was this sword heaven's gift, not thine! (*Seizes the Child.*) Who moves one step to follow me, dies upon the spot.

Piz. Pursue him instantly; but, spare his life. (*Exit with the Child.*) [Exit Almago and Soldiers.] With what fury he defends himself! Ha! he tells them to the ground—and now—

Enter ALMAGRO.

Alm. Three of your brave soldiers are already victims to your command to spare this madman's life; and, if he once gain the thicket,—

Piz. Spare him no longer. [*Exit Alm.*] Their guns must reach him. He'll yet escape! Hollo, to those horse. The Peruvian sees them; and now he turns among the rocks; then is his retreat cut off. (*Rolla crosses the wooden bridge over the cañon, pursued by the Soldiers, who fire at him: a shot strikes him.*) Now, quick, quick, seize the child!—(*Rolla tears from the rock the tree which supports the bridge, and retreats by the back ground, bearing off the child.*)

Re-enter ALMAGRO.

Alm. By hell! he has escaped; and with the child unhurt.

Dav. No; he bears his death with him. Believe me, I saw him struck upon the side.

Piz. But, the child is saved! Alonzo's child! Oh! the furies of disappointed vengeance!

Alm. Away with the revenge of words! let us to deeds. Forget not we have acquired the knowledge of the secret pass, which, through the rocky cavern's gloom, brings you at once to the strong hold, where are lodged their women and their treasures.

Piz. Right, Almagro! Swift as thy thought, draw forth a daring and chosen band. I will not wait for numbers. Stay, Almagro! Valverde is informed Elvira dies to-day?

Alm. He is; and one request alone she—

Piz. I'll hear of none.

Alm. The boon is small: 'tis but for the novice habit which you first beheld her in. She wishes not to suffer in the gaudy trappings which remind her of her shame.

Piz. Well, do as thou wilt: but tell Valverde, at our return, as his life shall answer it, to let me hear that she is dead. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Ataliba's Tent.*

Enter ATALIBA, followed by CORA and ALONZO.

Cora. Oh! avoid me not, Ataliba! To whom but to her king, is the wretched mother to address her griefs! The gods refuse to hear my prayers. Did not my Alonzo fight for you? And will not my sweet boy, if thou'lt but restore him to me, one day fight thy battles too?

Al. Oh, my suffering love! my poor heart-broken Cora! you but wound our sovereign's feeling soul, and not relieve your own.

Cora. Is he our sovereign and has he not the power to give me back my child?

Ala. When I reward desert, or can relieve my people, I feel what is the real glory of a king; when I hear them suffer, and cannot aid them, I mourn the impotence of all mortal power.

Voices behind. Rolla! Rolla! Rolla!

Enter ROLLA, bleeding, with the child, followed by Peruvians.

Rol. Thy child! (*Gives the Child into Cora's arms, and falls.*)

Cora. Oh, God, there's blood upon him!

Rol. 'Tis my blood, Cora.

Al. Rolla, thou diest!

Rol. For thee and Cora! (*Dies.*)

Enter ORANO.

Ora. Treachery has revealed our asylum in the rocks. Even now, the foe assails the peaceful band, retired for protection there.

Al. Lose not a moment. Swords, be quick! Your wives and children cry to you. Bear our loved hero's body in the van; 'twill raise the fury of our men to madness. Now, fell Pizarro! the death of one of us is near. Away! Be the word of assault, Revenge and Rolla!

[Exeunt.—Charge.]

SCENE IV.—*A Recess among the rocks.*

Enter PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, VALVERDE, and Spanish Soldiers.

Piz. Well, if surrounded, we must perish in the centre of them. Where do Rolla and Alonzo hide their heads?

Enter ALONZO, ORANO, and Peruvians.

Al. Alonzo answers thee, and Alonzo's sword shall speak for Rolla.

Piz. Thou know'st the advantage of thy numbers: thou dar'st not singly face Pizarro.

Al. Peruvians, stir not a man. Be this contest only ours.

Piz. Spaniards, observe ye the same. (*Charge. They fight. Alonzo's shield is broken, and he is beaten down.*) Now, traitor, to thy heart! (*At this moment, ELVIRA enters, habited as when Pizarro first beheld her. Pizarro appalled, slanders back. Alonzo re-enters the fight, and slays him.*)

ATALIBA enters, and embraces Alonzo.

Ala. My brave Alonzo!

Alm. Alonzo, we submit. Spare us: we will embark, and leave the coast.

Val. Elvira will confess I saved her life; she has saved thee.

Al. Fear not. You are safe. (*Spaniards lay down their arms.*)

Elv. Valverde speaks the truth; nor could he think to meet me here. An awful impulse, which my soul could not resist, impelled me hither.

Al. Noble Elvira! my preserver! How can I speak what I, Ataliba, and his rescued country, owe to thee? If, amidst this grateful nation thou wouldst remain—

Elv. Alonzo, no! The destination of my future life is fixed. Humbled in penitence, I will endeavour to atone the guilty errors, which, however masked by shallow cheerfulness, have long consumed my secret heart. When, by my sufferings, purified, and penitence sincere, my soul shall dare address the throne of mercy in behalf of others, for thee, Alonzo, for thy Cora, and thy child; for thee, thou virtuous monarch, and the innocent race thou reignest over, shall Elvira's prayers address the God of nature. Valverde, you have preserved my life. Cherish humanity; avoid the foul examples thou hast viewed. Spaniards, returning to your native home, assure your rulers they mistake the road to glory, or to power. Tell them, that the pursuits of avarice, conquest, and ambition, never yet made a people happy, or a nation great. (*Costs a last look of agony at the dead body of Pizarro, as she passes and exit. Flourish of trumpets, Valverde, Almagro, and Spanish Soldiers, exeunt, bearing off Pizarro's body.*)

Al. Ataliba, think not I wish to check the voice of triumph, when I entreat we first pay the tribute due to our loved Rolla's memory.

A solemn march. Procession of Peruvian Soldiers, bearing Rolla's body on a bier, surrounded by military trophies. The Priests and Priestesses attending, chant a d'orge over the bier. Alonzo and Cora kneel on either side of it, and kiss Rolla's hands in silent agony. In the looks of the King, and of all present, the triumph of the day is lost in mourning for the fallen hero. The curtain slowly descends.

DIRGE—*Priests and Priestesses.*

Let tears of gratitude and woe,
For the brave Rolla ever flow.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



Tony.—"DON'T BE AFRAID, MAMMA DON'T BE AFRAID."—*Act v, scene 2.*

Persons Represented.

SIR CHARLES MARLOW.
HARDCASTLE.
YOUNG MARLOW.

HASTINGS.
TONY LUMPKIN.
SERVANTS, &c.

MRS. HARDCASTLE.
MISS HARDCASTLE.
MISS NEVILLE.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in an old-fashioned house.*

Enter HARDCASTLE and MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. H. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour, Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polish every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own folks at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us; but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. H. Ay; your times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old, rumbling mansion,

that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment, your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and I believe, Dorothy, (*taking her hand*) you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. H. Ludi! Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothys, and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see; twenty added to twenty make just fifty and seven.

Mrs. H. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle! I was but

twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him Amely.

Mrs. H. No matter: Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a-year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. H. Humour, my dear; nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footman's shoes, frightening the maids, worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair; and when I went to make a bow, I popped my bald head into Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. H. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no; the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. H. Well, we must not snub the poor boy; for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. H. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. H. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking-trumpet. *(Tony hallooing behind the scenes.)* Oh! there he goes. A very consumptive figure truly!

Enter TONY, crossing the stage.

Mrs. H. Where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother; I can't stay.

Mrs. H. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear. You look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expect me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hard. Ay; the alehouse, the old place: I thought

Mrs. H. A low, paltry set of fellows. *[so.]*

Tony. Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins, the exciseman; Jack Slang, the horse-doctor; little Aminadab, that grinds the music-box; and Tom Twist, that spins the pewter-platter.

Mrs. H. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night, at least.

Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. H. *(Detaining him.)* You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. H. I say, you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I.

[Exit, hauling her out.]

Hard. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her, too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery, as the best of them.

Enter MISS HARDOCASTLE.

Blessings on my pretty innocence! Dressed out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! what a quantity of

superfluous stik last thou get about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss H. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hard. Well, remember, I insist on the terms of our agreement: and, by-the-by, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening. *[meaning.]*

Miss H. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your

Hard. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow him shortly after.

Miss H. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me! how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him. Our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss H. Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss H. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss H. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss H. My dear papa, say no more. *(Kissing his hand.)* He's mine; I'll have him.

Hard. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful, reserved young fellows in the world.

Miss H. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word 'reserved' has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary; modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss H. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate; but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss H. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so? Well, if he refuse, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery; set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved! In the meantime, I'll go prepare the servants for his reception. As we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. *[Exit.]*

Miss H. Lud! this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome: these he puts last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But, then, reserved and sheepish; that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes; and can't I—But I vow I am disposing of the husband before have secured the lover.

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

Miss N. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me! sure no accident has happened among the canary-birds or the gold-fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss H. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss N. And his name—

Miss H. Is Marlow.

Miss N. Indeed!

Miss H. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss N. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in

Miss H. Never. [town.]

Miss N. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among women of another stamp. You understand me?

Miss H. An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw! think no more of him; but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? Has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss N. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss H. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss N. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But, at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son; and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss H. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss N. It is a good natured creature at bottom; and I'm sure, would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Adieu! Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss H. Would it were bed-time, and all were well. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—An Ale-house room.

Several shabby fellows, with punch and tobacco. TONY at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest: a mallet in his hand.

All. Hurra! hurra! hurra! bravo!

1 Fel. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'squire is going to knock himself down for a song. All. Ay; a song, a song.

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.—TONY.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brains,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning,

Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethe, their Styx, and Sisyphus;
Their quips, and their quaws, and their quads,
They're all but a parcel of pigeons.

Toroddlie, toroddlie, toroll.

When Methodist preachers come down

A-preaching that drinking is sinful,

I'll wager the rascals a crown,

They always preach best with a skinful.

But when you come down with your pence,

For a slice of their scurvy religion,

I'll leave it to all men of sense,

But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.

Toroddlie, toroddlie, toroll.

Then, come, put the jorum about,

And let us be merry and clever;

Our hearts and our liquors are stout;

Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.

Let some cry woodcock or hare,

Your bustards, your ducks, and your wigwags;

But of all the birds in the air,

Here's health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.

Toroddlie, toroddlie, toroll.

All. Bravo, Bravo!

1 Fel. The 'squire has got spunk in him.

2 Fel. I loves to hear him sing, bekaase he never gives us nothing that's low.

3 Fel. Oh! d—n anything that's low; I can't bear it.

4 Fel. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time, if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3 Fel. I like the maxim of it, Master Muggins. What! though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelst of tunes—"Water parted," or the minuet in Ariadne.

2 Fel. What a pity it is the 'squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod! and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then shew what it was to keep choice company.

2 Fel. O! he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old 'squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the strait-horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls, in the whole country.

Tony. Ecod! and when I'm of age I'll be no haterd, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer, and the miller's grey mare, to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

[Enter Landlord.]

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise, at the door. They've lost their way upon the forest, and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look wondrously like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [Exit Landlord.] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [Re-enters Mob.] Father-in-law has been calling me a whelp, and bound, this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But,

then, I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a-year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter Landlord, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Mar. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen; but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor in the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grain'd, old-fashion'd, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booty, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a d-d long, dark, boggy, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's (*whispering at the Landlord*)—Mr. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire-marsh. You understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's? Lack-a-daisy! my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have cross'd down Squash-lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash-lane?

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only *Mar.* Oh, sir! you're facetious. [One.]

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Mar. Zounds! man, we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though, perhaps, the landlord can accommodate us. *Land.* Alack, master! we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted*) I have hit it: don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside. [bolster.]

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a *Tony.* You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head, on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country—

Hast. O ho! so, we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure you bea'n't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum! you fool, you: let them find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large house on the road side: you'll see a pair of large horns over the door; that's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you. [can't miss the way?]

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants

Tony. No, no: but I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business: so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he, he, he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, eood! if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a' keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I'll just step, myself, and shew you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum!

Land. Ah, bless your heart for a sweet, pleasant, d-d mischievous son of a w—! (*Aside.*) [Exit.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—An old-fashioned House.

Enter HARDCASTLE, followed by two or three awkward servants.

Hard. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you those three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

All. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

All. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggor, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a shew at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you block-head you. See how Diggor carries his hands: they're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Dig. Ay, mind how I hold them; I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia; and so being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggo

you must be all attention to the guests: you must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees eating going forwards, ecod! he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Ecod! I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you're too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-lambling, as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then, ecod! your worship must not tell the story of Old Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that, ha, he, he, he! for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years; ha, ha, ha!

Hard. Ha, he, ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that; but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please. *(To Diggory.)* Eh! why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod! your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upon the table, and then I'm as bold as a lion.

Hard. A glass of wine, if you please. What will nobody move?

1 *Serv.* I'm not to leave this place.

2 *Serv.* I'm sure it's no place of mine.

3 *Serv.* Nor mine, for sartin.

Dig. Wauns! and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so, while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. Oh! you dunces! I find I must begin all over again. But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the meantime, and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate. *[Exit.]*

Dig. By the evelens! my place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be everywhere.

1 *Serv.* Where the devil's mine?

2 *Serv.* My place is to be so where at all; and so I've got about my business. *[Exeunt Servants.]*

Enter MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word a very well looking house; antique, but creditable.

Mar. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good house-keeping, it has at last come to Jerry contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fines. I have often seen a good side-board, or a marble chimney-piece, thought not actually put in the bill, inflame the bill, confoundedly.

Mar. Travellers must pay in all places; the only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Hast. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised that you, who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Mar. The Englishman's malady: but tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent

in a college or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation, that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman, except my mother; but among females of another class, you know—

Hast. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

Mar. They are of us, you know.

Hast. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Mar. Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith! I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hast. If you could say but half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the barmaid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker—

Mar. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them; they freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle; but to me, a modest woman, dressed out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha, ha, ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

Mar. Never; unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad start-question, of 'Madam, will you marry me?' No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you; but how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Mar. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low; answer yea, or no, to all her demands; but for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

Hast. I'm surprised, that one who is so warm a friend can be so cold a lover.

Mar. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you; the family don't know you; as my friend, you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? *(Mar. Advances.)* Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire! I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate; I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. (Aside.) He has got our names from the servants already. *(To Hard.)* We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. *(To Hast.)* I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning; I am grown considerably ashamed of mine. *[Money in this house.]*

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow you'll use no ceremony.

Hast. I fancy, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. We must, however, open the campaign.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This

is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fleetly at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. We must show our generosity by securing, if necessary, a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Mar. Ay, and we'll summon your garrison, old boy.

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hard. Marlow, what's o'clock?

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Mar. Five minutes to seven.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—You must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spending a drop of blood. So—

Mar. What? My good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. (Aside.)

Mar. Yes, sir, punch! A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable.

Enter Servant, with a tankard.

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Marlow's a cup, sir.

Mar. So, this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. (Aside to Hard.)

Hard. (Taking the cup.) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands; and I believe you'll owe the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Mar. Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (Drinks, and gives the cup to Marlow.)

Mar. A very impudent fellow this; but he's a character, and I'll honour him a little. (Aside.) Sir, my service to you.

Hard. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman. (Aside.)

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose. (Gives the tankard to Hardcastle.)

Hard. No, sir, I have been given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale. (Gives the tankard to Hastings.)

Hard. So, you have no time for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out, than I do about John Nokes or Tom Sides. So my service to you.

Mar. So that, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Mar. (After drinking.) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall. [philosophy.]

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little more. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. (Aside.)

Hard. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. (Drinks.)

Hard. Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir? Was ever such a request to a man in his own house? (Aside.)

Mar. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (Aside.) Why, really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave those kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hard. Oh! no, sir, none in the least; yet I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Mar. Let's see the list of the larder, then. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. (To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way, too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Mar. Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper; I believe it's drawn out. Your man, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Whallow. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it. (Sweet brings in the bill of fare, and exit.)

Mar. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. (Aside.) Better let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. (Phrasing.) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert—The devil, sir! Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, cheap and comfortable, will do.

Hard. But let's hear it.

Mar. (Reading.) For the first course: at the top, a pig and prune sauce.

Hard. D— your pig, say I.

Mar. And d— your prune sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with prune sauce, is very good eating.—Their impudence confounds me. (Aside.) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item: a pork pie, a boiled rabbit and snappages, a florentina, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house, as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to—

Mar. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I intreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. (*Aside.*)

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved, at least, to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned impudence. (*Aside, and exit with Mar.*)

Hast. So, I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry with those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ah! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy.

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

Miss N. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hast. Rather, let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

Miss N. An inn? you mistake: my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hast. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss N. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often. Ha, ha, ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss N. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it, too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hast. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here, to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with the journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where, even among slaves, the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss N. I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India Director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hast. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I

desire. In the meantime, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that, if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house, before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss N. But how shall we keep him in the deception? *Miss Hardcastle* is just returned from walking: what if we persuade him she is come to this house as to an inn? Come this way. (*They confer.*)

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps, not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife upon my back. They talk of coming to sup with us, too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family. What have we got here?

Hast. My dear Charles, let me congratulate you. The most fortunate accident! Who do you think

Mar. Cannot guess.

[Has just alighted.]

Hast. Our mistresses, boy! *Miss Hardcastle* and *Miss Neville*. Give me leave to introduce *Miss Constance Neville* to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called, on their return, to take fresh horses here. *Miss Hardcastle* has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

Mar. I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment. (*Aside.*)

Hast. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Mar. Oh! yes;—very fortunate;—a most joyful encounter. But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder. What if we postpone the happiness till to-morrow? To-morrow, at her own house: it will be every bit as convenient, and rather more respectful. To-morrow let it be. (*Offering to go.*)

Miss N. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will shew the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her. *Mar.* Oh! the devil! How shall I support it? *Hem, hem!* Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. *Hem!* (*Aside to Hast.*)

Hast. Psha, man! 'tis but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know. (*Aside to Mar.*)

Mar. And of all women, she that I dread most *Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, as returned from walking.*

Hast. (*Introducing them.*) *Miss Hardcastle*, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons together, who only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss H. (*Aside.*) Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir. I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Mar. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry, madam—or, rather, glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. *Hem!*

Hast. (*Aside to Mar.*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss H. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Mar. (*Gathering courage.*) I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little

company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss H. An observer, like you, upon life, was, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Mar. Pardon me, madam: I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of my mirth than uneasiness.

Hast. (Aside to Mar.) Bravo, bravo! Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Mar. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. *(Aside to Hast.)* Zounds! George, sure you won't go. How can you leave us?

Hast. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. *(Aside to Mar.)* You don't consider, madam, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own. *[Exit with Miss N.]*

Miss H. (After a pause.) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir. The ladies, I hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Mar. (Relapsing into timidity.) Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only to deserve them.

Miss H. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Mar. Perhaps so, madam: but I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex. But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss H. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself: I could hear it for ever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light, airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Mar. It's—a disease of the mind, madam. In variety of tastes, there must be some who, wanting a relish for—um—a—um.

Miss H. I understand you, sir. There must be some who wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Mar. My meaning, madam; but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing, that in this age of hypocrisy—a—

Miss H. Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent on some occasions? *(Aside.)* You were going to observe, sir—

Mar. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forgot what I was going to observe.

Miss H. I vow, and so do I. *(Aside.)* You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy,—something about hypocrisy, sir.

Mar. Yes, madam; in this age of hypocrisy, there are few, who, upon strict inquiry, do not—a—

Miss H. I understand you perfectly, sir. *[Myself.]* *Mar. (Aside.)* Egad! and that's more than I do.

Miss H. You mean that in this hypocritical age, there are few that do not condemn in public, what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Mar. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their months, have least of it in their bosoms. But I see Miss Neville expect us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss H. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray, go on.

Mar. Yes, madam, I was—but she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you.

Miss H. Well, then, I'll follow.

Mar. (Aside.) This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. *[Exit.]*

Miss H. Ha, ha, ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked me in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well, too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of, a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarcely answer. *[Exit.]*

Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE, followed by MRS. HARDCASTLE and HASTINGS.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

Miss N. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do; so I beg you'll keep your distance; I want no nearer relationship. *(She follows, coquetting him, to the back scene.)*

Mrs. H. Well, I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hast. Never there! you amaze me; from your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower-wharf.

Mrs. H. Oh! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort; all I can do, is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every *tête-à-tête* from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets, of Crooked Lane. Pray, how do you like this head?

Hast. Extremely elegant and *dégarde*, upon my word. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose.

Mrs. H. I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum-Book for the last year.

Hast. Indeed; such a head in a side-box at the play-house, would draw as many gazers as my lady mayores at a city-ball.

Mrs. H. One must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

Hast. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress. *(Bowling.)*

Mrs. H. Yet what signifies my dressing, when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle? All I can say will not argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right, madam; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs. H. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual gothic vivacity, he said, I only wanted him to throw off his wig, to convert it into a *tête* for my own wearing.

Hast. Intolerable! at your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. H. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

Hast. Some time ago, forty was all the mode

but I'll add, the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. H. Seriously? Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hast. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, a mere smoker of snuff.

Mrs. H. And yet, Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. H. My son, sir. They are contrived to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. (To them.) Well, Tony child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance, this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but, that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house that's left to myself but the stable.

Mrs. H. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss N. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces, to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a d—d confounded crack.

Mrs. H. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size, too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you.

Miss N. Oh, lad! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. H. Oh! the monster; for shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of any longer.

Mrs. H. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I, that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon. Did not I work that waistcoat to make you look genteel?

Tony. But, ecod! I tell you I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. H. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for you good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing this way, when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. H. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster.

Tony. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. H. Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. H. Well, I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation: was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy.

[Exit with Miss N.]

Tony. (Singing.)

"There was a young man riding by,
And fast would have his will,—*Rang do dillo dee.*"
Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a

book for an hour together, and they said they liked the book the better, the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'em.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer. And yet, she appears to me a pretty, well-tempered, girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter, cantankerous toad in all Christendom.

Hast. Pretty encouragement for a lover! (Aside.)

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a cat the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her power so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in the ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty—yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! she's off a made-up thing, man. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of those parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod! she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a puppet's cushion. She'd make two of 'em.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Aunty?

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend? for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod! I will to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chains, that shall trundle you off in a twinkling; and, may be, get you a part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear equire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along, then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. (Singing.)

"We are the boys that fears no noise," &c. [Exit.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—The same.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hast. What could my old friend, Sir Charles, mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town. To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fireside already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter: she will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, plainly dressed.
Well, Kate, I see you have changed your dress as I bid you; and yet, I think, there was no great occasion.

Miss H. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them, without ever debating their propriety.

Hast. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss H. You taught me so expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I never was so surprised in my life. He has quite confounded all my faculties.

Mrs. H. I never saw anything like it; and a man of the world, too!

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad.

Mrs. H. It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company, and a French dancing-master.

Mrs. H. Sure, you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look, that awkward address, that bashful manner—

Hard. Whose look? whose manner, child?

Mrs. H. Mr. Marlow's. His *mauvaise honte*, his timidity, struck me at the first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you: for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

Mrs. H. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious? I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Mrs. H. Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Mrs. H. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; and then left the room with a bow, and, 'Madam, I would not for the world detain you.'

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before;—asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer;—interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I was not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch!

Mrs. H. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shewn himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Mrs. H. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine. [reject him]

Hard. In one thing, then, we are agreed—to

Mrs. H. Yes, but upon conditions: for if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man. Certainly, we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so—but that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Mrs. H. And yet, there may be many good qualities under that first appearance. But as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

Hard. Agreed. But depend on't, I'm in the right.

Mrs. H. And depend on't, I'm not much in the wrong. [Exeunt.]

Enter TONY, running in with a casket.

Tony. Good, I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother sha'n't cheat the poor souls out of their fortune, neither. O! my genius, is that you?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother! I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be retouched at last. Our horses

will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way. [Giving the casket.] Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them. [your mother?]

Hast. But how have you procured them from Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau,

how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hast. Thousands do it every day. But, to be plain with you, Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way, at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment; leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. [Morrice;—prance.] [Exit Hastings.]

Enter MRS. HARCASTLE and MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs. H. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss N. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs. H. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-day-light, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

Miss N. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless, would like me best with all my finery about me?

Mrs. H. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does your cousin Con. want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as hereafter may be. [oblige me.]

Miss N. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would

Mrs. H. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. [Apart to Mrs. H.] Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. H. [Apart to Tony.] You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So, if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he! Tony. Never fear me, Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes. [Aside to Mrs. H.]

Miss N. I desire them but for one day, madam. Just to be permitted to shew them as relics, and then they may be looked up again.

Mrs. H. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them; you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss N. I'll not believe it; it is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept. As you are to answer for the loss—

Mrs. H. Don't be alarm'd, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. H. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss N. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. H. Now I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the meantime, you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss N. I detest garnets!

Mrs. H. The most becoming things in the world, to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You shall have them.

[Exit.

Miss N. Was ever anything so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss N. My dear cousin!

[Exit.

Tony. Vanish! She's here; and has missed them already. Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catharine wheel!

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. H. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family.

Mrs. H. We are robbed. My bureau has been broken open, the jewels taken out, and I am undone.

Tony. O! is that all? ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life, Ecod! I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. H. Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broken open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that. Ha! ha! ha! stick to that; call me to bear witness.

Mrs. H. I tell you Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

Tony. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. H. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. H. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest. I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right: you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. H. Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools in one hand, and thieves on the other?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. H. Bear witness again you blockhead, you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her? Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. H. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

[Exit.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE and Maid.

Miss H. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn: ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, ask'd me if you were the bar-maid. He mistook you for the bar-maid, madam.

Miss H. Did he? Then, as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry, in the Beaux' Stratagem?

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

[my face or person?

Miss H. And are you sure he don't remember

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss H. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss H. In the first place, I shall be seen; and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance; and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the vilest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard; and like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss H. Never fear me; I think I have got the true bar cant. Did your honour call? Attend the Lion there; pipes and tobacco for the Angel: the Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, madam; but he's here. [Exit.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtsy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

Miss H. Did you call, sir? Did your honour call?

Mar. (Musing.) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss H. Did your honour call?

Mar. No, child. (Musing.) Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss H. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Mar. No, no. (Musing.) I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll tomorrow please myself by returning. (Taking out his tablets and perusing.)

Miss H. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir.

Mar. I tell you, no.

Miss H. I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

Mar. No, no, I tell you. (Looks full in her face.) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss H. O! sir! you'll make one ashamed.

Mar. Never saw a more sprightly, malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it, in the house?

Miss H. No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Mar. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste,

just by the way of trial, of the nectar of your lips, perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss H. Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

Mar. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss H. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Mar. Eighteen years! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss H. O! sir! I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Mar. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. (*Approaching.*) Yet nearer I don't think so much. (*Approaching.*) By coming close to some women they look younger still: but when we come very close indeed—(*Attempting to kiss her.*)

Miss H. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age, as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Mar. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted?

Miss H. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here awhile ago in this obstreperous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you look dash'd, and kept bowing to the ground, and talk'd, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of the peace.

Mar. Egad! she has hit it sure enough. (*Aside.*) In awe of her child? ha, ha, ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing. No, no; I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me! [*among the ladies?*]

Miss H. O! then, sir, you are a favourite, I find.

Mar. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they see in me to follow. At the ladies' club in town, I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service.

(*Offering to salute her.*)

Miss H. Hold, sir! you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there, you say?

Mar. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Shigo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Backshin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss H. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

Mar. Yes; as merry as cards, supper, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss H. And their agreeable Rattle! ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. (*Aside.*) You laugh, child.

Miss H. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Mar. All's well; she don't laugh at me. (*Aside.*) Do you ever work, child?

Miss H. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but can bear witness to that.

Mar. Odsol! then you must shew me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. (*Seizing her hand.*)

Miss H. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning.

Mar. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck! I never nicked seven,

that I did not throw aces the aces three times following.

(*Exit.*)

Enter HARDCASTLE, who stands in surprise.

Hard. So, madam! so, I find this is your modest lover; this is your humble admirer, that keeps his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance.—Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

Miss H. Never trust me, my dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milk-maid? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss H. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one run mad. I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss H. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time; for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss H. Give me that hour, then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father: all fair and open, do you mind me?

(*Exit.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An old-fashioned House.

Enter MARLOW, followed by a Servant.

Mar. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Serv. Yes your honour.

Mar. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Serv. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it; and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

(*Exit.*)

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! they're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst. This little bar-maid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine; she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to repair to the bottom of the garden. Harlow, here, and in spirits too.

Mar. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hast. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crown'd with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Mar. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing that runs about the house, with a bunch of keys to her girdle.

Hast. Well, and what then?

Mar. She's mine, you rogue, you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

Hast. But are you so sure, so very sure of her?

Mar. Why, man, she talk'd of showing me her work above stairs, and I'm to improve the pattern.

Hast. But how can you, *Charles*, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

Mar. Psha! psha! we all know the honour of the barmaid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it: there's nothing in this house I shan't honestly pay for.

Hast. I believe the girl has virtue.

Mar. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hast. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

Mar. Yes, yes, it's safe enough; I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah, numskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself—I have—

Hast. What?

Mar. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hast. To the landlady?

Mar. The landlady.

Hast. You did?

[*seeming you know.*]

Mar. I did. She's to be answerable for its forth-

Hast. Yes; she'll bring it forth with a witness.

Mar. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

Hast. He must not see my weakness. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. You seem a little disconcerted, though, methinks. Sure, nothing has happened?

Hast. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady? who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge.

Mar. Rather too readily; for she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha, ha, ha!

Hast. He, he, he! They are safe, however.

Mar. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hast. So, now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. [*Aside.*] Well, *Charles*, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty barmaid; and, he, he, he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Thank ye, George; I ask no more. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet for my respect for his father, I'll be calm. [*Aside.*] Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*]

Mar. Sir, your humble servant—What's to be the wonder now? [*Aside.*]

Hard. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so.

Mar. I do, from my soul, sir, I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable; their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Mar. I protest, my very good sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar; I did, I assure you. Here, let one of my servants come up. My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below. [*do*]

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they

Mar. They had, I assure you; you shall hear from one of themselves. [*Enter Servant, drunk.*] You, *Jeremy*! come forward, sirrah. What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hard. I begin to lose my patience. [*Aside.*]

Ser. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-street for ever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man; I'll drink for me man before supper, sir, d—e! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon—hiccup—upon my conscience, sir. [*Exit.*]

Mar. You see, my old friend, this fellow's as drunk as he possibly can be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! he'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. [*Aside.*] Mr. Marlow, sir, I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Mar. Leave your house?—Sure you jest, my good friend. What, when I'm doing what I can to please you?

Hard. I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Mar. Sure you cannot be serious. At this time o'night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

Hard. I tell you, sir, I'm serious; and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha! A paddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. [*In a serious tone.*] This your house, fellow; it's my house; this is my house; mine, while I choose to stay! What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curses me, never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to toss me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, this house is mine, sir. By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, sir, [*entering.*] as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen; and a pair of bellows, perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Mar. Bring me your bill, sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There is a set of prints too! What think you of the *Bake's Progress* for your own apartment?

Mar. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hard. Then there's a bright, brassy warning-pan, that you may see your own brassy face in.

Mar. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Mar. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man, as a visitor here; but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*]

Mar. How's this? Sure I have not mistaken the

house! Everything looks like an inn: the servants cry coming! the attendance is awkward; the barmaid too to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child? a word with you.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Miss H. Let it be short, then; I'm in a hurry. I believe he begins to find out his mistake, but it's too soon quite to undeceive him. *(Aside.)*

Mar. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss H. A relation of the family, sir.

Mar. What, a poor relation?

Miss H. Yes, sir; a poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Mar. That is, you act as the barmaid of this inn.

Miss H. Inn! O la!—what brought that into your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn! Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn.

Mar. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss H. Ay, sir, whose else should it be?

Mar. So then, all's out, and I have been d——y imposed on. Oh, confound my stupid head! I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricature, in all the print-shops. The Dullissimo Macaroni. To mistake this house, of all others, for an inn, and my father's old friend for an inn-keeper. What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! what a silly puppy do I find myself! There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the barmaid.

Miss H. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behaviour to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Mar. Nothing, my dear, nothing; but I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way: I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's all over—this house I no more shew my face in.

Miss H. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me; I'm sure I should be sorry—*(pretending to cry)*—if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune, but my character.

Mar. By heaven, she weeps! This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. *(Aside.)*

Miss H. I'm sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's; and, though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Mar. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss H. Because it puts me at a distance from one that if I had a thousand pounds I would give it all to.

Mar. This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay I am undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. *(Aside.)* Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But, to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, makes an honourable connexion impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honour; or of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely.

(Exit.)

Miss H. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stooped to conquer, but I will undeceive my papa, who perhaps may laugh him out of his resolution. *(Exit.)*

Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time; I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss N. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be looked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are d—d bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle Jacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes; we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us.

(They retire, and seem to fondle.)

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. H. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure; but my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I sha'n't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? Fondling together, as I am alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ha! have I caught you my pretty doves. What, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs. Ha.

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure; but there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. H. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss N. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home; indeed, he sha'n't leave us any more. It won't leave us, Cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. Oh! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pond, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss N. Agreeable cousin, who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless—*(Patting his cheek.)*—Ha; it's a Mrs. H. Pretty innocence.

Tony. I'm sure I always lov'd cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that over the barmaids, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. H. Ah! he would charm the bird from the tree. I never was so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Droway's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

Dig. Where's the 'quire? I have got a letter for your worship. *(Letters first.)*

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my Dig. I had orders to deliver it into your own Tony. Who does it come from? *(Hands.)*

Dig. Your worship mun ask that o'the letter it self.

Tony. I could wish to know though. *(Turning the letter, and gazing on it.)*

Miss N. *(Aside.)* Undone, undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employed a little, if I can.—*(To Mrs. Hardcastle.)*—Bu

I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laugh'd. You must know, madam—this way a little, for he must not hear us. *(They confer.)*

Tony. (Still gazing.) A d—d cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print hand very well; but here they're such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. *To Anthony Lumpkin, Esq.*—It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough; but when I come to open it, it is all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. H. Ha, ha, ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher?

Miss N. Yes, Madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. H. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. (Still gazing.) A d—d up and down hand, as if disguised in liquor.—*(Reading.)*—*Dear sir,* Ay, that's that. Then there's an *M*, and a *T* and an *S*; but whether the next be an *issard* or an *R*, I confound me! I cannot tell. *[any assistance?]*

Mrs. H. What's that, my dear? Can I give you *Miss N.* Pray, aunt, let me read it. No body reads a cramp hand better than I.—*Twitching the letter from her.*—Do you know who it is from? *[Teeder.]*

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the *Miss N. Ay,* so it is.—*(Pretending to read.)*—*Dear squire,* hoping that you're in health, as I am at present. The gentleman of the Skate-bag club has cut the gentleman of the Goose-green quite out of feather. *Theodds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um—here, here;* it's all about cocks, and fighting; it's of no consequence; here, put it up, put it up.—*(Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.)*

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world; I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence! *(Giving Mrs. H. the letter.)*

Mrs. H. How's this? *(Reads.)*—*"Dear Squire,*—*I am now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden; but I and my horses yet unable to perform their journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Despatch is necessary, as the hag, (ay, the hag,) your mother, will otherwise suspect us."*

Yours

HASTINGS.

Grant me patience! I shall run distracted! My rage chokes me.

Miss N. I hope you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design that belongs to another.

Mrs. H. (Curtseying very low.) Fine spoken madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. *(Changing her tone.)* And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut, were you, too, joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree, will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You, too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Digory! I'll shew you that I wish you better than you do yourself. *[Exit.]*

Miss N. So, now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss N. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him?

Tony. By the laws! miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shakespeares and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. So, sir, I find, by my servant, that you have shewn my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another! Ask miss there who betrayed you. Ecod! it was her own doing, not mine.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. So, I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill-manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

Tony. Here's another! We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss N. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Mar. What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and youth are a protection?

Hast. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss N. Yet, with sunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub!

Mar. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! *(Starts up.)* D—e! but I'll fight you both, one after the other—with hankets.

Mar. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You know of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is a friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Mar. But sir—

Miss N. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter DIGGORY.

Dig. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to; your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. *[Exit.]*

Miss N. I come. Oh! Mr. Marlow, if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Mrs. H. (Within.) Miss Neville! Constance! why, Constance, I say!

Miss N. I'm coming. Well, constancy; remember, constancy is the word. *[Exit.]*

Hast. My heart, how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

Mar. (To Tony.) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. (From a reverie.) Ecod! I have hit it; it's here. Your hands; and yours, and yours, my poor Sulky. Meet me, two hours hence, at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin, a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.—SCENE I.—An old-fashioned House.

Enter SIR CHARLES MARLOW and HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Ha, ha, ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands.

Sir C. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

Hard. And yet, he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

Sir C. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper. Ha, ha, ha!

Hard. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of anything but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is but small—

Sir C. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness, and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do—

Hard. If, man! I tell you, they do like each other; my daughter as good as told me so.

Sir C. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hard. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your life, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. I come, sir, once more to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut! boy, a trifle; you take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

Mar. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me?

Mar. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has passed between you; but, mum.

Mar. Sure, sir, nothing has passed between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family.

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't say that—not quite impudence. Girls like to be played with, and rumbled too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Mar. May I die, sir, if I ever—

Hard. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her—

Mar. Dear, sir, I protest, sir—

Hard. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Mar. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hard. This fellow's formal, modest impudence is beyond bearing. *(Aside.)*

Sir C. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations.

Mar. As heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. *[Exit.]*

Sir C. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intractability of his assurance. *[Truth.]*

Sir C. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I won't stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve. Has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss H. The question is very abrupt, sir; but since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. (To Sir C.) You see.

Sir C. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss H. Yes, sir; several.

Hard. (To Sir C.) You see.

Sir C. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss H. A lasting one.

Sir C. Did he talk of love?

Miss H. Much, sir?

Sir C. Amazing! and all this formally?

Miss H. Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir C. And how did he behave, madam?

Miss H. As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir C. Now I'm perfectly convinced; indeed, I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner, by no means describes him, and I'm confident he never sat for the picture.

Miss H. Then, what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half-an-hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir C. Agreed; and if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. *[Exit with Hard.]*

Miss H. And if you don't find him what I describe, I fear my happiness must never have a beginning.

SCENE II.—The Back of the Garden.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps, with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, booted, &c.

My honest squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by-the-by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage coach.

Hast. But how? where did you leave your fellow-travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five-and-twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbit me! but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such varmint.

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them! why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hast. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mum. I have led them astray. By jingo! there's not a pond or along

within five miles of the place, but they can tell the taste of.

East. Ha, ha, ha! I understand; you took them in a round, while they thought themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again!

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones, up-and-down hill. I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree-heath; and from that, with a circum-bendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

East. But no accident, I hope?

Tony. No, no; only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

East. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble squire. Just now it was all idiot, cab, and ran me through the guts. D—n your way of fighting, I say! After we take a knock, in this part of the country, we shake hands and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might shake hands with the hangman.

East. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

[Exit.]

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish! She's got into the pond, and is dragged up to the waist like a mermale.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. H. Oh! Tony, I'm killed! shook! battered to death! I shall never survive it. The last jolt against the quick-set hedge has done my business.

Tony. Alack! mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. H. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents it so short a journey. Dream'd in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a sloop, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess, we should be upon Crack-skull common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. H. Oh, lud! oh, lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. H. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. H. Oh, death! *[sings; don't be afraid.]*

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mam-

Mrs. H. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us, we are *findeed*.

Tony. Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky! come to take one of his night-walks. *[Aside.]* Ah! it's a highwayman with pistols as long as my arm. A d—d ill-looking fellow!

Mrs. H. Good heaven defend us! he approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll cough and cry hem. When I cough be sure to keep close. *(Mrs. H. hides behind a tree in the back scene.)*

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh! Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. *Home.* *Mrs. H. (From behind.)* Ah, death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours! sure, that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys as they say. *Home!* *[Tony no harm.]*

Mrs. H. (From behind.) Sure, he'll do the dear

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

Tony. It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was saying, that forty miles in three hours was very good going. *Home!* As to be sure it was. *Home!* I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if your please. *Home!*

Hard. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved *(raising his voice)* to find the other out.

Mrs. H. (Rushing forward.) Oh, lud; he'll murder my poor boy—my darling. Here, good gentleman, what your rage upon me. Take my money—my life, but spare that young gentleman; spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife, as I'm a Christian! From whence can she come? or what does she mean?

Mrs. H. (Kneeling.) Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches—all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice; indeed, we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs. H. Mr. Harcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits. So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door. *(To Tony.)* This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue, you! *(To Mrs. H.)* Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree? and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

Mrs. H. Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. *(To Tony.)* And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod! mother, all the parish say you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. H. I'll spoil you, I will. *(Beats him off.)*

Hard. Ha, ha, ha! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—A Parlor.

Enter SIR CHARLES MARLOW, and MISS HARDCASTLE.

Sir C. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss H. I am proud of your approbation, and to shew I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir C. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. *[Exit.]*

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss H. (In her own natural manner.) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you

can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Mar. This girl every moment improves upon me. (*Aside.*) It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart, and nothing can restore me to myself, but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss H. Then go, sir; I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal assistance? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter HARDCASTLE and SIR CHARLES MARLOW from behind.

Mar. By heaven, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What, at first, seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence, and conscious virtue. I'm now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to deny his approbation.

Miss H. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity, but, seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion where I must appear mercenary, and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident address of a secure admirer?

Mar. (Kneeling.) Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam; every moment that shews your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue—

Sir C. I can hold it no longer. (*Coming forward.*) Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference—your uninteresting conversation?

Hard. Your cold contempt—your formal interview? What have you to say now?

Mar. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hard. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure; that you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Mar. Daughter! this lady your daughter?

Hard. Yes, sir; my only daughter—my Kate. Whose else should she be?

Mar. Oh! the devil!

Miss H. Yes, sir; that very identical tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. (*Whispering.*) She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity; and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the ladies' club. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Zounds! there's no bearing this.

Miss H. In which of your characters, sir, will you give me leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud, confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Backskin, till three in the morning. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. H. Oh! curse on my noisy head! I never at-

ttempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man. (*They retire, she tormenting him, to the back scene.*)

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE and TONY.

Mrs. H. Sir, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I heard. Who's gone?

Mrs. H. My faithful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town; he who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir C. Who, my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice. (*Of the connexion.*)

Hard. Then, by the hand of my body, the proud

Enter HASTINGS and Miss H.

Mrs. H. What, returned as usual, I begin not to like it. (*Aside.*)

Hard. (To Harcastle.) For my sake attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

Miss N. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I'm now recovered from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connexion.

Hard. Be it what it will, I'm glad they're come back to reclaim their due. Some hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand, which I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concerning your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desires to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. (*Taking Miss Neville's hand.*) Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, esquire, of Blank-place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constantia Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir C. O! brave squire!

Mar. My worthy friend!

Mrs. H. My ungrateful offspring. (*Beats Tony off.*)

Mar. Joy, my dear George; I give you joy sincerely; and could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Hard. (To Miss Harcastle.) Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hard. (Joining their hands.) And I say so, too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever regret your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning; so, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife. (*Exit*)

DOUGLAS.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JOHN HOME.



Doug.—"I CAN PROTECT THEE STILL."—*Act V, scene 7.*

Persons Represented.

LORD RANDOLPH
GLENALVON

YOUNG NORVAL
OLD NORVAL

LADY RANDOLPH
ANNA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Cour of a Castle, surrounded with woods.*

Enter LADY RANDOLPH through the castle gates.

Lady R. Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewell awhile: I will not leave you long;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who, from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.

Oh! Douglas, Douglas! if departed ghosts
Be e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant loss.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn;
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
Oh! disregard me not; though I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my Douglas, in a bloody grave.
But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord R. Again these weeds of woe! say, dost thou well,

To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
The living claim some duty; vainly thou
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady R. Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:
Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives.

Lord R. Time that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,

Has past o'er thee in vain.

Sure, thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm:
Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

Lady R. Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers:
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.

Lord R. Thy grief wreaths to thy purposes my words.

I never ask'd of thee that ardent love,
Which in the breasts of Fancy's children burns,
Decent affection and complacent kindness
Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain:
Hence, with the less regret my eyes behold
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:
If I should perish by the Danish sword,
Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

Lady R. Thou dost not think so: woeful as I am,
I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
But whither goest thou now?

Lord R. Straight to the camp,
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands
Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he be come to tell
The Danes are landed.

Lady R. Oh! may adverse winds,
Far from the coast of Scotland drive their fleet!
And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

Lord R. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's wish:

Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel be fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand!
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore.
Lady, farewell: I leave thee not alone;
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.

[Exit.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love:
Urg'd by affection, I have thus presumed
To interrupt your solitary thoughts;
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
And lose in sadness.

Lady R. So to lose my hours
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, lady, suits not with my state:

But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
In early youth, the husband of your heart?

Lady R. Oh!

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious love,
And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?
Forgive me, lady; humble tho' I am,
The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:
So fervently I love you, that to dry
These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady R. What pow'r directed thy unconscious tongue

To speak as thou hast done? to name—

Anna. I know not:

But since my words have made my mistress tremble,

I will speak no more; but silent mix
My tears with her's.

Lady R. No, thou shalt not be silent.
I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be,
Henceforth, th' instructed partner of my woes.
But what avails it? can thy feeble pity
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?
Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive?

Anna. What means my noble mistress?

Lady R. Didst thou not ask what had my sorrows been,

If I in early youth had lost a husband?
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,
Mangled with wounds, the husband of my youth;
And in some cavern of the ocean lies
My child and his.

Anna. Oh! lady, most rever'd!

The tale wrapp'd up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

Lady R. Alas! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
That my brave brother should in battle save
The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
To see the vaunted sister of his friend,
Impatient Douglas to Balarmo came,
Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:
My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of
down,

Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd
To fight his father's battles: and with him,
In spite of all my tears did Malcolm go.
Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire was told
That the false stranger was Lord Douglas' son.
Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword,
And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
Kneeling beneath his sword, falt'ring, I took
An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity!
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path! although the earth should gape,
And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind
Durst own a truth so hardy!

Lady R. The first truth

Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,
This precious moral from my tragic tale.—
In a few days, the dreadful tidings came
That Douglas and my brother both were slain.

Anna. My dearest lady! many a tale of tears
I've listen'd to; but never did I hear
A tale so sad as this.

Lady R. In the first days

Of my distracting grief, I found myself
As women wish to be who love their lords.
But who durst tell thy father? The good priest
Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell:
They two alone were privy to the marriage.
On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
Till time should make my father's fortune mine.
That very night on which my son was born,
My nurse, the only confidant I had,

Set out with him to reach her sister's house:
But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen,
Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.

Anna. Not seen or heard of! then, perhaps, he
lives.

Lady R. No. It was dark December: wind and
rain.

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
The destin'd road; and in its swelling flood
My faithful servant perish'd with my child.

Anna. Ah! Lady, see, Glenalvon comes:
I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,
And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady R. I will avoid him. An ungracious person
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's
heir?

Lady R. Because he's not the heir of Randolph's
virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind
An artificial image of himself;
And he with ease can vary to the taste
Of different men its features.
Why I describe him thus, I'll tell hereafter:
Stay and detain him till I reach the castle. [Exit.

Anna. Oh! happiness, where art thou to be
found?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,
Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth arrayed:
Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell;
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

Enter. GLENALVON.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?
Like some entranc'd and visionary seer,
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to
heaven.

Anna. Would that I were s'en as thou say'st, a
seer,

To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd!

Glen. What does thou doubt of? what hast thou
to do

With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,
Cannot be question'd: think of these good gifts,
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let woman view yon monument of woe,
Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?
But I must follow: this revolving day
Awakes the memory of her ancient woes. [Exit.

Glen. So!—Lady Randolph shuns me; by-and-
by,

I'll woo her as the Hon. woos his bride.

The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord

Of these rich valleys, and a chief of pow'r.

The season is most apt; my sounding steps

Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.

Randolph has liv'd too long: his better fate

Had the ascendance once, and kept me down:

When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,

Revolv'd, and had the lady for his labour:

I escap'd unknown: a slender consolation!

Heav'n is my witness that I do not love

To sow in peril, and let others reap

The joyful harvest. Yet, I am not safe;

By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,

Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,

And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.

The way of woman's will I do not know:

But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.

I will not live in fear: the man I dread

Is as a Dane to me: ay, and the man

Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.

No bar but he: she has no kinsman near;

No brother in his sister's quarrels bold:

And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Court, &c.

Don. (Without.) Bring him along.

Str. (Without.) Help! help!

Don. (Entering.) Along, I say.

Enter DONALD and a Stranger, and LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA through the castle-gate.

Lady R. What means this clamour? Stranger,
speak secure;
Hast thou been wrong'd? Have these rude men
presum'd

To vex the weary traveller on his way?

Don. By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong:
This man with outry wild has call'd us forth;
So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

Enter Four Attendants, LORD RANDOLPH, and
NORVAL, with their words drawn and bloody.

Lady R. Not vain the stranger's fears! how fares
my lord?

Lord R. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant
youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way, four armed men attack'd me;
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him: but his active arms
Struck to the ground, from thence they rose no
more,

The fiercest two; the others fled apace,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady Randolph, upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

Lady R. My lord, I cannot speak what now I
feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heaven,
And to this noble youth.

Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should
thank?

Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

Lord R. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd
not:

But I must know who my deliverer is. (To Norval.)

Norval. A low born man, of parentage obscure,

Who nought can boast but his desire to be

A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord R. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled

By the great King of kings! thou art ordain'd

And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand

Of nature! Blush not, flower of modesty

As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Norval. My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,

Whose constant cares were to increase his store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home.

For I had heard of battles, and I long'd

To follow to the field some warlike lord;

And heav'n soon granted what my sire deny'd.

This moon which rose last night, round as my

shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light

A band of fierce barbarians from the hills

Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale.

Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds
led

For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took, then hasted to my friends;
Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the sp' ill-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ee a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master,
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, heaven directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord R. He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty reborn'd?
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
Ha, my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

Lady R. I cannot say: for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe, and I admire
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety;
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,
Bent upon peril, in the range of death;
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth deny'd.
In this attempt, unknown he might have perish'd,
And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working hand of heaven.

Lord R. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts;
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.

Norv. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am
In speech and manners; never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me
bold,

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady R. (To Norval.) I will be sworn thou wilt
not. Thou shalt be

My Knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord R. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid
reply.

(To Norval.)

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.
Some of my train I see are speeding hither.
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us begone, my lord.

Lord R. (To Lady R.) About the time that the
declining sun

Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
Free is his heart who for his country fights;
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,
When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that never may return.

(Exeunt all but Lady R. and Anna.)

Lady R. Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?
At every happy parent I repine!
How bless'd the mother of yon gallant Norval!
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him bless her when a man was born.
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas! alas! why will you thus resume
Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth
Would for awhile have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gaz'd, with a look
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady R. Delighted, say'st thou? Oh! even there
mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow;
I thought that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant
stranger.

While thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,
And like an orphan cast upon my care.
I will protect thee, (said I to myself.)

With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure, heav'n will bless so generous a re-
solve.

You must, my noble dame, exert your power:

You must awake: devices will be fram'd,

And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady R. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will
work

Against a rival in his kinsman's love,

If I deter him not: I only can.

Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware

How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.

I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Ran-
dolph?

Lady R. Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the
base—

Glen. I have: and that the villains may not
escape,

With a strong band I have begirt the wood.

If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,
And torture force from them th' important secret,
Whether some foe of Randolph hir'd their swords,
Or if—

Lady R. That care becomes a kinsman's love;
I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear. [Exit Anna.]

Glen. To him your counsels always are com-
mands.

Lady R. I have not found so: thou art known to
me.

Glen. Known?

Lady R. Ay, known!

And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

Glen. What do you know? By heaven,
You much amaze me. No created being,
Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

Lady R. Is guilt so bold? and dost thou make a merit

Of thy pretended meekness? This to me, Who, with a gentleness which duty blames, Have hitherto conceal'd, what, if divulg'd, Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse than that,

An outcast beggar, and unpitied too: For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind! Permit me yet to say, that the fond man Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds, If he be brought by love to misery, In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn, Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd: For mortals know that love is still their lord, And o'er their vain resolves advances still: As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves Thro' the dry heath before the fanning wind.

Lady R. Reserve those accents for some other ear;

To love's apology I listen not.

Mark thou my words: for it is meet thou shouldst. His brave deliverer, Randolph here retains. Perhaps his presence may not please thee well: But at thy peril, practise sought against him; Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake And loosen the good root he has in Randolph; Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted. Thou look'st at me as if thou fain wouldst pry Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech. I give this early caution, and put on The curb, before thy temper breaks away. The friendless stranger my protection claims: His friend I am, and he not thou his foe. [Exit.

Glen. Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,

And be the shallow fool of coward conscience! I am not what I have been; what I should be. The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith In holy legends, and religious tales, I should conclude there was an arm above That fought against me, and malignant turn'd, To catch myself the subtle snare I set. Why, rape and murder are not simple means! Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse; And the intended murder introduc'd A favourite to hide the sun from me; And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell! This were thy centre, if I thought she lov'd him! 'Tis certain she contemns me; nay, commands me, And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me, In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd? Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame Chastity? Infernal fiends, if any fiends there be More fierce than love, ambition, and revenge, Rise up and fill my bosom with your fires, Darkly a project peers upon my mind, Like the red moon when rising in the east, Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds. I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither, And for his cowardice was spurn'd from him. I've known a follower's rank'd bosom breed Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Court, &c., as before.

Enter DONALD and ANNA through the castle-gates.

Don. One of the vile assassins is secur'd, That struck this morning at Lord Randolph's life. We found the villain lurking in the wood:

With dreadful imprecations, he denies All knowledge of the crime. But this is not His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd In the most secret places of his garment; Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd. *Anna.* Let me look on them. Ha! here is a heart, The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name! These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch. [Exit.

Enter Servants with a Prisoner.

Pria. I know no more than does the child unborn Of what you charge me with.

Don. You say so, sir! But torture soon shall make you speak the truth. Behold the lady of Lord Randolph comes: Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Anna. (*Aside to Lady R.*) Summon your utmost fortitude before

You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame, Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret, Which, in a moment, from your lips may fly.

Lady R. Thou shalt behold me, with a desperate heart,

Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

(*Aside to Anna.*) *Pria.* Heav'n bless that countenance so sweet and mild!

A judge like thee makes innocence more bold. Oh, save me, lady, from these cruel men, Who have attack'd and seiz'd me; who accuse Me of intended murder. As I hope For mercy at the judgment seat of heaven, The tender lamb, that never nipp'd the grass, Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady R. Of this man's guilt what proof can you produce?

Don. We found him lurking in the hollow glen. When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled. We overtook him, and inquir'd from whence, And what he was: he said he came from far, And was upon his journey to the camp. Not satisfy'd with this, we search'd his clothes, And found these jewels; whose rich value pleas'd Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems, And old in villany. Permit us to try His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pria. Oh, gentle lady, by your lord's dear life, Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assault, And by your children's welfare, spare my age! Let not the iron tear my ancient joints, And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady R. Account for these: thine own they cannot be;

For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth; Detected falsehood is most certain death.

(*Anna signs to Donald and Attendants, and they retire.*)

Pria. Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man, For sake of lucre, sin against his soul! Eternal justice is in this most just!

I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady R. Oh, Anna, hear. (*Aside to Anna.*) Once more I charge thee speak

The truth direct: for these to me fortell And certify a part of thy narration: With which if the remainder tally not, An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pria. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you as just

As if you were the minister of heaven, Sent down to search the secret sins of men. Some eighteen years ago, I rented land

Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarino's lord;
But, falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother,)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. While thus we poorly liv'd,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person
lost:

But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light, I saw, whirl'd round and
round,

A basket; soon I drew to the bank,
And nest'd curious there an infant lay.

Lady R. Was he alive?

Pris. He was.

Lady R. Inhuman that thou art!

How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests
spard?

Pris. I am not so inhuman.

Lady R. Didst thou not?

Pris. The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them.
And such a man was I; a man declin'd,
Who saw no end of black adversity:
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady R. Ah! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he
lives!

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady R. Oh! God of heav'n! Did he, then, die so
late?

Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.

Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady R. Where is he now?

Pris. Alas! I know not where.

Lady R. Oh, fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler,
speak

Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.

Pris. Fear not my faith, tho' I must speak my
shame;

Within the cradle where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed this noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travell'd to the north!
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought
forth

Our secret wealth. But heaven's all-seeing eye
Behold our avarice, and smote us sore.

For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain, then, would I,
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
Have trasted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent

Meanwhile, the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain: for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came—

Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy name?

Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he
bears.

Lady R. 'Tis he! 'Tis he himself! It is my son!
Oh! sovereign mercy! 'twas my child I saw!

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and jestures rightly judg'd,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master:
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were vain.

I am, indeed, the daughter of Sir Malcolm:
The child thou rescued from the flood is mine.

Pris. (Kneels.) Bless'd be the hour that made me
a poor man;

My poverty hath sav'd my master's house!

Lady R. (Raising *Old Norval*.) Thy words sur-
prise me: sure, thou dost not feign:

The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not; if a right
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best and kindest master.

But, ah! he knew not of my sad estate.

After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;

And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:

May heav'n so judge me as I judg'd my master!

And God so love me as I love his race!

Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy
faith
Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.

Remember'st thou a little lonely hut,

That like a holy hermitage appears

Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember

The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R. 'Tis that I mean:

There dwells a man of venerable age,

Who in my father's service spent his youth:

Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,

Till I shall call upon thee to declare

Before the king and nobles what thou now

To me hast told. No more but this, and thou

Shalt live in honour all thy future days;

Thy son so long shall call thee father still,

And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd

The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

Remember well my words: if thou shouldst meet

Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so;

And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I shall mar so fair an
harvest,

By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.

Why did I leave my home and ancient dame?

To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,

And make him wear these jewels on his arms;

Which might, I thought be challeng'd, and so bring

To light the secret of his noble birth.

(*Anna beckons to DONALD and Servants, and they
re-enter.*)

Lady R. This man is not th' assassin you sus-
pected,

Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against him.

He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
Since your mistaken zeal has dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Prisoner and Servants.*]

My faithful Anna, dost thou share my joy?
I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!
Beaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father!
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
For such a gift! What does my Anna think
Of the young eaglet of a vallant nest?
How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,
Spurn'd the low dughill where his fate had thrown him.

And tower'd up to the region of his sire?
Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!
Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord
Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

Lady R. The ready story of his birth believ'd,
Suppress'd my fancy quite; nor did he owe
To any likeness my so sudden favour:
But now I long to see his face again,
Examine every feature, and find out
The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.
But most of all, I long to let him know
Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself.

In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
And in observers stir conjectures strange.
To-day the baron started at your tears.

Lady R. He did so, Anna! well thy mistress knows,

If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would be
With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
It does behove me instant to declare
The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
This night I purpose with my son to meet,
Reveal the secret and consult with him:
For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs.
As he does now, so look'd his noble father;
Array'd in nature's ease; his mien, his speech,
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
But when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
Up rose the hero: on his piercing eye
Sat observation; on each glance of thought
Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt
Pursues the flash.

Anna. That demon haunts you still:—
Behold Glenalvon.

Lady R. Now I shun him not.
This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval:
Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears
For Douglas thus interpret.

[*Exit Anna.*]

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Noble dame!
The hovering Dane at last his men hath landed:
No band of pirates; but a mighty host,
That come to settle where their valour conquers:
To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady R. How many mothers shall bewail their sons!

How many widows weep their husbands slain!
Ye dames of Denmark! ev'n for you I feel,

Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beast shore,
Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword
Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.
The monster war, with her infernal brood,
Loud-yelling fury, and life-ending pain,
Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.
Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death;
Reproach, more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady R. I scorn thee not, but when I ought to

scorn:

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
Against audacious vice asserts herself.
I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt
Than I to praise thy eminence in arms,
And be the echo of thy martial fame.
No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:
Go and pursue a lawful mistress, glory.
Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.
Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd

man.

When beauty pleads for virtue, vice, abash'd,
Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
I am your convert; time will shew how truly:
Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,
Somewhat too haughtily, defy'd your slave,
Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
And turn death from him, with a guardian arm.

Lady R. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend:

But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,
The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest'd.

[*Exit.*]

Glen. Amen! and virtue is its own reward!—
I think that I have hit the very tone

In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
How pleasing art thou to the taste of man,
And women also; flattery direct
Barely disguis'd! They little know mankind
Who doubt its operation; 'tis my key,
And opens the wicket of the human heart.
How far I have succeeded now, I know not.
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
Is huff'd awhile: 'tis her alone I fear:
Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith
And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
That slave of Norval's I have found most apt:
I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
To say and swear whatever I suggest.
Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
To charm the nicer and fastidious dames,
Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.
In raising Randolph's jealousy I may
But point him to the truth. He seldom errs,
Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—A Court.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH, attended, through the castle-gates.

Lord R. Summon a hundred horse, by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle-gate.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady R. Alas, my lord, I've heard unwelcome news:
The Danes are landed.

Lord R. Ay, no I need this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil:
No sportive war, no tournament essay,
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed; we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady R. Dreadful times.

Lord R. The fenceless villages are all forsaken;
The trembling mothers and their children lodg'd
In well-wrought towers and castles; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady R. Immense, as I have reports, the Danish host.

Lord R. Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,

An army knit like ours would pierce it thro':
Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
And fond companions, fill our warlike files:
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
The husband, and the fearless father arm.
In vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,
And the poor peasant makes his daring lord.

Lady R. Men's minds are temper'd, like their swords, for war;

Hence early graves; hence the lone widow's life.
And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age
Where is our gallant guest?

Lord R. Down in the vale
I left him, managing a fiery steed,
Whose stubbornness had told the strength and skill
Of every rider. But, behold he comes,
In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter GLENALVON and NORVAL.

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale:
Private I travel to the royal camp:
Norval, thou go'st with me. But say, young man,
Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
And in such terms, as I o'erheard to-day?
War is no village science, nor its phrase
A language taught amongst the shepherd swains.

Norv. Small is the skill my lord delights to praise

In him he favours.—Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, form'd by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd, a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wondrous swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and pity. Mild he spake,
And, entering on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfred led,
Against the usurping Infidel display'd
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would
shake

His years away, and act his young encounters.

Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,

And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

(Trumpet sounds)

Lord R. From whence those sounds?

Enter DONALD.

Don. My lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn;

Their vallant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord R. Mine ancient guest, does he the warriors lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms?

Don. No; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword.

His eldest hope, the vallant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord R. Glenalvon, go,
With hospitality's most strong request
Entreat the chief.

(Exit Glen.)

Don. My lord, requests are vain.

He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

Lord R. May victory sit on the warrior's plume.

Brave of men; his flocks and herds are safe;

From war's alarms his pastures lie,

By mountains inaccessible secur'd:

Yet foremost he into the plain descends,

Eager to bleed in battles not his own.

Such were the heroes of the ancient world:

Contemners they of indolence and gain:

But still for love of glory and of arms,

Prone to encounter peril, and to life

Against each strong antagonist the spear.

I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

(Exit with Donald.)

Lady R. The soldier's loftiness, the pride and pomp,

Investing awful war, Norval, I see,

Transport thy youthful mind.

Norv. Ah, should they not?

Bless'd be the hour I left my father's house!

I might have been a shepherd all my days,

And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.

Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;

And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady R. There is a generous spirit in thy breast,

That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.

Since lucky chance has left us here alone

Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,

I will amaze thee with a wondrous tale.

Norv. Let there be danger, lady, with the

secret,

That I may hug it to my grateful heart,

And prove my faith. Command my sword, my

life:

These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

Lady R. Know'st thou these gems?

(Shows the Jewels.)

Norv. Durst I believe mine eyes,

I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady R. Thy father's, say'st thou? Ah, they

were thy father's!

Norv. I saw them once, and curiously inquir'd

Of both my parents, whence such splendour came?

But I was check'd and more could never learn.

Lady R. Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's son.

Norv. Not Norval's son!

Lady R. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Norv. Lady, who am I, then?

Lady R. Noble thou art;

For noble was thy sire!

Norv. I will believe—

Oh, tell me further! Say, who was my father?

Lady R. Douglas!

Norv. Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

Lady R. His younger brother.

Norv. And in yonder camp?

Lady R. Alas!

Norv. You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?

Lady R. Ah, too brave, indeed!

He fell in battle, ere thyself was born.

Norv. Ah! me unhappy! ere I saw the light?

But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady R. She lives; but wastes her time in constant woe.

Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Norv. You that are skill'd so well in the sad story

Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion
Upon this offspring of the friends you lov'd.
Oh! tell me who, and where my mother is!
Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And, desolate, implores of heaven the aid
Her son should give. It is, it must be so—
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.
Oh, tell me her condition! Can the sword—
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady R. Thy virtue ends her woe!—My son, my son!

Norv. Art thou my mother?

Lady R. I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas.

Norv. Ever let me kneel.

Lady R. Image of Douglas. Fruit of fatal love!
All that I owe thy sire, I pay to thee.

Norv. Respect and admiration still possess me,
Checking the love and fondness of a son.
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.
But did my sire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady R. Arise, my son. In me thou dost behold

The poor remains of beauty once admir'd:
Yet in my prime, I equal'd not thy father:
His eyes were like the eagle's, yet, sometimes,
Like the dove's: and, as he pleas'd, he won
All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Norv. How did he fall? Sure, 'twas a bloody field

When Douglas died. Oh! I have much to ask.

Lady R. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes;
At present this:—thou art the rightful heir
Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
Which now Lord Randolph, as my husband holds.

But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power
To right thee still: before the king I'll kneel,
And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Norv. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady R. But we shall need both friends and favour, boy,

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe

Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Norv. To be the son of Douglas is to me
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady R. Thou dost not know what perils and injustice

Await the poor man's valour. Oh, my son,
The noblest blood in all the land's abas'd,
Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
That we should part before yon chiefs return.
Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
Anxious to see thee, dictated before
This casual opportunity arose

Of private conference. Its purport mark:

For as I there appoint, we meet again.
Leave me, my son, and frame thy manners still
To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

Norv. I will remember. Where is Norval now?
That good old man.

Lady R. At hand conceal'd he lies,
An useful witness. But beware, my son,
Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast
Besides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
To false conjecture, he hath griev'd my heart.

Norv. Has he, indeed? Then let yon false Glenalvon

Beware of me. [Exit.]

Lady R. There bursts the smother'd flame.

Oh, thou art righteous and eternal King!
Who father of the fatherless art call'd,
Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord,
Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd;
Set him on high like them that he may shine,
The star and glory of his native land!
Then let the minister of death descend,
And bear my willing spirit to its place.
Yonder they come. How do bad women find
Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?
When I by reason, and by justice urg'd,
Full hardly can dissemble with these men
In nature's pious cause.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord R. Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady R. Be not, my lord, by his example
away'd:

Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
And, when you enter, speak of war no more. [Exit.]

Lord R. 'Tis so, by heav'n! her mien, her voice,
her eye,

And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

Glen. He parted from her now: behind the
mount,

Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord R. For sad sequester'd virtue she's re-
nown'd!

Glen. Most true, my lord.

Lord R. Yet this distinguish'd dame
Invites a youth, th' acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This assignment, (shows a letter) the assassin freed,
Her manifest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain.
Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded;
Much more to mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
Whose heart he knows he has not: tho' she bring

A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen
Cold and contemplative—he cannot trust her;
She may, she will bring shame and sorrow on
him;

The worst of sorrow, and the worst of shame!

Glen. Yield not, my lord, to such afflictive
thoughts;

But let the spirit of a husband sleep,
Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.
This billet must to blooming Norval go:
At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;
I'll give it him refitted for his master.
In the close thicket take your secret stand;
The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may
judge

Of their behaviour.

Lord R. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay.
Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest, in a young man's eye,
Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind;
And the proud conqueror in triumph moves,
Air-borne, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord R. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my lord!

Withdraw a little: I'll accost young Norval,
And with ironical, derisive counsel
Explore his spirit. If he be no more
Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,
Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonished from me:
But if he be the favourite of the fair,
Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord R. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But let
my lord

His rising wrath restrain. [*Exit Lord Randolph.*]
'Tis strange, by heav'n!
That she should run full tilt her fond career,
To one so little known. She, too, that seem'd
Pure as the winter stream, when ice, emboss'd,
Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,
Whose charity exceeds not Precious sex!
Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts!

Enter, DOUGLAS.

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To obide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. (*Aside.*)
Has Norval seen the troops?

Doug. The setting sun,
With yellow radiance, lighten'd all the vale;
And, as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
Corselet, or spear, glanc'd back his glided beams.
The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring they seem'd,
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well: no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

Doug. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise, pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial
deeds
Have rank'd you with the great: but mark me,
Norval;

Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.

Give them all honour; seem not to command;
Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung
power,

Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Doug. Sir, I have been accusom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:
And though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their
scorn,

Yet, in such language I am little skill'd;
Therefore, I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power?
With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean

To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Doug. My pride!

Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.

Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's
sake.

I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

Doug. A shepherd's scorn!

Glen. Yes, if you presume

To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said, in secret, you're no match for me;
What will become of you?

Doug. If this were told!— (*Aside.*)

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?

Doug. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly, I did; a nobler foe

Had not been question'd thus. But, such as these—

Doug. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Doug. So I am;

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son; a wandering beggar-boy;
At best, no more; even if he speak the truth.

Doug. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my
truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as
hell,

Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Doug. If I were chain'd unarm'd, and bed-rid
old,

Perhaps I should revile: but, as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval

Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,

And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,

I'd tell thee—that thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to
command

Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Doug. Villain, no more!

Draw, and defend thy life. I did design

To have defied thee in another cause;

But heav'n accelerates thy vengeance on thee.

Now, for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord R. Hold! I command you both. The man
that stirs,

Makes me his foe.

Doug. Another voice than thine,
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous con-
descending!

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!

Doug. Now you may scoff in safety.
(*Sheathes his sword.*)

Lord R. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Doug. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you
much,

My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak: I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but, ev'n him,
And his high arbitration, I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord;
Honour, sole judge, and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go.
Hence, as he came: alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial
voice:

The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.
Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Doug. And I.

Enter DONALD.

Don. The banquet waits.

Lord R. We come.

[*Exit with Donald.*]

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled brow,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy
brow;

Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Doug. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment;
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Wood.

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. This is the place, the centre of the grove;
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unobscured, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in sight believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter OLD NORVAL.

Old N. 'Tis he: but what if he should chide me
hence?

His just reproach I fear.

[*Douglas turns and sees him.*]

Forgive, forgive;
Camest thou to forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son?

Doug. Welcome to me; thou art my father still:
Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy.
Welcome to me; my fortunes thou shalt share,
And, ever honour'd, with thy Douglas live.

Old N. And dost thou call me father? Oh! my
son,

I think that I could die, to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime

Which, in the wilderness, so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,

That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Among the shepherds, in the humble cot,
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend: and, when my vassals
bow,

Norval shall smooth the crest'd pride of Douglas.

Old N. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
Yet grievous are my fears. Oh! leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers.

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Old N. Lord Randolph and his kinsmen seek
your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Doug. I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustomed path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came:
Unseen, I lurk'd and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd; Lord Randolph this,
And that Glenalvon: still of you they spoke,
And of the lady: threat'ning was their speech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said; a wonderful discovery:
And, ever and anon, they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Old N. For being what you are,—

Sir Malcolm's heir. How else have you offend'd?
When they were gone, I hid me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose.
But I could think of none; at last, perplex'd,
I issu'd forth, encompassing the tower
With many a wary step and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness;
But I will not suspect the Noble Randolph.
In our encounter with the vile assassins,
I mark'd his brave demeanour; him I'll trust.

Old N. I fear you will, too fast.

Doug. Here, in this place,
I wait my mother's coming; she shall know
What thou hast told; her counsel I will follow;
And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
You must depart; your presence may prevent
Our interview.

Old N. My blessing rest upon thee!

Oh! may heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the
wave,
And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;
Turning mischance, if aught hang o'er thy head,
All upon mine!

[*Exit.*]

Doug. He loves me like a parent;
And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves;
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.

Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil;
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flows.
Ye glorious stars! high heav'n's resplendent host;
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish;

Living, or dead, let me but be renown'd!
 May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
 To give a bold defiance to our host!
 Before he speaks it out, I will accept;
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady R. My son! I heard a voice—

Doug. The voice was mine.

Lady R. Didst thou complain aloud to nature's ear.

That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
 By stealth, the mother and the son should meet?

(Embracing him.)

Doug. Oh; on this happy day, this better birth-day,

My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

Lady R. Sad fear and melancholy still divide

The empire of my breast with hope and joy.

Now hear what I advise.

Doug. First, let me tell

What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady R. My heart forebodes some evil!

Doug. 'Tis not good—

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
 The good old Norval, in the grove, o'erheard
 Their conversation: oft they mention'd me
 With dreadful threatenings; you, they sometimes
 nam'd.

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery;
 And ever and anon, they vow'd revenge.

Lady R. Gracious heav'n! we are betray'd:

They have found out the secret of thy birth:

It must be so. That is the great discovery.

Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own;

And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps, e'en now,

Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait

A darker and more silent hour, to break

Into the chamber, where they think thou sleep'st,

This moment; this, heav'n hath ordain'd to save
 thee!

Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave you here?

No; to the castle let us go together,

Call up the ancient servants of your house,

Who, in their youth, did eat your father's bread:

Then tell them loudly, that I am your son.

If in the breasts of men, one spark remain

Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,

Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few

To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady R. Oh! nature, nature! what can check
 thy force?

Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!

But rush not on destruction: save thyself,

And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.

Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.

That winding path conducts thee to the river.

Cross where thou seest a broad and broken way;

Which, running eastward, leads thee to the camp.

Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas;

Shew him these jewels, which his brother wore.

Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth;

Which I, by certain proof, will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me and obey; but yet, my heart

Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay,

And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read

Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.

Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth.

And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady R. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st

Thy father's memory, think of this no more.

One thing I have to say before we part;

Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,

In a most fearful season. Oh! my long-lost hope!
 If thou to giddy valour giv'st the reins,
 To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
 The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
 Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell;
 If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
 In this waste world! My son remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? how can I give you
 comfort?

The god of battles of my life dispose.

As may be best for you! for whose dear sake

I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.

But yet consider, as no vulgar name,

That which I boast sounds amongst martial men,

How will inglorious caution suit my claim?

The post of fate, unshrinking, I maintain.

My country's foes must witness who I am.

On the invader's heads I'll prove my birth,

Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.

If, in this strife I fall, blame not your son;

Who, if he live not honour'd, must not live.

Lady R. I will not utter what my bosom feels.

Too well I love that valour which I warra,

Farewell, my son! my counsels are but vain:

And, as high heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.

Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;

I'll point it out again. *[Exit with Douglas.]*

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord R. Not in her presence.

Now—

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord R. No? I command thee, stay.

I go alone; it never shall be said

That I took odds to combat mortal man.

The noblest vengeance is the most complete. *[Exit.]*

Glen. Demons of death, come settle on my
 sword;

And to a double slaughter guide it home:

The lover and the husband both must die.

Lord R. (Behind.) Draw, villain! draw.

Doug. (Behind.) Assault me not, Lord Randolph;

Not as thou lov'st thyself. *(Clashing of swords.)*

Glen. Now is the time. *[Exit]*

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady R. Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be
 thine own:

But spare,—oh! spare my son!

Enter DOUGLAS, with a sword in each hand.

Doug. My mother's voice!

I can protect thee still.

Lady R. He lives, he lives!

For this; for this, to heaven eternal praise!

But sure, I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon.

Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword.

The villain came behind me; but I slew him.

Lady R. Behind thee! Ah! thou't wounded!

Oh! my child,

How pale thou look'st! and shall I lose thee now?

Doug. Do not despair: I feel a little faintness;

I hope it will not last. *(Leans upon his sword.)*

Lady R. There is no hope!

And we must part; the hand of death is on thee.

Oh, my beloved child! Oh, Douglas, Douglas.

(Douglas growing more and more faint.)

Doug. To soon we part; I have not long been

Douglas.

Oh, destiny, hardly thou deal'st with me;

Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,

In a low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

Lady R. Has heav'n preserv'd thee for an end
 like this?

Doug. Oh! had I fall'n as my brave fathers fell;
Turning, with fatal arm, the tide of battle!
Like them, I should have smil'd and welcom'd
death;

But thus to perish by a villain's hand,
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so foud to run.

Lady R. Hear, justice, hear! are these the fruits
of virtue? *(Douglas falls.)*

Doug. Unknown, I die; no tongue shall speak of
me.—

Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame;
But who shall comfort thee?

Lord R. Despair, despair!

Doug. Oh, had it pleas'd high heaven, to let me
live

A little while!—My eyes, that gaze on thee,
Grow dim apace, My mother! *(Dies.)*

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lord R. Thy words, the words of truth, have
pierc'd my heart.

I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.
Oh, if my brave deliverer survive

The traitor's sword—

Anna. Alas! look there, my lord.

Lord R. The mother and her son. How curs'd I
am!

Was I the cause? No; I was not the cause.
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul
To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My lady lives.

Lord R. But my deliverer's dead!

Lady R. (Recovering.) Where am I now? Still! in
this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

Lord R. Oh! misery,

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
My innocence!

Lady R. Thy innocence!

Lord R. My gulls

Is innocence, compar'd with what thou think'st it

Lady R. Of thee I think not: what have I to do
With thee, or anything? My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee and of thy valour! My fond heart
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine.

A little while,

Was I a wife! a mother not so long!

What am I now?—I know. But I shall be

That whilst I please: for such a son

And such a husband make a woman bold.

(Rushes out.)

Lord R. Follow her, Anna: I myself would
follow.

But in this rage she must abhor my presence.

(Exit Anna.)

Curs'd, curs'd Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,

Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.

Foaming with rage and fury to the last,

Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. My lord! my lord!

Lord R. Speak! I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror, indeed!

Lord R. Matilda,—

Anna. Is no more:

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill,
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
Then lifting up her head

And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say—

Why am I forc'd to this? She plung'd herself

Into the empty air.

Lord R. I will not vent,

In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.

I'll go straight to battle, where the man that makes

Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.

Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,

Full warrant of my power. Let every rite

With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait;

For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

(Exit.)

THE DEVIL TO PAY; OR, THE WIVES METAMORPHOSED.

A BALLAD FARCE.—BY C. COFFEY.



Job.—"COME, STRAP, I'LL TRY YOUR METTLE."—Scene 5

Persons Represented.

SIR JOHN LOVERULE
PAKER
DOCK
FOOTMAN

COACHMAN
JOBSON
DOCTOR
LADY LOVERULE

LUCY
LETTICE
NELL
TENANTS, &c.

SCENE I.—*Jobson's House.*

Enter JOBSON and NELL.

Nell. Prythee, good Jobson, stay with me to-night, and for once make merry at home.

Job. Peace, peace, you jade! and go spin; for, if I lack any thread for my stitching, I will punish you by virtue of my sovereign authority.

Nell. Ay, marry, no doubt of that, whilst you

take your swing at the alehouse, spend your substance, get as drunk as a beast, and then come home like a sot, and use one like a dog.

Job. Nounz! do you prate? Why, how now, brazen-face! do you speak ill of the government? Don't you know, hussy, that I am king in my own house, and that this is treason against my majesty?

Nell. Did ever one hear such stuff? But I pray you now, Jobson, don't go to the alehouse to-

Job. Well, I'll humour you for once; but don't grow saucy upon't; for I am invited by Sir John Loverule's butler, and am to be princely drunk with punch at the hall-place; we shall have a bowl large enough to swim in.

Nell. But they say, husband, the new lady will not suffer a stranger to enter her doors; she grudges even a draught of small beer to her own servants; and several of the tenants have come home with broken heads from her ladyship's own hands, only for smelling strong beer in the house.

Job. A plague on her for a fanatical jade! She has almost distracted the good knight. But she's now abroad, feasting with her relations, and will scarce come home to-night; and we are to have much drink, a fiddle, and merry gambols.

Nell. O, dear husband, let me go with you; we'll be as merry as the night's long.

Job. Why, how now, you bold baggage! would you be carried to a company of smooth-faced, eating, drinking, lazy, serving-men? No, no, you jade, I'll not be a cuckold.

Nell. I'm sure they would make me welcome: you promised I should see the house; and the family has not been here before since you married and brought me home.

Job. Why, thou most contentious slut, darrest thou dispute with me, thy lord and master? Get in and spin, or else my strap shall wind about thy ribs most confoundedly.

AIR.

*He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life;
But for her who will scold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off short
Of her meat and her sport,
And ten times a day heap her barrel, brave boys,
And ten times a day heap her barrel.*

Nell. Well, we poor women must always be slaves, and never have any joy; but you men run and ramble at your pleasure.

Job. Why you most peevish baggage, will you be hooped? Be gone.

Nell. I must obey. *(Sings.)*

Job. Stay; now I think on't, here's sixpence for you; get ale and apples, stretch and puff thyself up with lamb's wool, rejoice and revel by thyself, be drunk and wallow in thy own sty, like a grumbling sow as thou art. *(Sings)*

*He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life, &c.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Sir John Loverule's House.

Enter Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman, LUOY, LETTICE, &c.

But. I would the blind fiddler and our dancing neighbours were here; that we might rejoice a little, while our termagant lady is abroad: I have made a most sovereign bowl of punch.

Lucy. We had need rejoice sometimes, for our devilish new lady will never suffer it in her hearing.

Enter blind Fiddler, JOBSON, and neighbours.

But. Welcome, welcome all; this is our wish. Honest old acquaintance, Goodman Jobson, how dost thou?

Job. By my troth, I am always sharp-set towards punch; and am now come with a firm resolution, though but a poor cobbler, to be as richly drunk

as a lord: I am a true English heart, and look upon drunkenness as the best part of the liberty of the subject.

But. Come, Jobson, we'll bring out our bowl of punch in solemn procession; and then for a song to crown our happiness. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter JOBSON, Butler, &c. with a bowl of punch.

AIR.

*Come, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure:
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That every true and loyal soul
May drink and sing without control,
To support our pleasure.*

*Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian of our pleasure;
That under thy protection we
May enjoy new pleasure.
And as the sun glides away,
We'll in thy name invoke thy stay,
And sing thy praises that we may
Live and die with pleasure.*

But. The king and the royal family, in a brimmer

AIR.

*Here's a good health to the king,
And send him a prosperous reign;
For hills and high mountains
We'll drink dry the fountain,
Until the sun rises again, brave boys,
Until the sun rises again.
Then here's to thee, my best boon,
And here's to thee, my best boon;
As we'll carry it all day,
For to drink down the sun,
As we'll carry and drink down the moon, brave boys,
As we'll carry and drink down the moon.*

Chorus. Buzza!

Enter SIR JOHN LOVERULE and LADY LOVERULE.

Lady L. O heaven and earth! what's here within my doors? Is hell broke loose? What troop of fiends are here? Sirrah, you impudent rascal, speak!

Sir J. For shame, my dear. As this is a time of mirth and jollity, it has always been the custom of my house to give my servants liberty in this season, and to treat my country neighbours, that with innocent sports they may divert themselves.

Lady L. I say, meddle with your own affairs; I will govern my own house without your putting in an ear. Shall I ask you leave to correct my own servants?

Sir J. I thought, madam, this had been my house, and these my tenants and servants.

Lady L. Did I bring a fortune, to be thus abused and snubbed before people? Do you call my authority in question, ungrateful man? Look to your dogs and horses abroad, but it will be my province to govern here; nor will I be controlled by e'er a hunting, hawking knight in Christendom.

AIR.—SIR JOHN LOVERULE.

*Ye gods, you gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her;*

*But if your providence divine
Far greater bliss design her,
To obey your wills, at any time,
I'm ready to resign her.*

This is to be married to a continual tempest: strife and noise, canting and hypocrisy, are eternally affixed: 'tis impossible to bear it long.

Lady L. Ye filthy, scoundrels, and odious jades, I'll teach you to junket it thus, and steal my provisions; I shall be devoured at this rate.

But. I thought, madam, we might be merry once upon a Holiday.

Lady L. Holiday, you popish cur! Is one day more holy than another? And if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you rogue. *(Beats him.)* You minx, you impudent flirt! are you jiggling it after an admirable fiddle? *(Lugs Lucy by the ears.)*

Lucy. O hullo! she has pull'd off both my ears.

Sir J. Pray, madam, consider your sex and quality: I blush for your behaviour.

Lady L. Consider your incapacity; you shall not instruct me. Who are you, thus muffled, you buzzard? *(She beats them all; Jobson steals by.)*

Job. I am an honest, plain, psalm-singing cobbler, madam: if your ladyship would but go to church, you might hear me above all the rest there.

Lady L. I'll try thy voice here, first, villain. *(Strikes him.)*

Job. Nounzi! what a plague, what a devil ails you?

Lady L. O profane wretch! wicked varlet!

Sir J. For shame! your behaviour is monstrous!

Lady L. Was ever poor lady so miserable in a brutish husband as I am? I that am so pious and so religious a woman!

Job. *(Sings.)* He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life;

But for her that will scold and will quarrel.

[Exit.]

Lady L. O rogue! scoundrel! villain!

Sir J. Remember modesty.

Lady L. I'll rout you all with a vengeance; I'll spoil your squeaking treble. *(Beats the fiddle about the blind man's head.)*

Fid. O murder! murder!

Sir J. Here, poor fellow, take your staff and be gone; there's money to buy you two such: that's your way. *[Exit Fiddler.]*

Lady L. Methinks you are very liberal, Sir. Must my estate maintain you in your profuseness?

Sir J. Go up to your closet, pray, and compose your mind.

Lady L. O wicked man! to bid me pray.

Sir J. A man cannot be completely cursed, I see, without marriage; but since there is such a thing as separate maintenance, she shall to-morrow enjoy the benefit of it. *(Knocking at the door.)* Here, where are my servants? Must they be frightened from me? Within there—see who knocks.

Lady L. Within there. Where are my aunts? Ye drabs, ye queans! Lights there.

Re-enter Butler.

But. Sir, it is a Doctor that lives ten miles off: he practises physio, and is an astrologer; your worship knows him very well; he is a cunning man, makes almanacs, and can help people to their goods again.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Sir, I humbly beg your honour's pardon for this unseasonable intrusion; but I am benighted, and 'tis so dark that I can't possibly find my way

home; and knowing your worship's hospitality, desire the favour to be harbour'd under your roof to-night.

Lady L. Out of my house, you lowd conjurer you magician.

Doc. Here's a turn! here's a change! Well, if I have any art, ye shall smart for this. *(Aside.)*

Sir J. You see, friend, I am not master of my own house; therefore, to avoid any uneasiness, go down the lane about a quarter of a mile, and you'll see a cobbler's cottage; stay there a little, and I'll send my servant to conduct you to a tenant's house, where you'll be well entertained.

Doc. I thank you, sir; I'm your most humble servant; but as for your lady there, she shall, this night, feel my resentment. *[Exit.]*

Sir J. Come, madam, you and I must have some conference together.

Lady L. Yes; I will have a conference and a reformation, too, in this house, or I'll turn it upside down, I will. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*Jobson's house.*

Enter NELL and the Doctor.

Nell. Pray, sir, mend your draught, if you please; you are very welcome, sir.

Doc. Thank you heartily, good woman! and to requite your civility, I'll tell you your fortune.

Nell. O, pray do, sir; I never had my fortune told me in my life.

Doc. Let me behold the lines of your face.

Nell. I'm afraid, sir, 'tis none of the cleanest; I have been about dirty work all this day.

Doc. Come, come, 'tis a good face; be not ashamed of it; you shall shew it in greater places suddenly.

Nell. O dear, sir, I shall be mightily ashamed; I want dacency when I come before great folks.

Doc. You must be confident, and fear nothing; there is much happiness attends you.

Nell. Oh me! this is a rare man; heaven be thanked. *(Aside.)*

Doc. To-morrow, before the sun-rise, you shall be the happiest woman in this country.

Nell. How, by to-morrow? Alack-a-day, sir! how can that be?

Doc. No more shall you be troubled with a surly husband, that rails at, and straps you.

Nell. Ledi! how came he to know that? He must be a conjurer! *(Aside.)* Indeed, my husband is somewhat rugged, and, in his cups, will beat me, but it is not much: he's an honest, pains-taking man, and I'll let him have his way. Pray, sir, take t'other cup of ale.

Doc. I thank you. Believe me, to-morrow you shall be the richest woman in the hundred, and ride in your own coach.

Nell. O father! you jeer me.

Doc. By my art, I do not. But mark my words, be confident, and bear all out, or worse will follow.

Nell. Never fear, sir, I warrant you. O gentlemen! a coach.

Enter JOBSON.

Job. Where is this quean? Here, Nell! What a plague, are you drunk with your lamb's wool?

Nell. O husband! here's the rarest man—he has told me my fortune.

Job. Has he so! and planted my fortune too, a lusty pair of horns upon my head. Eh! Is't not so?

Doc. Thy wife is a virtuous woman, and thou'll be happy—

Job. Come out, you hang-dog, you juggler, ye cheating, bamboozling villain; must I be cuckold?

by such rogues as you are, mackmaticians, and almanac makers?

Nell. Pr'ythee, peace, husband; we shall be rich, and have a coach of our own.

Job. A coach! a cart, a wheelbarrow, you jade. By the mackin, she's drunk, beastly drunk, most confoundedly drunk. Get to bed, you strumpet. *(Beats her.)*

Nell. O mercy on us! is this a taste of my good fortune? Oh, you are a devil of a conjurer, sure enough. *[Exit.]*

Doc. You had better not have touch'd her, you surly rogue.

Job. Out of my house, you villain.

Doc. Farewell, you paltry slave.

Job. Get out, you rogue. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—An open Country.

Enter Doctor.

AIR.

Doc. My little spirits now appear,
Nadir and Abishog draw near;
The time is short, make no delay;
Then quickly haste and come away;
Nor moon nor stars afford their light,
But all is wrapp'd in gloomy night:
Both men and beast to rest incline,
And all things favour my design.

Spi. *(Within.)* Say, master, what is to be done?

Doc. My strict commands be sure attend,
For ere this night shall have an end,
You must this cobbler's wife transform,
And to the knight's the like perform;
With all your most specific charms,
Convey each wife to different arms;
Let the delusion be so strong,
That none may know the right from wrong.

Spi. All this we will with care perform,
In thunder, lightning, and a storm.

[Thunder. Exit Doctor.]

SCENE V.—Jobson's House. The bed in view.

JOBSON discovered at work.

Job. What devil has been abroad to-night? I never heard such claps of thunder in my life; I thought my little hovel would have flown away; but now all is clear again, and a fine star-light morning it is. I'll settle myself to work. They say, Winter's thunder is summer's wonder.

AIR.

*Of all the trades from east to west,
The cobbler's past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best,
Which every day is mending.
How great his praise, who can amend
The soles of all his neighbours;
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his last still labours.*

Lady L. (In bed.) Heyday! what impudent ballad-singing rogue is that, who dares wake me out of my sleep? I'll have you fayed, you rascal.

Job. What a plague, does she talk in her sleep? or is she drunk still?

AIR.

*In Bath a wanton wife did dwell,
As Chaucer he did write,
Who wantonly did spend her time
In many a fond delight.
All on a time so sick she was,
And she at length did die;
And then her soul at Paradise
Did knock most mightily.*

Lady L. Why, villain, rascal, screech-owl, who maketh a worse noise than a dog hung in the palea, or a hog in a high wind. Where are all my servants? Somebody come and hamstring this rogue. *(Knocks.)*

Job. Why, how now, you brazen quean! You must get drunk with the conjurer, must you? I'll give you money another time to spend in lamb's wool, you saucy jade, shall I?

Lady L. Monstrous! I can find no bell to ring. Where are my servants? They shall toss him in a blanket.

Job. Ay, the jade's asleep still; the conjurer told her she should keep her coach, and she is dreaming of her equipage. *(Sings.)*

AIR.

*I will come in spite, she said,
Of all such churls as thee;
Thou art the cause of all our pain,
Our grief and misery.
Thou first brok'st the commandment,
In honour of thy wife:
When Adam heard her say these words,
He ran away for life.*

Lady L. Why, husband! Sir John! will you suffer me to be thus insulted?

Job. Husband! Sir John! what a plague has she knighted me? And my name's Zekel, too; a good jest, faith.

Lady L. Ha! he's gone, he's not in the bed. Heaven, where am I? Foh! what loathsome smells are here? Canvas sheets, and a filthy ragged curtain; a beastly rug, and a flock bed. Am I awake, or is it all a dream? What rogue is that? Sirrah! where am I? Who brought me hither? What rascal are you?

Job. This is amazing; I never heard such words from her before? If I take my strap to you I'll make you know your husband; I'll teach you better manners, you saucy drab.

Lady L. Oh, astonishing impudence! You my husband, sirrah? I'll have you hanged, you rogue; I'm a lady. Let me know who has given me a sleeping draught, and conveyed me hither, you dirty varlet?

Job. A sleeping draught! yes, you drunken jade, you had a sleeping draught with a plague to ye. What, has not your lamb's-wool done working yet?

Lady L. Where am I? Where has my villainous husband put me? Lucy! Lettice! Where are my queans?

Job. Ha, ha, ha! What, does she call her maids, too? The conjurer has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady L. He talks of conjurers; sure I am bewitched! Ha! what clothes are here? a linsey-woolsey gown, a calico hood, a red bays petticoat; I am removed from my own house by witchcraft. What must I do? What will become of me? *(Horns wind without.)*

Job. Hark! the hunters and the merry horns are

abroad. Why, Nell, you lazy jade, 'tis break of day; to work, to work; come, and spin, you drab, or I'll tan your hide for you. What a plague must I be at work two hours before you in the morning?

Lady L. Why, sirrah, thou impudent villain! dost thou not know me, you rogue?

Job. Know you, yes, I know you well enough; and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady L. I am Sir John Loverule's lady; how came I here?

Job. Sir John Loverule's lady! No, Nell, not quite an bad neither; that d-d stingy, fanatic w—plagues every one that comes near her; the whole country curses her.

Lady L. Nay, then I'll hold no longer; you rogue, you insolent villain, I'll teach you better manners. *(Flings the bedstaff and other things at him.)*

Job. This is more than ever I saw by her, I never had an ill word from her before. Come strap, I'll try your mettle! I'll sober you, I warrant you, quean. *(He straps her. She flies at him.)*

Lady D. I'll pull your throat out, I'll tear out your eyes; I am a lady, sirrah. O murder! murder! Sir John Loverule will hang you for this. Murder! murder!

Job. Come, hussy, leave fooling, and come to your spinning, or else I'll lamb you; you never were so lamb'd since you were an inch long. Take it up, you jade. *(She flings it down. He straps her.)*

Lady L. Hold! hold! I'll do anything.

Job. Oh! I thought I should bring you to yourself again.

Lady L. What shall I do? I cannot spin. *(Aside.)*

Job. I'll into my stall; 'tis broad day now. *(Works and sings.)* Heyday, I think the jade's brain is turn'd. What, have you forgot to spin, hussy?

Lady L. But I have not forgot to run. I'll e'en try my feet. I shall find somebody in the town, sure, that will succour me. *(She runs out.)*

Job. What, does she run for it? I'll after her. *(He runs out.)*

SCENE VI.—Sir John Loverule's House.

NELL discovered in bed.

Nell. What pleasant dreams I have had to-night! Methought I was in Paradise, upon a bed of violets and roses, and the sweetest husband by my side! Ha! bless me! where am I now? What sweets are these? No garden in the spring can equal them. Am I on a bed? The sheets are scarlet, sure; no linen ever was so fine. What a gay silken robe have I got. O heaven! I dream. Yet, if this be a dream, I would not wish to wake again. Sure I died last night, and went to heaven, and this is it.

Enter LUOY.

Lucy. Now must I awake an alarm that will not lie still again till midnight at soonest; the first greeting I suppose will be jade, or slut. *(Aside.)* Madam! madam!

Nell. O gemini! who's this? What dost say, sweetheart?

Lucy. Sweetheart! O lad, sweetheart! The best names I have had these three months from her, have been slut or jade. *(Aside.)* What gown and ruffles will your ladyship wear to-day?

Nell. What does she mean? Ladyship! gown

and ruffles! Sure I am awake! Oh! I remember the cunning man, now.

Lucy. Did your ladyship speak?

Nell. Ay, child; I'll wear the same I did yesterday.

Lucy. Mercy upon me! Child! Here's a miracle. *(Aside.)*

Enter LETTICE.

Let. Is my lady awake? Have you had her shoe or her slipper at your head yet? *(Apart to Lucy.)*

Lucy. Oh, no, I'm overjoyed: she's in the kindest humour! Go to the bed, and speak to her. Now is your time. *(Apart to Let.)*

Let. Now's my time! what, to have another tooth beat out? *(Apart.)* Madam.

Nell. What dost say, my dear? O father! What would she have?

Let. What work will your ladyship please to have done to-day?

Nell. Work, child! 'tis holyday; no work to-day.

Let. Oh, mercy! Am I, or thee awake? or do we both dream? Here's a blest change! *(Apart to Lucy.)*

Lucy. If it continues we shall be a happy family. *(Apart to Lettice.)*

Let. Your ladyship's chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me! what's that? Some garment, I suppose. *(Aside.)* Put it on then, sweetheart.

Let. Put it on, madam? I have taken it off; 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. I mean put it by; I don't care for drinking now.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Now I go like a bear to the stake, to know her scurvy ladyship's commands about dinner. How many rascally names must I be called? *(Aside.)*

Let. Oh, John Cook! you'll be out of your wits to find my lady in so sweet a temper. *(Apart to Cook.)*

Cook. What a devil are they all mad? *(Apart to Lettice.)*

Lucy. Madam, here's the cook come about dinner.

Nell. Oh! there's a fine cook! He looks like one of your gentlefolks. *(Aside.)*—Indeed, honest man, I'm very hungry now; pray get me a rasher upon the coals, a piece of milk cheese, and some white bread.

Cook. Hey! what's to do here? my head turns round. Honest man! I looked for rogue and rascal, at least. She's strangely changed in her diet, as well as her humour. *(Aside.)* I'm afraid, madam, cheese and bacon will sit very heavy on your ladyship's stomach in a morning. If you please, madam, I'll toss you up a white fricassee of chickens in a trice, madam; or what does your ladyship think of a veal-sweetbread?

Nell. Even what you will, good cook.

Cook. Good cook! good cook? Ah! 'tis a sweet lady. *(Apart.)*

Enter Butler.

Oh! kiss me, chip, I am out of my wits. We have the kindest, sweetest lady. *(Apart to the Butler.)*

But. You shamming rogue, I think you are out of your wits, all of ye: the maids look merrily, too. *(Apart to Cook.)*

Lucy. Here's the butler, madam, to know your ladyship's orders.

Nell. Oh! pray, Mr. Butler, let me have some small beer when my breakfast comes in.

But. Mr. Butler! Mr. Butler! I shall be tur

into stone with amazement. (*Aside.*) Would not your ladyship rather have a glass of Frontinac, or Monte-pulchianco.

Nell. O dear! what hard names are there; but I must not betray myself. (*Aside.*) Well, which you please, Mr. Butler!

Enter Coachman.

But. Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am. (*Apport to Coachman.*)

Coach. The cook has been making his game I know not how long. What, do you banter, too? (*Apport to Butler.*)

Lucy. Madam, the coachman.

Coach. I come to know if your ladyship goes out to-day, and which you'll have, the coach or chariot.

Nell. Good lack-a-day! I'll ride in the coach, if you please.

Coach. The sky will fall, that's certain. (*Exit.*)

Nell. I can hardly think I am awake yet. How well-pleased they all seem to wait upon me! Oh, notable cunning man! My head turns round! I am quite giddy with my own happiness.

AIR.

*Though I was late a colder's wife,
In cottage most obscure-a,
In plain s'uff gown, and short ear'd coby,
Hard labour did endure-a.*

*The scene is chang'd I am alter'd quite,
And from poor humble Nell-a,
I'll learn to dance, to read and write,
And from all bear the bell-a.* (*Exit.*)

Enter SIR JOHN LOVERULE, meeting his Servants.

But. Oh, sir! here's the rarest news!

Lucy. There never was the like, sir! You'll be overjoyed and amazed!

Sr J. What, are ye mad? What's the matter with ye? How now? here's a new face in my family! What's the meaning of all this?

But. Oh, sir! the family's turned upside down! We are almost distracted; the happiest people!

Lucy. Ay, my lady, sir; my lady—

Sir J. What, is she dead?

But. Dead! heaven forbid! O! she's the best woman; the sweetest lady!

Sir J. This is astonishing! I must go and inquire into this wonder. If this be true, I shall rejoice indeed.

But. 'Tis true, sir, upon my honour. Long live Sir John and my lady! Huzza! (*Exeunt.*)

Re-enter NELL.

Nell. I well remember the cunning man warned me to bear all out with confidence, or worse, he said, would follow. I am ashamed, and know not what to do with all this ceremony! I am amazed and out of my senses! I looked in the glass, and saw a gay, fine thing I knew not! Methought my face was not at all like that I have seen at home in a piece of looking-glass fastened upon the cupboard. But great ladies, they say, have flattering glasses, that shew them far unlike themselves; whilst poor folks' glasses represent them even just as they are.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. Oh, madam! here's my master just returned from hunting.

Re-enter SIR JOHN LOVERULE.

Nell. O gemini! this fine gentleman my husband! (*Aside.*)

Sir J. My dear, I am overjoyed to see my family thus transported with ecstacy, which you occasioned.

Nell. Sir, I shall always be proud to do every thing that may give you delight, or your family satisfaction.

Sr J. By heaven, I am charmed! Dear creature, if thou continuest thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the Indies. But can this be real? May I believe my senses?

Nell. All that's good above can witness for me, I am in earnest! (*Accla.*)

Sir J. Rise, my dearest. Now am I happy indeed.

DUET.—SIR JOHN LOVERULE and NELL.

Sir J. Was ever man possess'd of
So sweet, so kind a wife?

Nell. Dear sir, you make me proud.
Be you but kind,
And you shall find
All the good I can boast of,
Shall end but with my life.

Sir J. Give me thy lips.

Nell. First let me, dear sir, wipe 'em.

Sir J. Was ever so sweet a wife? (*Kisses her.*)

Nell. Thank you, dear sir.
I vow and protest
I never was so kiss'd.
Again, sir!

Sir J. Again, and again, my dearest!
O may it last for life!
What joy thus to unfold thee!

Nell. What pleasure to behold thee!
Inclined again to kiss!

Sir J. How ravishing the bliss!

Nell. I little thought this morning.
'Twould ever come to this. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter LADY LOVEBULE.

Lady L. Here's a fine rout and rioting! You, sirrah, butler, you rogues!

But. Why, how now? Who are you?

Lady L. Impudent varlet! don't you know your lady?

But. Lady! Here, turn this mad-woman out of doors.

Lady L. You rascal; take that, sirrah. (*Flings a glass at him.*)

Foot. Have a care, hussy; there's a good pump without; we shall cool your courage for you.

Lady L. You, Lucy, have you forgot me, too, you minx?

Lucy. Forgot you, woman! Why, I never remember'd you; I never saw you before in my life.

Lady L. Oh, the wicked slut! I'll give you cause to remember me; I will, hussy. (*Pulls her head-clothes off.*)

Lucy. Murder! murder! help!

Re-enter SIR JOHN LOVERULE and NELL.

Sir J. How now? What uproar's this?

Lady L. You, Lettice, you slut! won't you know me neither? (*Strikes her.*)

Let. Help! help!

Sir J. What's to do there?

Doc. Why, sir, here's a mad woman calls herself my lady, and is beating and cuffing us all round.

Sir J. Thou my wife? poor creature, I pity thee. I never saw thee before. *(To Lady Loverule.)*

Lady L. Then it is in vain to expect redress from thee, thou wicked contriver of all my misery.

Nell. How am I amazed! Can that be I there, in my clothes, that have made all this disturbance? and yet, I am here to my thinking, in these fine clothes. How can this be? I am so confounded and affrighted, that I begin to wish I was with Zekel Jobson again. *(Aside.)*

Lady L. To whom shall I apply myself, or whither can I fly? Heaven! what do I see? Is not that I yonder, in my gown and petticoat I wore yesterday? How can it be? I cannot be at two places at once.

Sir J. Poor wretch! she's stark mad.

Lady L. What, in the devil's name, was I here before I came? let me look in the glass. Oh heavens, I am astonished! I don't know myself, if this be I that the glass shews me, I never saw myself before.

Sir J. What incoherent madness is this?

Enter JOBSON.

Lady L. There, that's the devil in my likeness, who has robb'd me of my countenance.—He here, too?

Job. Ay, hussy; and here's my strap, you queen.

Nell. O, dear! I am afraid my husband will beat me! that man on t'other side the room there.

Job. I hope your honours will pardon her; she was drinking with a conjurer last night, and has been mad ever since, and calls herself my Lady Loverule.

Sir J. Poor woman; take care of her; do not hurt her; she may be cured of this.

Job. Yes, and please your worship, you shall see me cure her presently. Hussy, do you see this?

Nell. O! pray, Zekel, don't beat me.

Sir J. What says my love? Does she infect thee with madness, too?

Nell. I am not well; pray lead me in.

[Exeunt Nell and Maids.]

Job. I beseech your worship, don't take it ill of me; she shall never trouble you more.

Sir J. Take her home, and use her kindly.

Lady L. What will become of me?

[Exeunt Jobson and Lady Loverule.]

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, the Doctor who called here last night, desires you will give him leave to speak a word or two with you, upon very earnest business.

Sir J. What can this mean? bring him in.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Lo! on my knees, sir, I beg forgiveness for what I have done, and put my life into your hands.

Sir J. What mean you?

Doc. I have exercised my magic art upon your lady; I know you have too much honour to take away my life, since I might still have concealed it, had I pleased.

Sir J. You have now brought me to a glimpse of misery too great too bear. Is all my happiness, then, turned into vision only?

Doc. Sir, I beg you, fear not: if any harm comes on it, I freely give you leave to hang me.

Sir J. Inform me what you have done.

Doc. I have transformed your lady's face, so that she seems the cobbler's wife, and have charmed her face into the likeness of my lady's: and last night, when the storm arose, my spirits conveyed them to each other's bed.

Sir J. Oh, wretch, thou has undone me! I am fallen from the height of all my hopes, and must still be cursed with a tempestuous wife, a fury whom I never knew quiet since I had her.

Doc. If that be all, I can continue the charm for both their lives.

Sir J. Let the event be what it will, I'll hang you, if you do not end the charm this instant.

Doc. I will, this minute, sir; and perhaps you'll find it the luckiest of your life: I can assure you your lady will prove the better for it.

Sir J. Hold, there's one material circumstance I'd know.

Doc. Your pleasure, sir?

Sir J. Perhaps the cobbler has—you understand me?

Doc. I do assure you, no; for e'er she was conveyed to his bed, the cobbler was got up to work, and he has done nought but beat her ever since; and you are like to reap the fruits of his labour. He'll be with you in a minute: here he comes.

Re-enter JOBSON,

Sir J. So, Jobson, where's your wife?

Job. And please your worship she's here at the door; but indeed I thought I had lost her just now: for as she came into the hall, she fell into such a swoon, that I thought she would never come out on't again; but a tweak or two by the nose, and half a dozen straps, did the business at last. Here, where are you, hussy?

Re-enter LADY LOVERULE.

But. *(Holds up the candle, but lets it fall when he sees her.)* O heaven and earth! is this my lady?

Job. What does he say? My wife changed to my lady?

Cook. Ay, I thought the other was too good for our lady.

Lady L. Sir, you are the person I have most offended, and here confess I have been the worst of wives in everything, but that I always kept myself chaste. If you can vouchsafe once more to take me to your bosom, the remainder of my days shall joyfully be spent in duty and observance of your will.

Sir J. Rise, madam; I do forgive you; and if you are sincere in what you say, you'll make me happier than all the enjoyments in the world without you could do.

Job. What a plague! am I to lose my wife thus?

Re-enter LUCY and LETTICE.

Lucy. Oh, sir, the strangest accident has happened—it has amazed us! My lady was in so great a swoon, we thought she had been dead.

Let. And when she came to herself, she proved another woman.

Job. Ha, ha, ha! A bull! a bull!

Re-enter NELL.

Nell. My head turns round; I must go home. O, Zekel, are you there?

Job. O lud! is this fine lady my wife? Egad, I'm afraid to come near her. What can be the meaning of this?

Sir J. This is a happy change, and I'll have it celebrated with all the joy I proclaimed for my short-lived vision.

Lady L. To me 'tis the happiest day I ever knew.

Sir J. Here, Jobson, take thy fine wife.

Job. But one word, sir—Did not your worship make a buck of me, under the rose?

Sir J. No, upon my honour, nor ever kissed her lips till I came from hunting; but since she has been the means of bringing about this happy change, I'll give thee five hundred pounds with her, to buy a stock of leather.

Job. Brave boys! I'm a prince—the prince of cobblers! Come hither and kiss me, Nell; I'll never strap thee more.

Nell. Indeed, Zekel, I have been in such a dream that I'm quite weary of it. Forsooth, madam, will you please to take your clothes, and let me have mine again. *(To Lady Loverule.)*

Job. Hold your tongue, you fool, they'll serve you to go to church. *(Apart to Nell.)*

Lady L. No; thou shalt keep them, and I'll preserve thine as relics.

Job. And can your ladyship forgive my strapping your honour so very much?

Lady L. Most freely. The joy of this blessed change sets all things right again.

Sir J. Let us forget everything that is past, and think of nothing now but joy and pleasure.

AIR.

Lady L. *Let ev'ry face with smiles appear,
Be joy in ev'ry breast,
Since from a life of pain and care,
We now are truly blest.*

Sir J. *May no remembrance of past time
Our present pleasures soil;
Be nought but mirth and joy a crime,
And sporting all our toil.*

Job. *I hope you'll give me leave to speak,
If I may be so bold;
Nought but the devil, and this good strap,
Could ever tame a scold,*

[Exeunt.]

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

A MUSICAL DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY SAMUEL BIRCH.



Clara.—"IT IS HE AGAIN."—Act II, scene I.

Persons Represented.

SIR BERTRAND
J. E. SAGE
RECORD
MICHAEL

SPRUCE
FLINT
BOY

CLARA
LUCY
JANNETTE
NELL

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An old Hall in Milford Castle.

Enter RECORD and LUCY.

Lucy. I tell you once more, Mr. Record, I won't stay any longer in this place, to be frightened to death every hour of my life, night and day.

Rec. Poh! poh! why you are a silly girl!—childish apprehensions! You have been reading some foolish stuff or other to put such notions into your head; what is there in this venerable building to frighten such a sweet innocent little girl as you, most timid?

Lucy. What is there? Why, a'n't I obliged to cross those long cloisters I don't know how many times a day, where my own steps clatter like twenty people besides myself; and when 'tis dark, to go to bed in that frightful room of tapestry, where those horrid creatures with nodding plumes are galloping

upon their large horses, and the wind whistles all night as loud as thunder along the gallery; and to be all alone too! Or if I do see any body, is it not you, Mr. Record?

Rec. Well; and is there anything so frightful in me, most insulting! Whom would you see?

Lucy. Why something human, something like myself, that I could talk to. O! when shall we have a master and mistress come to this place?

Rec. You must put up with me as master; and as to a mistress, if I can do very well without one, surely you may. Our old gentleman's relations are on their road from Spa, and we shall soon be all alive again.

Lucy. What, will not Sir Edmund come back again?

Rec. Never! but thank heaven, my accounts are all clear enough: his old complaint; but his relations have one consolation left, however.

Lucy. What is that, pray, Mr. Record?

Rec. The physicians all agree, that notwithstanding the obstinacy of his complaint in his life-time, he certainly died our'd.

Lucy. Why then, would it not have been better that he had never been cured, and perhaps the poor soul might have lived?

Rec. We are not such good judges as they, most presumptuous! But mind me, I'm now going down to Michael's at the ferry, and don't you let a soul in under any pretence whatever.

Lucy. I won't if I can help it; but indeed 'tis very dismal to be left here so many hours by one's self, while you are at the ferry. I can't think what you are so fond of them for?

Rec. Why, I love Michael, because he would do no wrong to man, woman, or child; and besides, he has seen better days.

Lucy. And what do you love Michael's wife for?

Rec. Because she loves Michael, and makes all his friends welcome; and that's a note of admiration in the wife of any man. (*A loud knocking within.*) There! There! There's a pretty racket at this early hour! Go round by the south gallery, and open the wicket, and then you'll see who it is.

Lucy. What, by myself? No; if I must go, I'll go the direct road to the gate, and let them in; for I dare say they have business here, by the loud knocking. (*Knocking again.* *Exit Lucy.*)

Rec. There who have the least business generally make the greatest disturbance every where. Now to my accounts: I begin very much to suspect that Sir Edmund's title here was a little doubtful, and an old parchment I was turning over mentions something of the succession of the old Baron's male issue, if living: I shall keep possession of these till opportunity serves.

Enter LUCY, with SPRUCE.

Drap. Nobody here, but our Mr. Record, sir: he'll answer any questions—

Rec. Nobody here! why the girl's a fool; she means nobody that can give a proper answer but me; she forgot the keepers of the armoury above, and the porters and mastiffs below. (*Aside to Lucy.*) What, do you mean to have our throats cut?

Lucy. I'm sure he don't look as if he would do anybody harm.

Rec. Your business here, if you please, most impatient! By the knocking at the gate, I should have thought my master had arrived.

Spruce. Not much out, old one, for he'll soon be here.

Rec. Who? my master? I thought they had buried him at Parma.

Spruce. He that was your master lies there: but our present master is just here; I have left him at the ferry, and am come to put every thing in order for him. We shall give the walls a warming, I promise you; take all the mid dew out of the tapestry, and put a little flesh upon your bones.

Rec. O, you will, most audacious! Why, then as you are a stranger, I had better shew you the house first. Will you be pleased to walk in and try our old fare, that you may be the better able to make comparison with the new?

[*Exeunt Record and Spruce.*]

Lucy. When things come to the worst, they say, we must mend. I think that has been my case a long time, and the blessed proverb seems now about to be fulfilled. He's a very smart fellow indeed, and I dare say won't forget me in the promised alteration of affairs.

SONG.—LUCY.

Silly maid!

Be not afraid,

For joy will soon await you;

Hope repeats

What bosom beats,

No vision now shall cheat you;

Time has wings, and soon will flee,

Single I will never be.

Why should Time,

When in my arms,

With slow pace, detain me?

Why let my

When bridal joy

Strives to entertain me?

Time has wings, and soon will flee,

Single I will never be.

Enter RECORD, with a large key.

Lucy. What have you done with the gentleman?

Rec. Look'd him in the refectory, most inquisitive! that nobody may disturb him: to give him an opportunity of arranging his plans of improvement here, whilst I go down to Michael to see whether he's an impostor or no. Confine yourself in the chapel till I return, and don't you open the door, if they knock the very walls down.

Lucy. Shan't I take him a tankard of October first?

Rec. Not put a little flesh upon my bones, will he, an impudent varlet? My bones have never yet been ashamed of what covers them, and I must take care that the future covering don't blush for the bones. (*Exit.*)

Lucy. There! but I'll have another peep at him. He may like to go to chapel with me, and if he does, I can get him out. What then? the chapel is a very good place; but there will be no parson there. That's no fault of mine; well, we can read the ceremony without him. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*Michael's Hat at the Ferry.—Mountains in the back view.*

Enter SIR BERTRAND AND LE SAGE.

SONG.—LE SAGE.

Down the rugged mountain's steep,

Hark! the plunging waters leap,

Rushing with resistless force

To the Dervent's gentler course.

Soon its fury will subside,

Then we'll trust the safer tide.

Danger now awaits the wave,

Which the rash alone would brave:

Hark! the plunging waters leap

Down the rugged mountain's steep.

Soon its fury will subside,

Then we'll trust the safer tide.

Enter MICHAEL to them.

Mich. The carriage and horses must wait the next tide; the torrent from that mountain is so rapid, I dare not answer for their safety. We can make you up tolerable accommodation here.

Sir Ber. We are not very particular: the country seems most beautiful, and the delay of a day or two will make no difference.

Mich. If you are fond of fishing, we have some rare sport a mile or two up the stream. You do us great honour to put up with our little place. Here, Nell!—The best brown bread of our own making, and honey from our own hives. Homely fare, but sweet.—Stoop your head, your honour, our hats are but low. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*The Garden of an old Convent.*

Enter CLARA and JANNETTE.

Clara. The long absence of Sir Edmund, Jannette, fills my mind with strange apprehensions for his safety.

Jan. The charms of foreign travel, madam, are great.

Clara. Under his protection, Jannette, you know, I have lived here, secluded from the hated passion of Sir Bertrand. Nothing do I dread equal to his death; and then, his precarious state of health when he went to Parma—

Jan. Madam, do not give way to such melancholy. You strangely discourage my labours to amuse and please you. I have just finished the grove; the further end of it opens secretly to the forest.

Clara. Indeed I am to blame. How beautiful it is! what a heavenly retirement from the vicious pursuits of man!—

Jan. From a seat within it, you command the surrounding country, and in the distance, a view of Milford Castle.

Clara. O name it not: for though living here by favour of Sir Edmund, I can never forget it once belonged to my ancestors; and have great reason to believe it would have returned again to our possession, after a time, had not the cruel ocean deprived me both of a father and infant brother at a stroke.

SONG.—CLARA.

In Seclusion's sacred bower,

Meek Repret, with soften'd sigh,

Will enjoy her pensive hour,

Fearing no intruder nigh.

So, sweet bird! thy lonely sorrow

In the toy'd turrets height,

Pines in secret, till the morrow

To the shades directs thy flight.

Smiling Hope! my soul illumine,

Transports thou alone can'st give.

Dispel a dungeon's gloom,

Did the child of sadness live.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*Michael's House.*

Enter MICHAEL and NELL.

Mich. Well; they are out now, are they?

Nell. Yes; but I can't think what they notice the boy so much for; I wish they were gone.

Mich. Notice him, do they? Where is he now?

Nell. At his employment, his pencils and his compasses, and I don't know what, pottering his poor little brains.

Mich. I'm not very easy about that boy; he advances in life space, and we are very laborious; we have but little leisure—to be sure you teach him to read—

Nell. Read! ay, that I do: and he spells to a

Mich. Well, I know he does: but if I could any how give him a little more learning, I'm sure he'd make an excellent scholar.

Nell. A scholar quoth' you? fine doing to make poor people scholars! and when he has got it, I wonder who's to mind the Ferry.

Mich. Does a man make the worse seaman, think ye, Nell, because he understands his compass? But come, come, sit down, and I'll tell you a secret, and you shall advise—

Nell. Now, Michael, you love me indeed: and will you trust me with a secret?

Mich. I will: you have always thought him a boy of mine; but I am not his father.

Nell. No!

Mich. No: but you shall hear. About eight years since, I had been out all night fishing; and, about a league from hence, was hauling close in shore, with a stiff gale, when I heard to windward a signal gun fire of a ship in distress. I could see nothing; but presently heard another, and then, the piercing shrieks of some poor souls in their last extremity. That was enough for me: so I luffed and stood out to sea again. The gale increased, and it was my duty, Nell, you know, and danger was no object, when I could save the life of a fellow-creature.

Nell. I never would have had you, if you could have deserted them.

Mich. Well, the moon every now and then peeped from underneath a pitch black cloud. I crowded sail, and soon made the wreck, just time enough to take out a gentleman and this little boy, with a trunk, and she went to pieces. I was endeavouring to make port again, when the poor gentleman, quite exhausted, told me he was dying, and begged I would run in upon the beach, as he had something to say. Cheerily, says I, cheerily; a glass of grog will soon right you again: so he tasted it, but it would not do: his spirits were ebbing apace, and I run into the first creek I could see. His distress had made him my commander, you know, and I was not to disobey orders.

Nell. What could you do with him, poor creature?

Mich. I struck a light, and seated him in a small cavity of the cliff upon the best jacket I had got; made a small fire to leeward, of as many sticks as I could scramble together, and sat down beside him, with the little boy upon my knee. "You seem an honest fellow," says he, "and I will trust you!" "My commander often has," says I, "and I think you may: but take another sup of grog!" he tried again, but could not; then shivering all over, he said, "I must be brief." I wrapped some old sail-cloth round him, put some more sticks upon the fire, and wiped the tears from the little boy's cheek, which seemed to grow to my bosom. "Take care of my boy," says he, "and don't desert him." "I'll be d— if I do," says I; though to speak nearly choked me. "Do not lose the trunk, perhaps it may one day reward you."—"I am rewarded already," says I; "for at that moment I felt something at my heart, that was quite enough!"

Nell. But where is the trunk, Michael?

Mich. "Promise me one thing," added he; "his life is sought secretly: keep him as your own, and when you shall hear of the death of Sir Edmund of Milford Castle, then open the trunk. The poor soul reached out his hand, which the boy kissed as he dropped. The day-break gave me light enough to sink a grave for him in the sand. He went peacefully home; the salt tear of a sailor seemed to satisfy him of his boy's safety; and the trust was more binding than if all the lawyers in the universe had been by; for the seal is here. (*Laying his hand upon his heart.*)—They retire.)

Enter Boy.

SONG.

*At evening, when my work is done,
And the breeze at setting sun
Scurvily breathes upon the tide,
Then alone I love to glide—
Unheard, unseen, my silent oar
Steals along the shaded shore:
All is dark, and all is mute.
Save the moon, and lover's hute;
Tang, ting, tang, it seems to say,
Lovers dread return of day.*

*Toward the abbey wall I steer,
There the choral hymns I hear:
While the organ's lengthened notes
Seems in distant woods to float!
Returning then, my silent ear
Steals along the shaded shore:
All is dark, and all is mute,
Save the moon, and lover's lute:
Tang, ting, tang, it seems to say,
Lovers dread return of day.*

(After the song, they meet him.)

Boy. Here, father, these good gentlemen have given me—O! see here! It will buy for me plenty of pencils and colours for drawing, when you can spare me: 'tis a great deal of money though, and I won't keep it if you don't like it.

Mich. They are returned then. See, Nell, they want nothing. *[Exit Nell.]* What, give you gold! impossible! Come, come, tell me fairly where you got this, and I won't be angry. Tell me the truth. *[I scorn it.]*

Boy. When did I ever tell you a lie? You know

Mich. That's true, that's true; I am too hasty. Gold! for what? My heart misgives me. What did they say to you?

Boy. O! they asked me if I should like to go with them, and said that they would give me a horse to ride upon; but I told them no, I would not, I was very happy: and so I am too; for you know I could not leave mother and you.

Mich. No, no, to be sure you could not. This is very strange! *(Aside.)*

Boy. They asked me who gave me this rosary, and they took a great deal of notice of it; they are very kind gentlemen, indeed; but you would not part with me, would you?

Mich. Part with you! no; never till death alips the cable. *(Aside.)* That rosary was his father's; given to him on the sand just before he died; it has, I fear, betrayed him. Stay by me, and don't run about so much by yourself. *(Aside.)* O! they're coming, I must not seem surprised. *(Speaking loud to the boy.)* We must down to the boat, boy, more passengers are waiting to cross, and the tide is making in space. Take the flask aboard. *(Boy brings the flask.)* Stay! there is but little in it. Well, well, if we can't bring our means up to our wishes, we can keep our wishes down to our means, and that comes to the same point—content.

Enter SIR BERTRAND and LE SAGE, in conversation, on the opposite side.

Sir Ber. There cannot be a doubt of it: here are the very features, line for line. *(Looking at a miniature.)* We must get possession of him by courtesy, if possible, and that will hoodwink suspicion. The disposal of him we'll settle after.

Mich. *(Aside.)* They are very intent upon the boy.

Le Sage. Had you not better speak to the man?

Sir Ber. That seems to be a clever lad of yours, ferryman.

Mich. Yes, sir, I believe the boy's well enough.

Sir Ber. He passes for your son, I believe?

Mich. Why, whose should he pass for?

Sir Ber. Come, come, be explicit. Do you mean to tell me that you are his father?

Mich. Why, as to that, few fathers, I believe, could take upon them to say: 'tis useless to fathom beyond the depth of the line: 'tis sufficient for me that he is cast under this roof to lay claim to my protection.

Sir Ber. Will you part with him? He can have no great instruction here; I'll see his genius attended to; what can he learn of you?

Mich. Nature's independence—honesty! Labour to procure his meal of content, and gratitude to Him that sends it! He may see, perhaps, an example to resent injury or insult. What would you teach him more?

Le Sage. A purse, Sir Bertrand, may alter this tone.

Sir Ber. Come, come, I have a fancy to see him educated; there's earnest of what more I intend for you. *(Offering a purse.)*

Mich. I'll starve first! *(Throwing it away.)*

Le Sage. Do you know whom you are insulting by this behaviour?

Mich. What, because I won't sell my boy? I don't know who his honour may be; but if he is in great power, he ought to know that it was given him to protect, and not to oppress those below him.

Enter NELL and RECORD.

Nell. These are the gentlemen, Mr. Record.

Mich. *(Aside.)* Record here, and knows them! then I'm ruin'd.

Rec. Most high and mighty! you see your faithful servant bow before you; you are coming to Milford Castle, I suppose; you bring credentials with you. I am the old steward of the place, and must render proper accounts: I keep all under lock and key, most accurate! and am very particular whom I let in during my master's absence.

Sir Ber. Did not my servant arrive before you left the castle?

Rec. He did.

Sir Ber. Where is he now?

Rec. Under lock and key, most noble!

Sir Ber. What, have you made a prisoner of him.

Rec. He is very safe, till I return with proper authority to let him loose. His companions are two thirds of a peck loaf, the carcase of a cold turkey, and a Cheddar cheese: so there's no danger of his breaking out.

Sir Ber. An odd fellow this! but come, sir, why did you lock him in?

Rec. For the same reason that I have locked you out, right worshipful! to guard against impostors, as I must render account to those who come after; therefore, sir, I hope to see your credentials, the certificate of my master's death and burial, and your right of succession.

Mich. *(Aside to Nell.)* Sir Edmund dead!

Nell. The trunk, Michael.

Sir Ber. Le Sage, give him the papers; his formalities must be indulged. *(Le Sage gives him papers.)* In that parcel you will see every thing you want. I shall not visit the castle till evening. *(To Michael in parting.)* Think of what I've said to you, and give me an answer.

(Exit Sir Bertrand and Le Sage.)

Mich. I hope I shall have an answer for you.

Rec. What a sudden alteration of affairs! Come, Michael, give me a draught of your ale; I'll sit down and chat with you a little.

Mich. I thank you, I thank you.—And so, Sir Edmund is certainly dead, is he? Poor man!—I am very heartily glad to see you.—How the devil shall I get him out of the house? *(Aside.)* Nell, go and draw a mug of ale, child; take the boy with you.

Nell. Well, I'm going. *(Aside to Michael.)* But, Michael, can't you give me the key of the trunk, you know?

[Exit Nell.]

Mich. Silence! And so these people are come to live here, are they? Upon my soul, I'm heartily glad to see you: but won't you be wanted at home? You are sure you won't now, because, make no

ceremony with me—Quite sure! Good God! what a taking I'm in! (*Aside*.)

Rec. O! not in the least, not in the least:—Yes! he's dead and—but where's the ale?

Enter NELL, with ale.

Nell. Here it is.

Rec. There's a fine head to it. Our last brewing did not turn out quite so well; what's your proportion? I shall mend our receipt. Ay! it should be deeper coloured than this. (*Drinks*.) Delicious, in good truth! Did I never tell you of Sir Edmund's pedigree?

Mich. My impatience almost chokes me! (*Aside*.) Here's to you! here's to you! (*Drinks*.)

Rec. Why, you are in a d— hurry. What's the matter with you? I came to gossip half an hour or so.

Nell. He has a number of things to do; Mr. Record, good morning! good morning! (*Drinks*.)

Rec. Good morning! What the devil are you drinking me out of the house?

Mich. I've a great mind to tell him, but—(*Aside*.) Well, good bye, we shall meet in the evening, as I see you're in such a hurry now; I'm sure you must be wanted.

Rec. Well, I'm going! I'm going! Lackaday! this is the strangest kind of hospitality, to turn your old friend out of doors. Some family secret, I suppose—

Mich. Well, now, do go; make haste, will you? *Nell.* There's a good man; good bye!

Mich. You don't know how much I'm obliged to you. [*Exit Record.*]

Nell. Well, now for it.

Mich. Now for what, Nell?

Nell. The trunk to be sure. Sha'n't we open it?

Mich. We open it? I've divul'd the secret to you, Nell, and of course we are embarked; but, do you know the danger of two commanders in one bottom? If we mean to come safe to shore, we must have only one pilot; and as I'm best acquainted with the coast, you must trust the helm to me: so as there may be some difficulty in the steerage, I'll go first and reconnoitre, and then—

Nell. What, then, you shut me out from the secrets of your heart! Have I deserved this, Michael?

Mich. Be satisfied: I'll keep nothing from you; but when I open that trunk, I shall think I'm in company with my shipwreck'd friend, and that his spirit will witness for me. My curiosity is excited more for the happiness of his boy, than for any paltry recompense I may expect, for the discharge of the first duty of the human heart—kindness to the unfortunate.

DUET.—MICHAEL and NELL.

Mich. As the compass, true believe me,
Is this honest heart of oak.

Nell. If thy Nelly ever grieve thee,
Never faithful woman spoke.

Mich. By those eyes, my planets steering—

Nell. Thou the pilot, safe we go;

Mich. Never from affection veering,

Nell. Briskly may the breezes blow.

Both. Now for life's uncertain weather,
Tight and trim, and fond and free
Safely in one bark together.

With fair wind we'll put to sea.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Inside of Michael's house continued

Enter MICHAEL, with a trunk, sealed up.

Mich. I have closed the hatchways, and the decks are all clear: I feel just now for all the world like a commander going into an engagement, determined to do his duty, eager for victory, yet not without remembering that a battle may be lost as well as won. (*Breaks the seal.*) This is the key—what's here? (*Opens the trunk, and takes out a paper then reads.*) "The child with whom this trunk is found has lawful claim to the whole estate of Milford Castle, at the death of Sir Edmund. The writings within will explain the rest, and guide to the only copy of the Baron's will, now in the chapel of the Castle. Whoever finds this, and faithfully executes the trust, will meet with his reward, if needy, in the silken purse within, besides an annuity of fifty pounds when he shall be in possession of his estate." Nell must not know this yet it will turn her brain. She will be like a sudden squall, a hurricane, that whisks at once round every point of the compass. I should like to see the purse though; a little ready cash will be useful. Let's see; how shall I break it to him? I must make a friend of Record, to examine the papers. Lucky, little dog! D—e, I've done my duty by him, that's one comfort though. It would have been a pretty business if I had let him go.

Enter NELL in haste.

Nell. We're ruin'd, Michael! we are ruin'd!

Mich. (*Hiding the trunk*.) Don't be in such a hurry. No! we a'n't ruin'd—not ruin'd, Nell.

Nell. I tell you, they have stolen the poor boy away, and are dragging him I can't tell where: I saw him struggling till his last strength was gone: they have taken him quite out of sight.

Mich. Which way? Who have got him?

Nell. Over the—O, two such ill-looking fellows.

Mich. D—e but I'll be up with them: give me down my pistols. Don't look into that trunk; I'll tell you all; shut the papers in close. Poor little soul!—take care of the trunk!—I shall never make press of sail enough after him. Don't look into the trunk, Nell. O, the villains! [*Exit.*]

Nell. Yes, I'll take care of it; but, for fear of interruption, I'll go with it up stairs, and there have an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. Ah! I knew dreaming of those huge precipices boded no good.

SONG.—NELL.

*If woman is curious, sure nature's to blame,
The sex, high and low, in this point are the same;
And what at our birth we inherit from her,
Is her own blessed gift, and no crime, I aver.*

So if kept from our view

Any good thing or new,

What wonder we pout,

And would fain find it out?

*Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,
Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.*

*These lords of creation, what a fuss and a pother,
Of wonders and dangers of this, that, and t'other.*

What a trouble, heav'n bless us, they'd save to their lives,

If they would but consult, in most matters, their wives:

'Tis strange they don't try it,

We are always so quiet,

Never wish for the rule,

Only prudent and cool:

*Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,
Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.*

[*Exit with the trunk.*]

SCENE II.—*Outside of Milford Castle.**Enter SIR BERTRAND and LE SAGE.**Sir Ber.* Is the boy safe?*Le Sage.* All manage'd to a charm; they have got him away without suspicion of us, and I have just written to remove him again from St. Nicholas, where he will be quite out of their recovery.*Sir Ber.* That's well; then soon the lovely Clara shall be the fair mistress of these extensive possessions. While Sir Edmund lived, I dared not oblige her, but now—she knows not of our arrival, does she?*Le Sage.* Not a syllable: she occupies part of the old convent where I have lodged the boy, but knows not of your arrival, nor of Edmund's death.*Sir Ber.* Thus far, then, we glide on smoothly.*Enter RECORD.**Rec.* The way for your reverend steps is round these ramparts to the great gate. I have all the keys, and will give an account of every thing as we go on. Will you be pleased to follow, most respectful? *[Exit.]**Sir Ber.* We'll follow. Your man is trusty, or, *Le Sage*, our plans will but involve us deeper.*Le Sage.* Both secret and determined. You may now take possession with confidence and cheerfulness.*Sir Ber.* No, *Le Sage*; who takes what he knows to be another's right, must have confidence, indeed; but a merry heart will not be among his possessions.*Le Sage.* Mere vapours! a glass or two of the old convent wine will alter your opinion.SONG.—*LE SAGE.**In the low winding vale that's refresh'd by the stream,**Where the convent of Nicholas stood;**The vineyard invites the sun's ripening beam,**And believe me, the produce is good,**How the monks, in their day,**Must have woid'd it away,**O, they let not a cluster escape;**Till, their cheeks, I suppose,**In an afternoon's dose,**Were as purple and plump as the grape.**The mould'ring walls are conceal'd by the fruit,**And the liquor you'll say is divine,**Tho' the clay of the fathers still clings to the root,**Our cups overflow with the wine.**How the monks in their day, &c. [Exeunt.]*SCENE III.—*The armoury in the Castle.**Enter LUCY and SPRUCE.**Lucy.* This is the best of our curiosities, sir; we have been all round the castle now, and I hope you like our situation.*Spruce.* Vastly, vastly, dear.*Lucy.* I hope you don't believe I had any hand in locking you up; it was all Mr. Record's own doing, I can assure you sir.*Spruce.* Not at all, my 'ove, not at all; I shall settle the old boy in a twinkling, when I am a little to rights.*Lucy.* And you won't forget me! I should be sorry to lose my place now such fine people are coming.*Spruce.* Lose your place! you shall not, by this, and this. Depend upon it I'll settle you too. *Kissing her.)**Lucy.* Thank you, sir! Lord, this will be something like living.—*(A door shuts within with a hollow sound.)* Mercy on me! they are all coming in with Record's key, and will be up the winding staircase

in a moment. We must not be found here; I shall be ruin'd; we have no way out but that by which they come.

Spruce. Never fear, put me in anywhere, only make haste.*Lucy.* Well, well; here! you can creep behind that black armour; don't breathe for your life; they'll only pass on, and we can slip back when they are gone through. *(Spruce places himself behind the armour.)**Spruce.* Perhaps I am not the first coward that has trembled behind this suit of armour.*Lucy.* I'll get into this case where Record keeps his best armour; I see he has left the key and believes it locked.—*(Goes in to the case.)**Enter SIR BERTRAND, LE SAGE, and RECORD.**Rec.* You see, right noble, I've done my duty; every thing is in the completest order—*Sir Ber.* I'm satisfied, and shall reward you accordingly.*Le Sage.* For what are these piles of arms preserved?*Rec.* To arm your tenants and followers, most victorious! in cases of civil commotions; they were of great import to Sir Edmund's grandeur; and my father followed him, when a younger, in that helmet and coat of mail, in his troublesome days.*Sir Ber.* He was at Palestine, in the holy wars; was he not?*Rec.* He was, right reverend; and I can shew you the armour which he prized upon those occasions.—*(Approaching the case where Lucy is concealed.)* It often preserved his life in great perils. He never went to the holy wars without it, and slept with it every night in his tent.—I myself have now the care of it, and indeed I value it as much as the old warrior did: but I only regard it now as a curiosity, and am obliged to be very tender with it. *(Opens the case and discovers Lucy.)**Le Sage.* Heav'n! a woman!*Sir Ber.* An excellent companion for the holy wars!*Rec.* I'm dumb, most terrific! Did I not order you to stay in the chapel till my return? and how the devil got you in here? speak! *(As arms from the black armour fall.)* What's that? why here's witchcraft, in very truth.*Le Sage.* That armour moves, Sir Bertrand.*Sir Ber.* Which? Which? *Le Sage.*—what's the meaning of all this? do you know?*Le Sage.* I'll have it down if the devil's there. *(Drawing his sword. Lucy screams.)**Spruce.* *(Coming out.)* Tis only I, sir; I hope no offence: but this young woman was shewing me all her—no, your curiosities, sir, and hearing you approach, we fear'd you might be angry, so we concealed ourselves till you were gone by.*Lucy.* Indeed, that's all; as he was just come to his new place, I thought I would shew him the nature of it.*Rec.* Go down, hussy: wait below till I come, most impudent! I shall pay you off directly. *[Exit Lucy.]**Sir Ber.* Don't be so hasty. As to you, sir, I shall desire Record to put you to some employment—*Rec.* I will, most dignified! Come with me. So, putting a little flesh upon my bones did not seem to be all your intention here, eh?*[Exeunt Record and Spruce.]**Sir Ber.* Now, *Le Sage*, we are satisfied there is no copy left of the original will destroyed, we may with greater security proceed. Send the boy beyond sea, and there let him be despatched.

Le Sage. 'Tis done: by this he's safe. Lose not sight of Record, he may still be useful; should he prove otherwise, or turn refractory, we must provide for him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A retired part of a Forest. The remains of a Convent on the side.*

Enter MICHAEL.

I have lost him now for ever, that's plain. I have wander'd up and down through every track of the forest, and all to no purpose. Poor boy! how he'll grieve after me! his little heart will break—mine is gone to pieces already—quite waterlogg'd.—And Nell, too—well, I must not repine—The same Providence that threw him into my arms from shipwreck, may again think fit to save him. I'm quite faint and parch'd, I'll taste this running stream; here's a cup chain'd to the stone for wearied strangers. *(As he stoops to drink, the boy sings from within.)*

SONG.—BOY.

*Through forests drear I once did stray,
Where every songster us'd to say;
"O loiter here, 'tis nature's spring,
Thy carol sweet—dear minstrel sing."*

Mich. Heaven's that's his voice! my strength's renew'd; but how to get admittance?

BOY sings again.

*"Sweet birds," I cried, "could I, like you,
Ascend, the face of heaven to view;
Like you I'd welcome nature's spring,
My carol sweet for ever sing."*

Mich. D—! I'll board! But lie to, lie to Michael, and take a peep into the enemy's harbour.

(Retires.)

Enter FLINT.

Flint. This purse is to have its fellow, when I take back evidence of the boy being safe on board. The smuggling boat is ready, but the way to it bad; O! there's the old convent! Now for my letter; if the boy's troublesome, this shall muzzle him.

(Michael, overhearing, comes forward.)

Mich. What are you going to do with that letter?

Flint. What am I going to do? that's a pretty question: who the devil are you?

Mich. I am not used to turn assassin, believe me: but you must be plain, or two minutes will close your mouth for ever. The boy you are going for is in that house.

Flint. He is.

Mich. And are you employ'd to murder him.

Flint. O no! to put him off to sea.

Mich. By orders from the castle?

Flint. Yes: and here's my reward.

Mich. That letter will procure him?

Flint. Yes.

Mich. Now mark me; first give me the letter: then strip off that villain's coat of yours, and steer towards the ferry-house; there drop anchor till I come.

Flint. Hull off my coat?

Mich. No words—but do it this moment.

Flint. Well, well, there. *(Putting off his coat.)* you are not going to take anything else from me?

Mich. No: keep your money, and if you can, enjoy it. Your coat I only borrow: it shall be yours again. *(Exit Flint.) (Taking up the coat.)* 'Tis lawful in some cases to hoist false colours; and d—! if I must play the hypocrite, 'tis better to wear the villain's outside, so I am right and tight within, than to clothe a heart rotten at the core with the robes of honesty. *(Exit.)*

SCENE V.—*Inside of the Convent.*

Enter CLARA and BOY.

Boy. Indeed I could be happy with you as with anybody: but that I love my poor father and mother so dearly. What are they going to do with me? I am sure I never injured them.

Clara. You are sent here to be under my protection, and I will endeavour to make you comfortable. Alas! I fear by Le Sage directing this, some foul play; if so, and I lose Sir Edmund's protection, my ruin will be complete.

Boy. My father Michael always told me to fear nothing but doing a bad action. I have kept the lesson close, and I wish he could see me now, that I am not afraid. Poor dear Michael.

Enter JANNETTE and MICHAEL, disguised.

Clara. What ruffian are you, to break in upon our solitude without notice and due respect?

Jen. Madam, he has found his way through the grotto from the forest: he has frightened me almost out of my wits; he says he has a letter for you.

Boy. Don't be alarmed, he shall not hurt you; O, I'm almost afraid to look at him.

Mich. His he; his little soul breaks out. *(Aside.)* Do not terrify yourself, fair lady; I am no ruffian, though I believe I look very like one. *(Aside.)* That letter will tell you my business, *(Gives a letter, and drops a paper.)*

Clara. Signed Le Sage, as I foreboded. But what can all this mean? 'Tis to no purpose my inquiry; I am myself unprotected, and can afford no help to others. This is the child. My dear boy, it afflicts me to part with you, but you must go.

Boy. What, must I go with him? O, Michael, what would I give to see you once more!

Mich. I cannot hold out much longer. *(Aside.)* I must crowd sail, or shall lose my weather-gauge: fair lady, your servant.

Boy. Where are we going? If you mean to kill me, let me tell my beads first.

Mich. Kill you. O, no! I did not think I looked so diabolical as that neither.

(Exeunt Michael and Boy.)

Clara. *(Looking after him.)* Farewell, farewell! I cannot think why I take such an interest in that boy. Ah me! what's here? *(taking up the paper, reads.)* "The child with whom this trunk is found, has lawful claim to the whole estate of Milford Castle, at the death of Sir Edmund." Amazement! this must be my brother!—and Le Sage, by employing this wretch, must have found the papers. Gracious heaven! then my dear father is lost forever, and his child within the hands of that miscreant agent. I'll to the castle instantly, although my life should pay the forfeit of my rashness. Just heaven will not look on without regard, nor suffer innocence to fall. *(Exit.)*

SCENE VI.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter RECORD and NELL.

Nell. We know you are our friend, Mr. Record, and trust the whole to you! Michael, I'm sure, depends upon your honour.

Rec. That he may with safety, most adorable!—I won't utter a syllable about the papers till the proper moment: when will Michael be here?

Nell. O! I can't tell; he is gone in search of the poor boy; and heaven only knows whether he will find him or not: perhaps they have kill'd him, and Michael lost his life in defending him.

Rec. Don't despond, most affectionate: he will come back to you; and now let me, while we are quite alone, just taste the nectar of those lips, most — *(Attempting to kiss her.)*

Enter LUCY, who discovers him.

Nell. For shame! Mr. Record, what are you about?

Lucy. Mr. Record?

Nell. What brought you here, most curious, eh?

Lucy. I beg pardon, sir; but a lady desires to see you directly. (*Aside to Record.*) I see Michael's wife makes all his friends welcome. (*Exit.*)

Rec. Take care of the papers, Mrs. Nelly, and follow me. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII.—*The inside of the Chapel.*

SIR BERTRAND and LE SAGE meet CLARA and RECORD.

Clara. Sir Bertrand here! then I'm undone.

Sir Ber. Now, lovely Clara; I can make you most happy; at last, you see me lord of this fair castle, and you shall be its mistress. (*Think.*)

Rec. (*Aside.*) This is very familiar at first sight.

Clara. No, Sir Bertrand, that can never be; I come to claim a right on behalf of injured innocence. Le Sage must give the answer. Where is the child, you hypocrite? Where is the ruffian, to whom you committed him?

Le Sage. Haughty madam, this is not a time to interrogate my proceedings; your home from henceforth is here. That boy!—what of that boy?—why do you inquire?

Rec. Be cool, most vehement, be cool!

Clara. That boy! The wretch you sent to murder him, I suppose, was not quite collected in his business, or he would not have left this behind him. Know you that hand? (*Showing the paper.*) What, you pause?

Le Sage. This is some mystery, beyond my cunning to develop.

Clara. It is my honoured father's hand, and that child my brother. Restore him to me, or his blood shall be upon your heads, and sweep his oppressors from the earth.

Sir Ber. By this he is properly bestowed: this raving is useless; 'twere better you prepare to share the splendour of this scene.

Clara. No, never. I'll to the world proclaim such villainy, though I beg my daily crust from door to door. (*Going.*)

Sir Ber. Not so hasty, Clara; you must not, shall not leave me. (*Struggling with her.*)

Clara. For pity's sake, assist me, heaven! (*Breaks from him and meets Michael entering.*)

Mich. What, more injuries! Human nature can't endure them.

Clara. That ruffian here! then all is lost.

Sir Ber. What insolence is this? how came you here? who are you?

Clara. Who are you? Matchless hypocrisy! You know him not, nor his business?

Mich. Who am I? Look on this weather-beaten brow, and tell me whether you can read aught there that could deserve injustice at your hands? Look still, and say do you discover fear to resent it?

Sir Ber. What injuries are you speaking of?

Mich. What injuries? Do you know a villain of the name of Le Sage, and does he know another of the name of Flint?

Le Sage. (*Drawing.*) Who has given your tongue this license?

Mich. Put up your steel; I've seen too many of them in my time to tremble at yours; a good cudgel is all the weapon an honest cause wants, and more than a bad one will encounter.

Sir Ber. Leave the castle this instant. Record and Spruce, why do you turn the fellow out?

Rec. I am too weak—most potent!

Mich. Because they know I have higher orders than yours to remain here—

Le Sage. Whose are they?

Mich. The Baron's of Milford Castle.

Sir Ber. And who is that now?

Mich. I'll show you in the veering of a point; Eh! what! (*Searching his pocket.*) D—the paper's gone! the rudder carried away just coming into harbour—

Clara. What do you mean? Are you then his friend? what paper have you lost? Is it this? (*Giving him the paper.*)

Mich. This! eh! this! yes, yes, it is, sure enough! Now I'll produce the commander of this station. (*Goes out and returns with Boy and Nell.*)

Clara. (*Runs and embraces him.*) It is he again!

Mich. Yes, that it is, I'll swear to him as I would to my own right hand.

Sir Ber. This is all forgery.

Rec. I'm afraid not, most unfortunate! for Mrs. Nelly and I have been looking over some papers in a trunk—

Le Sage. What papers?

Mich. Those which his father delivered to me on his death-bed.

Sir Ber. Now you are detected. Where was that, villain; for his father was cast away at sea?

Mich. In these arms—on the bleak sea-shore, when I saved him and his little one from shipwreck; and had not heaven directed me to intercept that letter, he had still been at your mercy.

Le Sage. Curse on your officious zeal; we will think upon some plan to punish these usurpers.

(*Exeunt Sir B. and Le Sage.*)

Rec. O, here are the tenants of the estate assembled to assert the right of our new baron against injury and oppression.

Enter Villagers.

Mich. Now, Nell, it is enough for us to reflect that we have done our duty, and bore up so steadily against wind and tide to port, that we shall always find anchorage sure, and shelter from the storm.

FINALE.—Chorus.

The castle walls resounding,
As loud huzzas unite,
Proclaim each heart abounding
With transport and delight.

Boy. Though changed our lot to brighter scenes,
Though fair the prospects rise,
My mind to former pleasure leans,
Unconscious of disguise.

Clara.
To honour's way
This happy day
Its proudest laurels owing:
Then be it blest,
By every breast,
With gratitude o'erflowing.

Chorus. The castle walls resounding, &c., &c.

Nell. In smoothest waters safe at last,
We now forget the tempest past;
For sunshine greets the happy shore,
Care never will afflict us more.

Record. Most renown'd, I give you joy!

Clara. Mirth shall every hour employ.

Chorus. The castle walls resounding,
As loud huzzas unite,
Proclaim each heart abounding
With transport and delight.

(*Exeunt.*)

THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY M. G. LEWIS.



Ang.—"HEAVENS! THE VERY WORDS WHICH ALICE—"—Act iv, scene 2.

Persons Represented

OSMOND
REGINALD
PERCY
FATHER PHILIP

MOTLEY
KENRIC
SAIB
HASSAN

MULEY
ALABIO
ALLAN
EDRIG

HAROLD
ANGELA
ALICE
EVELINA

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Grove.

Enter FATHER PHILIP and MOTLEY, through a gate.

F. Phil. Never tell me. I repeat it, you are a fellow of a very scandalous course of life. But what principally offends me, is, that you pervert the minds of the maids, and keep kissing and smugling all the pretty girls you meet. Oh, fie, fie!

Mot. I kiss and smuggle them? St. Francis forbid! Lord love you, Father, 'tis they who kiss and smuggle me. I protest I do what I can to preserve my modesty; and I wish that Archbishop Dunstan had heard the lecture upon chastity which I read last night to the dairy-maid in the dark; he'd have been quite edified. But yet what does talking signify? The eloquence of my lips is counteracted by the lustre of my eyes; and really, the little devils are so tender, and so troublesome, that I'm half angry with nature for having made me so very bewitching.

F. Phil. Nonsense, nonsense!

Mot. Put yourself in my place. Suppose that a sweet, smiling rogue, just sixteen, with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, pouting lips, &c.—

F. Phil. Oh, fie, fie, fie! To hear such licentious discourse brings the tears into my eyes!

Mot. I believe you, Father; for I see the water is running over at your mouth; which puts me in mind, my good Father, that there are some little points which might be altered in you still better than in myself; such as intemperance, gluttony—

F. Phil. Gluttony! Oh, abominable falsehood!

Mot. Plain matter of fact. Why, will any man pretend to say that you came honestly by that enormous belly, that tremendous tomb of fish, flesh, and fowl? And for incontinence, you must allow yourself, that you are unequalled.

F. Phil. I!—I!

Mot. You, you. May I ask what was your business in the beech-grove, the other evening when I caught

you with buxom Margery, the miller's pretty wife? Was it quite necessary to lay your hands on her so close?

F. Phil. Perfectly necessary: I was whispering in her ear wholesome advice, and she took it as kindly as I have.

Mot. So you was, faith! Father; you gave it with your lips and she took it with her's. Well done, Father Philip!

F. Phil. Son, son, you give your tongue too great

Mot. Nay, Father, be not angry: I know, you know, are privileged persons.

F. Phil. I know they are very useless ones; and, in short, master Motley, to be plain with you, of all fools, I think you the worst; and for fools of all kinds I've an insupportable aversion.

Mot. Really? Then you have one good quality at least, and I cannot but admire such a total want of self-love: (*Softly.*) But, hark! There goes the dinner-bell. Away to table, Father. Depend upon't, the servants will rather eat part of their dinner unblest, than stay till your stomach comes, like Jonas's whale, and swallows up the whole.

F. Phil. Well, well, fool; I am going; but first let me explain to you that my bulk proceeds from no indulgence of voracious appetite. No, son, no. Little sustenance do I take; but St. Cutlibert's blessing is upon me, and that little prospers with me most marvellously. Verily, the saint has given me rather too plentiful an increase, and my legs are scarce able to support the weight of his bounties.

Mot. He looks like an overgrown turtle, waddling upon its hind legs. Yet, at bottom, 'tis a good fellow enough: warm-hearted, benevolent, friendly, and amiable; but no more intended by nature to be a man, than I to be a maid of honour to the Queen of Sheba. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter PERCY.

Per. I cannot be mistaken. In spite of his dress, his features are too well known to me.—Hist! Gilbert, Gilbert!

Mot. Gilbert? Oh Lord, that's I.—Who calls?

Per. Have you forgotten me?

Mot. Truly, sir, that would be no easy matter; I never forgot in my life what I never knew.

Per. Have ten years altered me so much, that you cannot—

Mot. Eh!—can it be? Pardon me, my dear Lord Percy. In truth, you may well forgive my having forgotten your name, for at first I didn't very well remember my own. However, to prevent further mistakes, I must inform you, that he who in your father's service was Gilbert the knave, is Motley the fool in the service of Earl Osmond.

Per. Of Earl Osmond! This is fortunate: Gilbert, you may be of use to me; and if the attachment which, as a boy, you professed for me still exists—

Mot. It does, with ardour unabated; for I'm not so unjust as to attribute to you my expulsion from Alnwick-castle. But now, sir, may I ask, what brings you to Wales?

Per. A woman whom I adore.

Mot. Yes, I guessed that the business was about a petticoat. And this woman is—

Per. The orphan ward of a villager, without friends, without family, without fortune!

Mot. Great points in her favour, I must confess. And which of these excellent qualities won your heart?

Per. I hope I had better reasons for bestowing it on her. No, Gilbert, I loved her for a person beautiful without art, and graceful without affectation;

for a heart tender without weakness, and noble without pride. I saw her at once beloved and revered by her village companions; they looked on her as a being of a superior order; and I felt that she, who was so good, must have a noble mind, must needs add new lustre to the coronet of the Percies.

Mot. From which I am to understand, that you mean to marry this rustic? [*Myself.*]

Per. Could I mean otherwise, I should blush for

Mot. Yet surely the baseness of her origin—

Per. Can to me be no objection: In giving her my hand, I raise her to my station, not debase myself to her's; or ever, while gazing on the beauty of a rose, did I think it less fair because planted by a peasant.

Mot. Bravo! And what says your good grumbling father to this?

Per. Alas! he has long slept in the grave.

Mot. Then he's quiet at last. Well, heaven grant him that peace above, which he suffered nobody to enjoy below. But what obstacle now prevents your marriage?

Per. You shall hear:—Fearing lest my rank should influence this lovely girl's affections, and induce her to bestow her hand on the noble, while she refused her heart to the man, I assumed a peasant's habit, and presented myself as Edwy the low-born and the poor. In this character I gained her heart, and resolved to hail, as Countess of Northumberland, the betrothed of Edwy the low-born and the poor. Judge, then, how great must have been my disappointment, when, on entering her guardian's cottage with this design, he informed me, that the unknown, who sixteen years before had confided her to his care, had claimed her on that very morning, and conveyed her no one knew whither.

Mot. That was unlucky.

Per. However, in spite of his precaution, I have traced the stranger's course, and find him to be Kenric, a dependent on Earl Osmond.

Mot. Surely it's not Lady Angela, who—

Per. The very same. Speak, my good fellow; do you know her?

Mot. Not by your description; for here she's underwood to be the daughter of Sir Malcolm Mowbray, my master's deceased friend. And what is your present intention?

Per. To demand her of the Earl in marriage.

Mot. Oh! that will never do; for, in the first place, you'll not be able to get a sight at him. I've now lived with him five long years; and till Angela's arrival, never witnessed a guest in the castle. Oh! 'tis the most magnificent mansion! And, as to the Earl, he's the very antidote to mirth. None dare approach him, except Kenric and his four blacks; all others are ordered to avoid him; and whenever he quits his room, ding dong! goes a great bell, and away run the servants like so many scared rabbits.

[*For—*]

Per. Strange! and what reasons can he have

Mot. Oh! reasons in plenty. You must know there's an ugly story respecting the last owners of this castle. Osmond's brother, his wife, and infant child, were murdered by banditti, as it was said; unluckily, the only servant who escaped the slaughter deposed, that he recognised among the assassins a black sif in the service of Earl Osmond. The truth of this assertion was never known, for the servant was found dead in his bed the next

Per. Good heavens!

[*Morning.*]

Mot. Since that time, no sound of joy has been heard in Conway-castle. Osmond instantly became

gloomy and farcical. He now never utters a sound, except a sigh, has broken every tie of society, and keep his gates barred unceasingly against the stranger.

Per. Yet Angela is admitted. But, no doubt affection for her—

Mot. Why, no; I rather think that affection for

Per. How! [her father's child—]

Mot. If I've any knowledge in love, the Earl feels it for his fair ward, but the lady will tell you more of this, if I can procure for you an interview.

Per. The very request, which—

Mot. 'Tis no easy matter, I promise you; but I'll do my best. In the meanwhile, wait for me in yonder fishing hut, its owner's name is Edric; tell him that I sent you, and he will give you a retreat.

Per. Farewell, then, and remember, that whatever reward—

Mot. Dear master, to mention a reward insults me. You have already shewn me kindness; and when 'tis in my power to be of use to you, to need the inducement of a second favour would prove me a second and undeserving of the first. [Exit.]

Per. How warm is this good fellow's attachment! Yet our barons complain that the great can have no friends. If they have none, let their own pride bear the blame. Instead of looking with scorn on those whom a smile would attract, and a favour bind for ever, how many firm friends might our nobles gain, if they would but reflect that their vassals are men as they are, and have hearts whose feelings can be grateful as their own. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Castle Hall.

Enter SAIB and HASSAN.

Saib. Now, Hassan; what success?

Has. My search has been fruitless. In vain have I paced the river's banks, and pierced the grove's deepest recesses. Nor glen nor thicket have I passed unexplored, yet found no stranger to whom Kenric's description could apply.

Saib. Saw you no one? [the wood.]

Has. A troop of horsemen passed me as I left

Saib. Horsemen, say you? Then Kenric may be right. Earl Percy has discovered Angela's abode; and lurks near the castle, in hopes of carrying her off.

Has. His hopes then will be vain. Osmond's vigilance will not easily be eluded; sharpened by those powerful motives, love and fear.

Saib. His love, I know; but should he lose Angela, what has he to fear?

Has. If Percy gain her, everything. Supported by such wealth and power, dangerous would be her claim to these domains, should her birth be discovered. Of this our lord is aware; nor did he sooner hear that Northumberland loved her, than he hastened to remove her from Allan's care. At first, I doubt his purpose was a foul one: her resemblance to her mother induced him to change it. He now is resolved to make her his bride, and restore her to those rights of which himself deprived her. [master loves her?]

Saib. Think you the lady perceives that our

Has. I know she does not. Absorbed in her own passion for Percy, on Osmond she bestows no thought; and while roving through these pompous halls and chambers, sighs for the Cheviot hills and Allan's humble cottage.

Saib. But as she still believes Percy to be a low-born swain, when Osmond lays his coronet at her feet, will she reject his rank and splendour?

Has. If she loves well, she will. Saib, I too have loved. I have known how painful it was to leave her on whom my heart hung; how incapable was

all else to supply her loss. I have exchanged want for plenty; fatigue for rest; a wretched hut for a splendid palace. But am I happier? O, no! Still do I regret my native land, and the partners of my poverty. Then toil was sweet to me; for I laboured for Samba! then repose ever blessed my bed of leaves; for there, by my side, lay Samba sleeping.

Saib. This from you, Hassan? Did love ever find a place in your stony bosom?

Has. Did it? Oh, Saib! my heart once was gentle, once was good; but sorrows have broken it, insults have made it hard. I have been dragged from my native land; from a wife who was everything to me, to whom I was everything! Twenty years have elapsed since these Christians tore me away; they trampled upon my heart, mocked my despair, and, when in frantic terms I raved of Samba, laughed, and wondered how a negro's soul could feel. In that moment, when the last point of Africa faded from my view,—when, as I stood on the vessel's deck, I felt that all I loved was to me lost for ever—in that bitter moment did I banish humanity from my breast. I tore from my arm the bracelet of Samba's hair; I gave to the sea the precious token; and while the high waves swift bore it from me, vowed aloud, endless hatred of mankind. I have kept my oath; I will keep it.

Saib. Ill-starred Hassan! your wrongs have indeed been great.

Has. To remember them unmans me. Farewell! I must to Kenric. Hold! Look, where he comes, from Osmond's chamber.

Saib. And seemingly in wrath.

Has. His conferences with the Earl of late have had no other end. The period of his favour is arrived.

Saib. Not of his favour merely, Hassan.

Has. How! Mean you that— [anon.]

Saib. Silence! He's here; you shall know more

Enter KENRIC.

Ken. Ungrateful Osmond, I will bear your ingratitude no longer. Now, Hassan, found you the man described?

Has. Nor any that resembled him.

Ken. Yet, that I saw Percy, I am convinced. As I crossed him in the wood, his eye met mine. He started as had he seen a basilisk, and fled with rapidity. But I will submit no longer to this painful dependence. To-morrow for the last time, will I summon him to perform his promise: if he refuse, I will bid him farewell for ever; and, by my absence, free him from a restraint equally irksome to myself and him.

Saib. Will you so, Kenric? Be speedy then, or you will be too late.

Ken. Too late! And wherefore? [services.]

Saib. You will soon receive the reward of your

Ken. Ha! know you what the reward will be?

Saib. I guess, but may not tell.

Ken. Is it a secret?

Saib. Can you keep one?

Ken. Faithfully.

Saib. As faithfully can I. Come, Hassan. [Exeunt.]

Ken. What meant the slave? Those doubtful expressions—Ha! should the lord intend me false! Kenric, Kenric! how is thy nature changed. There was a time when fear was a stranger to my bosom; when guiltless myself, I dreaded not art in others. Now, where'er I turn me, danger appears to lurk, and I suspect treachery in every breast, because my own heart hides it. [Exit.]

Enter FATHER PHILIP, followed by ALICE.

F. Phil. Nonsense! You silly woman; what you say is not possible.

Alice. I never said it was possible; I only said it was true; and that if ever I heard music, I heard it last night.

F. Phil. Perhaps the fool was singing to the *Alice*. The fool, indeed! Oh, fie, fie! How dare you call my lady's ghost a fool?

F. Phil. Your lady's ghost! You silly old woman. *Alice.* Yes, father, yes; I repeat it, I heard the guitar, lying upon the oratory table, play the very air which the lady Evelina used to sing while rocking her little daughter's cradle. She warbled it so sweetly, and ever at the close it went—*(Singing.)*

"Lullaby, Lullaby! hush thee, my dear!
Thy father is coming, and soon will be here!"

F. Phil. Nonsense, nonsense! Why, pray thee, *Alice*, do you think that your lady's ghost would get up at night only to sing lullaby for your amusement? Besides, how should a spirit, which is nothing but air, play upon an instrument of material wood and catgut?

Alice. How can I tell? Why, I know very well that men are made; but if you desired me to make a man, I vow and protest I shouldn't know how to set about it. I can only say, that last night I heard the ghost of the murdered lady—

F. Phil. Playing upon the spirit of a cracked guitar! *Alice*, *Alice*! these fears are ridiculous! The idea of ghosts is a vulgar prejudice; and they, who are timid and absurd enough to encourage it, prove themselves the most contemptible—

Alice. *(Screaming.)* Oh, Lord bless us!

F. Phil. What? Eh!—Oh, dear!

Alice. Look, look!—A figure in white!—It comes from the haunted room.

F. Phil. *(Dropping on his knees.)* Blessed St. Patrick!—Who has got my beads? Where's my prayer-book? It comes, it comes! Now, now! Lack-a-day; it's only lady *Angela.* *(Rising.)* Lack-a-day! I am glad of it with all my heart.

Alice. Truly so am I. But what say you now, father, to the fear of spectres?

F. Phil. Why, the next time you are afraid of a ghost, remember and make use of the receipt which I shall now give you; and instead of calling for a priest to lay the spirits of other people in the red sea, call for a bottle of red wine to raise your own. *Probatum est.*

Alice. Wine, indeed! I believe he thinks I like drinking as well as himself. No, no; let the old topling friar take his bottle of wine; I shall confine myself to plain cherry brandy.

Enter ANGELA.

Ang. I am weary of wandering from room to room; in vain do I change the scene, discontent is everywhere. There was a time, when music could delight my ear, and nature could charm my eye—when I could pour forth a prayer of gratitude, and thank my good angels for a day unclouded by sorrow. Now, all is gone, all lost, all faded! *(Aside.)*

Alice. Lady.

Ang. Perhaps at this moment he thinks upon me. Perhaps then he sighs, and murmurs to himself,—"The flowers, the rivulets, the birds, every object reminds me of my well-beloved; but what shall remind her of Edwy?"—Oh, that will my heart, Edwy; I need no other remembrance. *(Aside.)*

Alice. Lady, lady *Angela*! She minds me no more than a post.

Ang. Oh, are you there, good *Alice*? What would you with me?

Alice. Only ask how your ladyship rested.

Ang. Ill; very ill.

Alice. Look-a-day! and yet you sleep in the best

Ang. True, good *Alice*; but my heart's anguish strewn thorns upon my couch of down.

Alice. Marry! I'm not surprised that you rested ill in the cedar-room. Those noises so near you—

Ang. What noises? I heard none.

Alice. How? When the clock struck one, heard you no music?

Ang. Music! None; not that I—Stay, now I remember, that while I sat alone in my chamber this morning—

Alice. Well, lady, well?

Ang. Methought I heard some one singing; it seemed as if the words ran thus:—*(Singing.)* "Lullaby, Lullaby, hush thee, my dear!"

Alice. *(Screaming.)* The very words. It was the ghost, lady, it was the ghost!

Ang. The ghost, *Alice*! I protest I thought it had been you.

Alice. Me, lady! Lord, when did you hear this singing?

Ang. Not five minutes ago; while you were talking with Father Philip.

Alice. The lord be thanked. Then it was not the ghost. It, was I, lady; it was I! And have you heard no other singing since you came to the castle?

Ang. None. But why that question?

Alice. Because, lady—But perhaps you may be frightened?

Ang. No, no;—proceed, I entreat you.

Alice. Why, then, they do say, that the chamber in which you sleep is haunted. You may have observed two folding doors, which are ever kept locked: they lead to the oratory, in which the lady *Evelina* passed most of her time, while my lord was engaged in the Scottish wars. She would sit there, good soul, hour after hour, playing on the lute, and singing airs so sweet, so sad, that many a time and oft have I wept to hear her. Ah! when I kissed her hand at the castle-gate, little did I suspect that her fate would have been so wretched.

Ang. And what was her fate?

Alice. A sad one, lady. Impatient to embrace her lord, after a year's absence, the Countess set out to meet him on his return from Scotland, accompanied by a few domestics and her infant daughter, then scarce a twelvemonth old. But, as she returned with her husband, robbers surprised the party, scarce a mile from the castle; and, since that time, no news has been received of the Earl, of the Countess, the servants, or the child.

Ang. Dreadful! Were not their corpses found?

Alice. Never. The only domestic who escaped, pointed out the scene of action; and, as it proved to be on the river's banks, doubtless the assassins plunged the bodies into the stream.

Ang. Strange! And did Earl *Osmond* then become owner of this castle? *Alice*, was he ever suspected of—

Alice. Speak lower, lady. It was said so, I own; but for my own part I never believed it. To my certain knowledge, *Osmond* loved the lady *Evelina* too well to hurt her; and when he heard of her death, he wept and sobbed as if his heart were breaking. Nay, 'tis certain that he proposed to her before marriage, and would have made her his wife, only that she liked his brother better. But I hope you are not alarmed by what I mentioned of the cedar-room?

Ang. No, truly, *Alice*; from good spirits I have nothing to fear, and heaven and my innocence will protect me against bad.

Alice. My very sentiments, I protest. But heaven forgive me: while I stand gossiping here, I warrant

all goes wrong in the kitchen. Your pardon, lady; I must away; I must away. [Exit.]

Ang. (Musing) Osmond was his brother's heir. His strange demeanour! Yes, in that gloomy brow is written a volume of villainy.—Heavenly powers! an assassin then is master of my fate! An assassin too, who—I dare not bend my thoughts that way. Oh! would I had never entered these castle walls! had never exchanged for fearful pomp the security of my pleasures—the tranquillity of my soul! [Exit.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—The Armoury.
Suits of Armour are arranged on both sides, upon pedestals, with the names of their possessors written under each.

Enter MOTLEY, peeping.
Mot. The coast is clear. Hist! hist! You may enter.

Enter PERCY.
Per. Loiter not here. Quick, my good fellow! Conduct me to Angela.

Mot. Softly, softly. A little caution is needful; and I promise you just now I'm not upon roses.

Per. If such are your fears, why not lead me at once to Angela?

Mot. Be contented, and leave all to me: I will contrive matters so, that Osmond shall have you before his eyes, and be no jot the wiser. But you must make up your mind to play a statue for an hour or two.

Per. How. [hour or two.]

Mot. Nay, 'tis absolutely necessary. The late Earl's servants are fully persuaded that his ghost wanders every night through the long galleries, and parades the old towers and dreary halls which abound in this melancholy mansion. He is supposed to be dressed in complete armour; and that which you are to wear at present was formerly his. Now hear my plan. The Earl prepares to hold a conference with lady Angela; here, placed upon the pedestal, you may listen to their discourse unobserved, and thus form a proper judgment both of your mistress and her guardian. As soon as it grows dark, I will conduct you to Angela's apartment; and even should you be observed, you will pass for Earl Reginald's spectre.

Per. I do not dislike your plan: but tell me, Gilbert, do you believe this tale of the apparition?

Mot. Oh! heaven forbid! Not a word of it. Had I minded all the strange things related of this castle, I should have died of fright in the first half hour. Why, they say, that Earl Hubert rides every night round the castle on a white horse; that the ghost of Lady Bertha haunts the west pinnacle of the chapel tower; and that Lord Hilberdand, who was condemned for treason some sixty years ago, may be seen in the great hall, regularly at midnight, walking about without his head. Above all, they say, that the spirit of the late Countess sits nightly in her oratory, and sings her baby to sleep. Quick, quick! ere the servants quit the hall, where they are now at dinner. (Takes down a suit of armour.) Here's the helmet—the gauntlets—the shield. So now, take the truncheon in your hand, and there we have you armed cap-a-pie. (Bell sounds thrice.) Hark! 'tis the Earl; quick, to your post. (Percy ascends the pedestal.) Farewell—I must get out of his way; but as soon as he quits this chamber, I'll rejoin you. [Exit.]

(The folding doors are thrown open; Sahib, Hassan, Muley, and Alaric enter, preceding Earl Osmond, who walks with his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon the ground. Said advances to a sofa, into which, after making a few turns through the room, Osmond throws himself. He motions to his attendants, and they

withdraw. He appears lost in thought; then suddenly rises, and again traverses the room with disordered steps.)

Osmond. I will not sacrifice my happiness to hers! No, Angela, you ask of me too much. Since the moment when I pierced her heart, deprived of whom, life became odious; since my soul was stained with his blood who loved me; with hers whom I loved; no form has been grateful to my eyes, no voice spoken pleasure to my soul, save Angela's, save only Angela's!—Mine she is; mine she shall be, though Reginald's bleeding ghost flit before me, and thunder in my ear—"Hold, hold!" Peace, stormy heart! She comes!

Enter ANGELA.

Osmond. (In a softened voice.) Come hither, Angela. Wherefore so sad? That downcast eye, that hatless air, neither suit your age or fortunes. The treasures of India are lavished to adorn your person; yet, still do I see you, forgetting what you are, look back with regret to what you were.

Ang. Oh, my good lord! esteem me not ungrateful. I acknowledge your bounties; but they have not made me happy. I still linger, in thought, near those scenes where I passed the blessed period of infancy; I still thirst for those simple pleasures which habit has made so dear; the birds which my own hands reared; and the flowers which my own hands planted; the banks on which I rested when fatigued; all have acquired rights to my memory and my love.

Osmond. Absurd!

Ang. While I saw you, Cheviot hills, I was happy; oh, how happy! At morn when I left my bed, light were my spirits, and gay as the zephyrs of summer; and when at night my head again pressed my pillow, I whispered to myself, "happy has been to-day, and to-morrow will be as happy!" Then sweet was my sleep; and my dreams were those whom I loved dearest.

Osmond. Romantic enthusiast! These thoughts did well for the village maid, but disgrace the daughter of Sir Malcolm Mowbray. Hear me, Angela. An English baron loves you; a nobleman, than whom our island boasts few more potent. 'Tis to him that your hand is destined; 'tis on him that your heart must be bestowed.

Ang. I cannot dispose of that which has long been another's. My heart is Edwy's.

Osmond. Edwy's? A peasant's?

Ang. For the obscurity of his birth, chance must be blamed; the merit of his virtues belongs wholly to himself. [is a virtue.]

Osmond. By heaven! you seem to think that poverty

Ang. Sir, I think 'tis a misfortune, not a crime. Edwy has my plighted faith. He received it on the last evening which I passed in Northumberland. It was then, that, for the first time, I gave him my hand, and I swore that I never would give it but to him! It was then, that, for the first time, he pressed his lips to mine, and I swore that my lips should never be pressed by another.

Osmond. Girl, girl! you drive me to distraction!

Ang. You alarm me, my lord! Permit me to retire. (Going. Osmond detains her violently by the arm.)

Osmond. Stay! (In a softer tone.) Angela, I love you. Ang. (Starting.) My lord!

Osmond. (Passionately.) Love you to madness. Nay, strive not to escape: remain, and hear me. I offer you my hand; if you accept it, mistress of these fair and rich domains, your days shall glide away in happiness and honour; but, if you refuse and scorn my offer, force shall this instant—

Ang. Force! Oh, no! You dare not be so base.

Osmond. Reflect on your situation, Angela; you are in my power. Remember it, and be wise.

Ang. If you have a generous mind, that will be my surest safeguard. Be it my plea, Osmond, when thus I sue to you for mercy, for protection. Look on me with pity, Osmond! 'Tis the daughter of the man you loved; 'tis a creature friendless, wretched, and forlorn, who kneels before you, who flies to you for refuge! True, I am in your power; then save me, respect me, treat me not cruelly; for, I am in your power!

Osmond. I will hear no more. Will you accept my

Ang. Osmond, I conjure you—

Osmond. Answer my question—

Ang. Mercy! Mercy!

Osmond. Will you be mine?—Speak! Speak!

Ang. (After a moment's pause, rises, and pronounces with firmness.) Never, so help me heaven!

Osmond. (Seizing her.) Your fate then is decided. (Angela shrieks.)

Per. (In a hollow voice.) Hold! [what was that?]

Osmond. (Starts, but still grasps Angela's arm.) Ha!

Ang. (Struggling to escape.) Hark, hark! Hear you not a voice.

Osmond. (Gazing upon Percy.) It came from hence! From Reginald! Was it not a delusion? Did indeed his spirit (betwixt into his former passion). Well, be it so! Though his ghost should rush between us, thus would I clasp her!—horror! What sight is this? (At the moment that he again seizes Angela, Percy extends his truncheon with a menacing gesture, and descends from the pedestal. Osmond releases Angela, who immediately rushes from the chamber; while Percy advances a few steps, and remains gazing on the Earl steadfastly.) I know that shield!—that helmet! Speak to me, dreadful vision!—tax me with my crimes!—Tell me that you come—Stay! Speak! (Following Percy, who, when he reaches the door, through which Angela escaped, turns, and signs to him with his hand. Osmond starts back in terror. He forbids my following! He leaves me! The door closes! (In a sudden burst of passion, and drawing his sword. Hell, and fiends! I'll follow him, though lightnings blast me! (He rushes distractedly from the chamber.)

SCENE II.—The Castle Hall.

Enter ALICE.

Alice. Here's rudeness; here's ill-breeding! On my conscience, this house grows worse and worse every day!

Enter MOTLEY.

Mot. What can Earl Percy have done with himself? How now, dame Alice; you look angry.

Alice. By my troth, fool, I have little reason to look pleased. To be frightened out of my wits by night, and thumped and bumped about by day, is not likely to put one in the best humour.

Mot. Poor soul! and who has been thumping and bumping you?

Alice. Who has? You should rather ask who has not. Why only hear. As I was just now going along the narrow passage which leads to the armoury, singing to myself, and thinking of nothing, I met lady Angela flying away as if for dear life. So I dropped her a curtsy; but might as well have spared my pains. Without minding me any more than if I had been a dog or a cat, she pushed me on one side; and before I could recover my balance, somebody else, who came bounding by me, gave me t'other thump; and there I lay sprawling upon the floor. However, I tumbled with all possible decency.

Mot. Somebody else! What somebody else?

Alice. I know not; but he seemed to be in armour.

Mot. In armour! Pray, Alice, looked he like a ghost?

Alice. What he looked like, I cannot say; but I'm sure he didn't feel like one; however, you've not heard the worst. While I was sprawling upon the ground, my lord comes tearing along the passage. The first thing he did was to stumble against me. Away went his heels, over he came, and in the twinkling of an eye, there lay his lordship! As soon as he got up again, mercy, how he stormed! He snatched me up, called me an ugly old witch, shook the breath out of my body, then clapped me on the ground again, and bounced away after the other two.

Mot. My mind misgives me. But what can this mean, Alice?

Alice. The meaning I neither know nor care about; but this I know—I'll stay no longer in a house where I am treated so disrespectfully. "My lady!" says I:—"Out of my way," says she, and pushes me on one side. "My lord," says I:—"You be d—d!" says he, and pushes me on t'other! I protest I never was so ill used, even when I was a young woman. (Exit.)

Mot. Should Earl Percy be discovered! The very thought gives me a crick in my neck. At any rate I had better enquire whether—(Going.)

Enter FATHER PHILIP, hastily.

F. Phil. (Stopping him.) Get out of the house! That's your way.

Mot. Why what's the meaning?

F. Phil. Don't stand prating, but do as I bid you.

Mot. But first tell me—

F. Phil. I can only tell you to get out of the house. Kenric has discovered Earl Percy. You are known to have introduced him. The Africans are in search of you. If you are found, you will be hung out of hand. Fly then to Edric's cottage; hide yourself there. Hark! Some one comes. Away, away, ere it is too late. (Pushing him out.)

Mot. (Confused.) But Earl Percy—but Angela—

F. Phil. Leave them to me. You shall hear from me soon. Only take care of yourself, and fly with all diligence. Away! (Exit Motley.) So, so, he's off; and now I've time to take breath. I've not moved so nimbly for the last twenty years; and, in truth, I'm at present but ill calculated for velocity of motion; however, my exertions have not been thrown away; I have saved this poor knave from Osmond's vengeance; and should my plan for the lady's release succeed—Poor little soul!—To see how she took on, when Percy was torn from her! Well, well, she shall be rescued from her tyrant. The moveable panels, the subterraneous passages. The secret springs well known to me. Oh! I cannot fail of success; but, in order to secure it, I'll finally arrange my ideas in the buttery. Whenever I've any great design in hand, I always ask advice of a flagon of ale, and mature my plan over a cold venison-pastry. (Exit.)

SCENE III.—A spacious chamber; on one side is a couch; on the other a table, which is placed under an arched and lofty window.

Enter OSMOND, followed by SAIB HASSAN, MULEY, and ALARIC, who conduct PERCY, disarmed.

Osmond. This, sir, is your prison; but doubtless, your confinement will not continue long. The moment which gives me Angela's hand, shall restore you to liberty; and, till that moment arrives, farewell.

Per. Stay, sir, and hear me. By what authority presume you to call me captive? Have you forgotten that you speak to Northumberland's Earl?

SONG AND CHORUS.

Mot. (*Singing without.*) Sleep you, or wake you, lady bright?

Chorus. Sing *Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!*

Mot. Now is the fittest time for flight.

Chorus. Sing *Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!*

Mot. Know, from your tyrant father's power,
Beneath the window of your tower,

A boat now waits to set you free;

Sing *Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!*

Sing *Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!*

Chorus.

Per. (*Who has half-raised himself from the couch during the latter part of the song, and listened attentively.*) Surely I know that voice!

Muley. Now, what's the matter?

Saib. A boat lies at the foot of the tower, and the fishermen sing while they draw their nets.

Per. I could not be mistaken; it was Gilbert.

SECOND STANZA.

Mot. Though deep the stream, though high the walls

Chorus. Sing *Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!*

Mot. The danger trust me, love, is small;

Chorus. Sing *Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!*

Mot. To spring below then never dread;

My arms to catch you shall be spread;

And from hence you soon shall be,

Sing *Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!*

Sing *Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!*

Chorus.

Per. I understand him. He bids be—Yet the danger—What course shall I pursue?

Muley. Prythee, come down, Saib; I long to divide the purse.

Saib. Stay a moment I'm with you. (*Shutting the window and descending.*) Here I am and now for the purse. (*They resume their seats upon the ground; Saib opens the purse and begins to reckon the gold.*)

Per. Yes, I must brave the danger. I will feign to sleep; and when my gaolers are off their guard, then aid me, blest Providence! (*Extending himself upon the couch.*)

Saib. Hold, Muley! What if, instead of sharing the purse, we throw for its contents? Here are dice.

Muley. With all my heart; and look: to pass our time the better, here's a bottle of the best sack in the Earl's cellar.

Saib. Good, good! And now, be this angel the stake. But first, what is our prisoner doing?

Muley. Oh! he sleeps; mind him not. Come, come; throw.

Saib. Here goes. Nine! Now to you.

Muley. Nine too! Double the stake.

Saib. Agreed; and the throw is mine. Hark! What noise? (*During this dialogue, Percy has approached the table in silence: at the moment that he prepares to mount it, Saib looks round, and Percy hastily throws himself back on the couch.*)

Muley. Oh! nothing, nothing.

Saib. Methought I heard the Earl—

Muley. Mere fancy. You see he is sleeping soundly. Come, come; throw.

Saib. There then: eleven!

Muley. That's bad: huzza!—sixes!

Saib. Plague on your fortune! Come double or quits.

Muley. Be it so, and I throw—sounds! only five.

Saib. Then I think this hit must be mine: aces, by heavens!

(*Muley. Ha, ha! your health, friend!*)

Per. (*Who has again reached the table, mounted the chair, and opening the window, now stands at it,*

and signs to the men below.) They see me, and extend a cloth beneath the window. 'Tis a fearful height! Saib Do you mean to empty the bottle? Come, come: give it to me.

Muley. Take it, blunderhead. Saib Drinks.)

Per. They encourage me to venture. Now then, or never. (*Aloud.*) Angels of bliss, protect me! (*He throws himself from the window.*) [Furles!

Muley and Saib. (*Startling at the noise.*) Hell and

Saib. (*Dashes down the bottle and climbs to the window hastily, while Muley remains below in an attitude of surprise.*) Escaped! Escaped!

Per. Mot. &c. (*Without.*) Huzza! Huzza!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A View of the river Conway, with a flasherman's hut. *Sun-set.*

Enter ALLAN and EDRIC.

Allan. Still they come not. Dear, dear, still they come not. Ah! these tumults are too much for my old body to bear.

Edr. Then you should have kept your old body at home. 'Tis a fine thing, truly, for a man of your age to be galloping about the country after a girl, who by your own account, is neither your chick nor child.

Allan. Ah! she was more to me. She was my all, Edric, my all. How could I bear my home when it is no longer was the home of Angela? How could I rest in my cottage at night, when her sweet lips had not kissed me, and murmured, "Father, sleep well!" She is so good, so gentle! I was sick once, sick almost to death. Angela was then my nurse and comforter; she watched me when I slept, and cheered me when I awoke; she rejoiced when I grew better; and when I grew worse, no medicine gave me ease like the tears of pity which fell on my burning cheek from the eyes of my darling.

Edr. Tears of pity, indeed! A little rhubarb would have done you more good by half. But our people stop a long time; perhaps Motley has been discovered and seized; if so he will lose his life, the Earl his freedom, Angela her lover, and what's worst of all, I shall lose my boat. I wish I hadn't lent it, for I doubt that Motley's scheme has failed.

Allan. I hope not. Oh! I hope not. Should Percy remain a captive, Angela will be left unprotected in your wicked lord's power. Oh! that will break my poor old wife's heart for certain.

Edr. And if it should break it, a mighty misfortune truly! Zounds! master Allan, any wife is at best a bad thing; a poor one makes matters yet worse; but when she's old,—lord! 'tis the very devil.

Allan. Hark, hark! Do you hear? 'Tis the sound of oars! They are friends! Oh! heaven be thanked! the Earl is with them. (*A boat appears, with Percy, Motley, and soldiers, disguised, as fishermen. They land.*)

Per. (*Springing on shore.*) Once more then I breathe the air of liberty! Worthy Gilbert, what words can suffice to thank you?

Mot. None; therefore do not waste your breath in the attempt. You are safe, thanks to St. Peter and the blanket! and your lady's deliverance now demands all your thoughts. Ha! who is that with Edric.

Per. Allan, by all my hopes! Welcome, welcome, good old man: say, came my vassals with you?

Allan. Three hundred chosen men are within the sound of your bugle; but now, my lord, tell me of Angela. Is she well? Did you speak to her? And speaks she sometimes of me?

Per. She is well, my old friend, and I have spoken to her; though but for a moment. But be comforted, good Allan! Should other means fail, I will this very night attack the castle, and compel Osmond to resign his prey.

Allan. Heaven grant that you may succeed! Let me but once see Angela your bride; let me but once hear her say the sweet words, "Allan, I am happy!" then I and my old wife will seek our graves, lay us down, and die with pleasure.

Mot. Die with pleasure, you silly old man! you shall do nothing so ridiculous. But now let us talk of our affairs, which, if I mistake not, are in the high road to success.

Per. How! Has any intelligence reached you of your ally, the friar?

Mot. You have guessed it. As it passed beneath his window, the pious porpus contrived to drop this letter into the boat. Pray examine it, my lord. I can never read when the wind's easterly. (*Motley gives Percy the letter, who reads to himself.*) Its contents must needs be of consequence, for I assure you it comes from one of the greatest men in England. Well, sir, what says the letter?

Per. Listen—"I have recognized you in spite of your disguise, and seized the opportunity to advise your exerting yourself solely to obtain Earl Percy's liberty. Heed not Angela: I have sure and easy means for procuring her escape; and before the clock strikes two, you may expect me with her at the fisherman's hut. Farewell, and rely upon Father Philip!" Now, Gilbert, what say you? May the monk's fidelity be trusted?

Mot. His fidelity may, undoubtedly; but whether his success will equal his good intentions, is a point which time alone can decide. Should it not—

Per. Then with my faithful vassals will I storm the castle to-morrow. But where are my followers?

Allan. Fearing lest their numbers should excite suspicion, I left them concealed in yonder wood.

Per. Guide me to them. Edric, for this night I must request the shelter of your hut.

Edr. Willingly, my lord. But my cottage is so humble, your treatment so wretched.

Per. Silence, my good fellow! The hut where good-will resides is to me more welcome than a palace, and no food can be so sweet as that which is seasoned with smiles. You give me your best; a monarch could give no more, and it happens not often that men ever give so much. Now, farewell for an hour!—Allen, lead on!

(*Exeunt Percy, Allan, &c.*)

Mot. And in the meanwhile, friend Edric, I'll lend you a hand in preparing supper.

Edr. Truly, the task won't give you much trouble, for times have gone hard with me of late. Our present lord sees no company, gives no entertainments, and thus I sell no fish. Things went better while Earl Reginald lived.

Mot. What! you remember him?

Edr. Never shall I forget him, or his sweet lady. Why, I verily believe they possessed all the cardinal virtues. So pious, so generous, so mild! so kind to the poor, and so fond of fish!

Mot. Fond of fish! One of the cardinal virtues, of which I never heard before.

Edr. But these thoughts make me sad. Come, master Motley; your lord's supper stills swims in the river:—if you'll help to catch it, why do so, and thank you heartily. Can you fish?

Mot. Can I? Who in this world cannot? I'll assure you, friend Edric, there is no profession more universal than yours: we will spread our nets, to catch something or other; and happy are

they, in this world of disappointments, who throw out no nets save fishing ones!

SCENE II.—*The Castle Hall.*

Enter KENRIC.

Ken. Yonder he stalks, and seems buried in himself. Now then to attack him while my late service is still fresh upon his memory. Should he reject my petition positively, he shall have good cause to repent his ingratitude. Percy is in the neighbourhood; and that secret known only to myself, will surely—But, silence! Look where he comes!

Enter OSMOND.

Os. It shall not be. Away with these foreboding terrors, which weigh down my heart! I will forget the past, I will enjoy the present, and make those raptures again mine, which—Ah! no, no, no! Conscience, that serpent, winds her folds round the cup of my bliss, and ere my lips can reach it, her venom is mingled with the draught. And see where he walks, the chief object of my fears. He shall not be so long. His anxiety to leave me, his mysterious threats—No, no; I will not live in fear. Soft! he advances.

Ken. So melancholy, my lord?

Os. Aye, Kenric; and must be so till Angela is mine. Know, that even now she extorted from me a promise, that, till to-morrow, I would leave her

Ken. But till to-morrow? [unmolested.]

Os. But till to-morrow! Oh! in that little space a lover's eye views myriads of dangers. Yet think not, good Kenric, that your late services are undervalued by me, or that I have forgotten those for which I have been long your debtor. When, bewildered by hatred of Reginald, and grief for Evelina's loss, my dagger was placed on the throat of their infant, your hand arrested the blow. Judge, then, how grateful I must feel, when I behold in Angela, her mother's living counterpart. Worthy Kenric, how can I repay your services?

Ken. These you may easily. But what, Earl Osmond, what can repay me for the sacrifice of my innocence? My hands were pure, till you taught me to stain them with blood. You painted in strong colours the shame of servitude; you promised freedom, riches, independence. Let me, then, claim that independence so long promised, and seek for peace in some other climate, since memory forbids me to taste it in this.

Os. Kenric, ere named, your wish was granted. In a far distant country a retreat is already prepared for you: there you may hush those clamours of conscience, which must reach me, I fear, e'en in the arms of Angela.

Ken. (*Affected.*) My lord!—Gratitude—Amazement—and I doubted—I suspected! Oh, my good lord! how have I wrong'd your kindness!

Os. No more: I must not hear you. (*Aside.*) Shame! shame! that ever my soul should stoop to dissemble with my slave!

SAIB enters, and advances with apprehension.

Os. How now? Why this confusion? Why do you tremble? Speak!

Saib. My lord! The prisoner—

Os. The prisoner? Go on; go on.

Saib. (*Kneeling.*) Pardon, my lord, pardon: our prisoner has escaped.

Os. Villain! (*Wild with rage, he draws his dagger and rushes upon Saib: Kenric holds his arm.*)

Ken. Hold, hold! What would you do?

Os. (*Struggling.*) Unhand me, or by heaven—

Ken. Away, away! Fly, fellow, and save yourself. [*Exit Saib.*] (*Releasing Osmond.*) Consider, my lord; haply 'twas not by his keeper's fault that—

Osmond. (Furiously.) What is't to me by whose? Is not my rival dead? Soon will Northumberland's guards encircle my walls, and force from me—Yet that, by heaven, they shall not! No; rather than resign her, my own hand shall give this castle a prey to flames; then, plunging with Angela into the blazing gulph, I'll leave these ruins to tell posterity how desperate was my love, and how dreadful my revenge. *(Going, he stops, and turns to Kenric.)* And you, who dared to rush between me and my resentment; you, who could so well succeed in saving others, now look to yourself.

[Exit.]

Ken. Ha! that look—that threat! Yet he seemed so kind, so grateful. He smiled, too. Oh! there is every danger, when a villain smiles.

SALB enters softly, looking round him with caution.

Salb. (In a low voice.) Hlat! Kenric!

Ken. How now? What brings—

Salb. Silence, and hear me. You have saved my life; nor will I be ungrateful. Look at this phial.

Ken. Ha! did the Earl—

Salb. Even so: a few drops of this liquor should to-night have flavoured your wine; you would never have drunk again. Mark me, then. When I offer you a goblet at supper, drop it as by accident. For this night I give you life; use it to quit the castle; for no longer than till to-morrow dare I disobey our lord's commands. Farewell, and fly from Conway. You bear with you my thanks.

[Exit.]

Ken. Can it be possible? Is not all this a dream? Villain! villain! Yes, yes, I must away. But tremble, traitor! A bolt, of which you little think, hangs over, and shall crush you. The keys are still in my possession. Angela shall be the partner of my flight. My prisoner, too—Yet hold! May not resentment—may not Reginald's sixteen years' captivity—Oh, no! Angela shall be my advocate; and, grateful for her own, for her parent's life preserved, she can, she will obtain my pardon. Yet, should she fail, at least I shall drag down Osmond in my fall, and sweeten death's bitter cup with vengeance.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Cedar-room, with folding doors in the middle, and a large antique bed: on one side is a portrait of a lady, on the other that of a warrior armed. Both are at full length. After a pause the female portrait falls back, and FATHER PHILIP after looking in, advances cautiously.

F. Phil. (Closing the panel.) Thus far I have proceeded without danger, though not without difficulty. Your narrow passage is by no means calculated for persons of my habit of body. By my holy dame! I begin to suspect that the fool is in the right. I certainly am growing corpulent. And now, how shall I employ myself? Sinner that I am, why did I forget my bottle of sack? The time will pass tediously till Angela comes; and, to complete the business, yonder is the haunted oratory. What if the ghost should pop out on me! Blessed St. Bridget, there would be a *tête-à-tête*! Yet this is a foolish fear: 'tis yet scarce eight o'clock, and your ghosts always keep late hours; yet I don't like the idea of our being such near neighbours. If Alice says true, the apparition just now lives next door to me; but, the lord forbid, that we should ever be visiting acquaintance.

Osmond. (Without.) What, Alice! Alice! I say,

F. Phil. By St. David, 'tis the Earl! I'll away as fast as I can. (Trying to open the door.) I can't find the spring. Lord forgive me my sins! Where can I hide myself? Ha! the bed! 'Tis the very

thing. *(Throws himself into the bed, and conceals himself under the clothes.)* Heaven grant that it mayn't break down with me! for, oh! what a fall would be there, my countrymen! They come! *(The door is unlocked.)*

Enter OSMOND, ANGELA, and ALICE.

Osmond. (Entering.) You have heard my will, lady, till your hand is mine, you quit not this chamber.

Ang. If, then, it must be so, welcome my eternal prison. Yet, eternal it shall not be. My hero, my guardian-angel is at liberty. Soon shall his horn make these hateful towers tremble, and your fetters be exchanged for the arms of Percy.

Osmond. Beware, beware, Angela! Dare not before me—

Ang. Before you! before the world! Is my attachment a disgrace? No; 'tis my pride; for its object is deserving. Long ere I knew him, Percy's fame was dear to me: While I still believed him the peasant, Edwy, often, in his haughty, have I dwelt upon Northumberland's prison, and said him that he spoke of our lord so coldly. Ah! little did I think that the man the world esteems best was he whom I envied for his power of doing good, whom I loved for exerting that power so largely. Judge, then, Earl Osmond, on my arrival here, how strongly I must have felt the contrast. What peasant names you his benefactor? What villain has been comforted by your bounty? What sick man preserved by your care? Your breast is unmoved by woe, your ear is deaf to complaint, your doors are barred against the poor and wretched; Not so are the gates of Ahrick Castle; they are open as their owner's heart.

Osmond. Insulting girl! This to my face?

Ang. Nay, never bend your brow. Shall I tremble, because you frown? Shall my eye sink, because anger flashes from yours? No; that would ill become the bride of Northumberland.

Osmond. Amazement! Can this be the gentle, timid Angela?

Ang. Wonder you that the world should turn when you trample it so cruelly? Oh! wonder no more; ere he was torn from me, I clasped Percy to my breast, and my heart caught a spark of that fire, which flames in his unchangingly.

Alice. Caught fire, lady!

Osmond. Silence, old crone! I have heard you calmly, Angela; now, then, hear me. Twelve hours shall be allowed you to reflect upon your situation; till that period is elapsed, this chamber shall be your prison; and Alice, on whose fidelity I can depend, your sole attendant. This term expired, should you still reject my hand, force shall obtain for me what love denies. Speak not: I will hear nothing. I swear that to-morrow seen you mine, or undone; and skies rather curse on me if I keep not my oath! Mark that, proud girl; mark it and tremble!

[Exit.]

F. Phil. (From the bed.) Heaven be praised! he's gone.

Ang. Tremble, did he say? Alas! how quickly is my boasted courage vanishing! Yet I will not despair; there is a power in heaven; there is a Percy on earth: on them I will rely to save me.

Alice. The first may, lady; but, as to the second, he'll be of no use, depend on't. Now, what I advise, you'll accept my lord's offer. What matters it, whether the man's name be Osmond or Percy? An earl's an earl, after all, and though one may be something richer than t'other—

Ang. Oh! silence, Alice; nor aid my tyrant's designs: rather instruct me how to counteract them, assist me to escape.

Alice. I help you to escape! Not for the best: gown in your ladyship's wardrobe. I tremble at this very tale of my lord's rage; and, besides, had I the will, I've not the power. Kenric keeps the keys; we could not possibly quit the castle without his knowledge; and, if the earl threatens to use force with you, oh, gemini! what would he use with me, lady?

Ang. Threatens! Alas! I despise his threats! Ere it pines Osmond's head, will I plunge this poniard in my bosom.

Alice. Holy father! A dagger!

Ang. Even now, as I wandered through the armoury, my eye was attracted by its glittering handle. Look, Alice; it bears Osmond's name; and the point—

Alice. Is rusty with blood! Take it away, lady, take it away; I never see blood without fainting!

Ang. (Putting up the dagger.) This weapon may render me good service. But, ah! what service has it rendered Osmond? Haply, 'twas this very poniard which drank his brother's blood; or which pierced the fair breast of Bessie. Said you not, Alice, that this was her portrait? [Excellent.]

Alice. Hold, lady; and the likeness was counted

Ang. How fair; how heavenly fair!

Alice. (Having locked the folding door.) Ah! 'twas a sad day for me, when I heard of the dear lady's loss. Look at the bed, lady; that very bed was hers. How often have I seen her sleeping in that bed! And, oh, how like an angel she looked when sleeping! I remember, that, just after Earl Reginald—Oh! Lord! didn't somebody shake the curtain?

Ang. Absurd! It was the wind.

Alice. I declare, it made me tremble. Well, as I was saying, I remember, just after Earl Reginald had set out for the Scottish wars, going into her room one morning, and hearing her sob most bitterly: so, advancing to the bed-side, as it might be thus—“My lady,” says I, with a low curtsy, “Isn't your ladyship well?” So, with that, she raised her head slowly above the quilt, and, giving me a mournful look—(Here, unseen by Angela, who is contemplating Reginald's portrait, Father Philip, lifts up his head, and gives a deep groan.)

Alice. Jesu Maria! the devil! the devil! [Exit.]

Ang. (Turning round.) How now? (Father Philip rising from the bed, it breaks under him, and he rolls at Angela's feet.) Good heavens! (Attempting to pass him; he detains her by her robe.)

F. Phil. Stay, daughter, stay: If you run, I can never overtake you.

Ang. Amazement! Father Philip!

F. Phil. The very same, and at present the best friend that you have in the world. Daughter, I cannot save you.

Ang. To save me? Speak! Proceed!

F. Phil. Observe this picture; it conceals a spring, whose better is unknown to all in the castle, except myself. Upon touching it, the panel slides back, and a winding passage opens into the marble hall. Thence we must proceed to the vaulted vestibule; a door is there concealed similar to this; and, after threading the mazes of a subterranean labyrinth, we shall find ourselves in safety on the outside of the castle walls.

Ang. Oh! worthy, worthy father! Quick! let us hasten; let us not lose one moment.

F. Phil. Hold, hold; not so fast. You forget that, between the hall and vestibule, we must traverse many chambers much frequented at this early hour. Wait till the castle's inhabitants are asleep. Expect me, without fail, at one; keep up your spirits, and doubt not of success. Now, then,

I must away, lest the Earl should perceive my absence.

[Percy—

Ang. Stay yet one moment. Tell me, does F. Phil. I have apprised him, that this night will restore you to liberty; and he expects you at the fisherman's cottage. Now, then, farewell, fair daughter. [Exit F. Phil. through the sliding panel.]

Ang. Good friar, till one, farewell! Till that hour arrive, will I kneel at the feet of yonder saint, there tell my beads, and pray, for morning. [Soft music, as the scene comes down very slowly.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Castle-Hall: the lamps are lighted.

Enter FATHER PHILIP.

F. Phil. 'Tis near midnight, and the Earl is already retired to rest. What if I ventured now to the lady's chamber? Hark! I hear the sound of footsteps.

Enter ALICE.

F. Phil. How, Alice! is it you?

Alice. So, so. Have I found you at last, Father? I have been in search of you these four hours. Oh! I've been so frightened since I saw you, that I wonder I keep my senses!

F. Phil. So do I; for I'm sure they're not worth the trouble. And, pray, what has alarmed you thus? I warrant, you've taken an old cloak pinned against the wall for a spectre, or discovered the devil in the shape of a tabby cat.

Alice. (Looking round her in terror.) For the love of heaven, Father, don't name the devil! or, if you must speak of him, pray mention the good gentleman with proper politeness. I'm sure, for my own part, I had always a great respect for him, and if he hears me, I dare say he'll own as much; for he certainly haunts this castle in the form of my late lady.

[Of your—

F. Phil. Form of a riddlestick! Don't tell me, Alice, Father, on the word of a virgin, I saw him this very evening in lady Angela's bed.

F. Phil. In Lady Angela's. On my conscience, the devil has an excellent taste. But, Alice, Alice! how dare you trot about the house at this time of night, propagating such abominable falsehoods? One comfort is, that no one will believe you. Lady Angela's virtue is too well known, and I'm persuaded she wouldn't suffer the devil to put a single claw into her bed for the universe.

Alice. How you run on! Lord bless me, she wasn't in bed herself.

F. Phil. Oh! was she not?

Alice. No, to be sure; but you shall hear how it happened. We were in the cedar-room together, and while we were talking of this and that, Lady Angela suddenly gave a great scream. I looked round, and what should I see but a tall figure, all in white, extended upon the bed! At the same time, I heard a voice, which I knew to be the Countess Evelina's, pronounced in a hollow tone—“Alice! Alice! Alice!” three times. You may be certain that I was frightened enough. I instantly took to my heels; and, just as I got outside of the door, I heard a loud clap of thunder.

F. Phil. Well done, Alice! A very good story, upon my word. It has but one fault; 'tis not true.

Alice. Ode my life! Father, how can you tell anything about it? Sure, I should know best, for I was there, and you were not. I repeat it, I heard the voice as plain as I hear yours. Do you think I've no ears?

F. Phil. Oh! far from it! I think, you've uncommonly good ones; for you not only hear what has been said, but what has not. As to this wonder

story of yours, Alice, I don't believe one word of it: I'll be sworn that the voice was no more like your lady's than like mine; and that the devil was no more in the bed than I was. Therefore, take my advice; set your heart at rest and go quietly to your chamber, as I am now going to mine. Good night. *[Exit.]*

Alice. There, he's gone. Dear heart, dear heart! what shall I do now? 'Tis past twelve o'clock, and stay by myself, I dare not. I'll e'en wake the laundry-maid, make her sit up in my room all night, and 'tis hard if two women aren't a match for the best devil in Christendom. *[Exit.]*

Enter SAIB and HASSAN.

Saib. The Earl, then, has forgiven me. A moment longer, and his pardon would have come too late. Had not Kenric held his hand, by this time I should be at supper with St. Peter.

Haa. Your folly well deserved such a reward. Knowing the Earl's hasty nature, you should have shunned him till the first storm of passion was past, and circumstances had again made your ministry needful. Anger then would have armed his hand in vain; for interest, the white man's god, would have blunted the point of his dagger.

Saib. I trusted that his gratitude for my past services—

Haa. European gratitude! Seek constancy in the winds, fire in ice, darkness in the blaze of sunshine! But seek not gratitude in the breast of an European.

Saib. Then, why so attached to Osmond? For what do you value him?

Haa. Not for his virtues, but for his vices, Saib. Can there for me be a greater cause to love him? Am I not branded with scorn? Am I not marked out for dishonour? Was I not free, and am I not a slave? Was I not once beloved, and am I not now despised? What man, did I tender my service, would accept the negro's friendship! What woman, did I talk of affection, would not turn from the negro with disgust? Yet, in my own dear land, my friendship was courted, my love was returned. I had parents, children, wife! Bitter thought! In one moment all were lost to me! Can I remember this, and not hate these white men! Can I think how cruelly they have wronged me, and not rejoice when I see them suffer? Attached to Osmond, say you? Saib, I hate him. Yet viewing him as an avenging fiend, sent hither to torment his fellows, it glads me that he fills his office so well. Oh! 'tis a thought which I would not barter for empires, to know that in this world he makes others suffer, and will suffer himself for their tortures in the next.

Saib. But say you be one of those whom he causes to suffer, how then? Hassan, I will sleep no more in the lion's den. My resolve is taken: I will away from the castle, and seek in some other service that security— *[Lights!]*

Osm. (Within.) What, ho! Help! Lights there!

Haa. Hark! Surely, 'twas the Earl.

OSMOND rushes in wildly.

Osm. Save me! Save me! They are at hand! Oh, let them not enter. *(Sinks into the arms of Saib.)*

Saib. What can this mean? See, how his eyes roll! How violently he trembles!

Haa. Speak, my lord. Do you know us?

Osm. (Recovering himself.) Ha! Who's voice? Hassan's? And Saib, too, here? Oh, was it then but a dream? Did I not hear those dreadful, those damning words? Still, still they ring in my ears. Hassan! Hassan! Death must be bliss, in flames or on the rack, compared to what I have this night suffered.

Haa. Compose yourself, my lord. Can a mere dream unman you this?

Osm. A mere dream, say'st thou? Hassan, 'twas a dream of such horror, did such dreams haunt my bitterest foe, I should wish him no severer punishment. Mark you not, how the agony of fear still makes my limbs tremble? Roll not my eyes as if still gazing on the spectre? Are not my lips convulsed, as were they yet pressed by the kiss of corruption? Oh, 'twas a sight that might have bleached joy's rosy cheek for ever, and strewed the snows of age upon youth's Auburn ringlets? Hassan, thou saidst 'twas but a dream; I was deceived by fancy. Hassan, thou saidst true; there is not, there cannot be a world to come.

Haa. My lord—

Osm. Answer me not. Let me not hear the damning truth. Tell me not, that flames await me! that, for moments of bliss, I must endure long ages of torture. Say that, with my body must perish my soul. For oh! should my fearful dream be prophetic—Hark, fellows! Instruments of my guilt, listen to my punishment. Methought I wandered through the low browed caverns, where repose the reliques of my ancestors. My eyes dwelt with awe on their tombs, with disgust on mortality's surrounding emblems. Suddenly, a female form glided along the vault: it was Angela! She smiled upon me, and beckoned me to advance. I flew towards her; my arms were already unclosed to clasp her, when, suddenly, her figure changed, her face grew pale, a stream of blood gushed from her bosom!—Hassan, 'twas Evelina!

Saib. & *Haa.* Evelina!

Osm. Such as when she sank at my feet expiring, while my hand grasped the dagger still crimsoned with her blood. "We meet again this night!" murmured her hollow voice. "Now rush to my arms; but first see what you have made me. Embrace me, my bridegroom. We must never part again." While speaking, her form withered away; the flesh fell from her bones; her eyes burst from their sockets; a skeleton, loathsome and meagre, clasped me in her mouldering arms.

Saib. Most horrible!

Osm. Her infected breath was mingled with mine; her rotting fingers pressed my hand, and my face was covered with her kisses. Oh! then, then how I trembled with disgust! And then blue dismal flames gleamed along the walls; the tombs were rent asunder; bands of fierce spectres rushed round me in frantic dance; furiously they gnashed their teeth while they gazed upon me, and shrieked in loud yell,—"Welcome thou fratricide! Welcome, thou lost for ever!" Horror burst the bands of sleep; distracted, I flew hither; but my feelings—words are too weak, too powerless to express them.

Saib. My lord, my lord, this was no idle dream. 'Twas a celestial warning; 'twas your better angel that whispered—"Osmond, repent your former crimes; commit not new ones." Remember, that this night, should Kenric—

Osm. Kenric? Speak! Drank he the poison?

Saib. Obedient to your orders, I presented it at supper; but, ere the cup reached his lips, his favourite dog sprang upon his arm, and the liquor fell to the ground untaunted.

Osm. Praised be heaven! Then my soul is lighter by a crime. Kenric shall live, good Saib. What, though he quit me, and betray my secrets, proofs he cannot bring against me, and bare assertions will not be believed. At worst, should his tale be credited, long ere Percy can wrest her from me,

shall Angela be mine. Hassan, to your vigilance I leave the care of my beloved. Fly to me that instant, should any unbidden footstep approach your chamber-door. I'll to my couch again. Follow me, Saib, and watch me while I sleep. Then, if you see my limbs convulsed, my teeth clenched, my hair bristling, and cold dews trembling on my brow;—seize me! rouse me! snatch me from my bed! I must not dream again. Oh, how I hate thee, sleep! Friend of virtue, oh, how I dread thy coming!

[*Exit, with Saib.*]

Hass. Yes; thou art sweet, vengeance. Oh, how it joys me when the white man suffers! Yet, weak are his pangs, compared to those I felt when torn from thy shores, O native Africa! from thy bosom, my faithful Samba! Ah, dost thou still exist, my wife? Has sorrow for my loss traced thy smooth brow with wrinkles? My boy, too, whom on that morning when the man-hunters seized me, I left sleeping on thy bosom, say, lives he yet? does he ever speak of me? Does he ever ask, "Mother, describe to me my father; shew me how the warrior looked." Ha! has my bosom still room for thoughts so tender? Hence with them! Vengeance must possess it all. Oh, when I forget my wrongs, may I forget myself! When I forbear to hate these Christians, god of my fathers, may'st thou hate me! Ha! Whence that light? A man moves this way with a lamp! How cautiously he steals along! He must be watched. This friendly column will shield me from his regards. Silence! He comes. [*Retires.*]

Enter KENRIC, softly, with a lamp.

Ken. All is hushed; the castle seems buried in sleep. Now, then, to Angela. [*Exit.*]

Hass. (Advancing.) It was Kenric! Still he moves onwards. Now he stops. 'Tis at the door of Angela's chamber. He unlocks it! He enters! Away, then, to the Earl: Christian, soon shall we meet again.

SCENE II.—*Angela's Apartment.*

ANGELA stands by the window, which is open, and through which the moon is seen.

Ang. Will it never arrive, this tedious lingering hour? Sure, an age must have elapsed since the friar left me, and still the bell strikes not one. Hark! Surely I heard—some one unlocks the door! Oh, should it be the Earl! should he not retire ere the monk arrives! The door opens!—How! Kenric here! Speak! what would you?

Enter KENRIC.

Ken. Softly, lady! If overheard, I am lost, and your fate is connected with mine.

Ang. What means this mystery? This midnight visit—

Ken. Is the visit of a friend—of a penitent. Lady, I must away from the castle: the keys are in my possession: I will make you the companion of my flight, and deliver you safe into the hands of Percy. But ere we part, [*kneeling*] oh, tell me, lady, why you plead for me with one, who, to me alone, owes sixteen years of hard captivity?

Ang. Rise, Kenric: I understand you not. Of what captive do you speak?

Ken. Of one, who by me has been most injured; who to you will be most dear. Listen, lady, to my strange narration: I was brought up with Osmond, was the partner of his pleasures, the confidant of his cares. The latter sprang solely from his elder brother, whose birthright he coveted, whose superiority he envied. Yet his aversion burst not forth, till Evelina Neville, rejecting his hand, bestowed hers with her heart, on Reginald. Then did Osmond's passion overleap all bounds. He resolved

to assassinate his brother when returning from the Scottish wars, carry off the lady, and make himself master of her person by force. This scheme he imparted to me: he flattered, threatened, promised; and I yielded to his seduction.

Ang. Wretched man?

Ken. Condemn me not unheard. 'Tis true, that I followed Osmond to the scene of slaughter, but no blood that day imbrued my hand. It was the Earl, whose sword struck Reginald to the ground: it was the Earl, whose dagger was raised to complete his crime, when Evelina threw herself upon her husband's body, and received the weapon in her own.

Ang. Dreadful! dreadful!

Ken. Osmond's wrath became madness. He gave the word for slaughter, and Reginald's few attendants were butchered on the spot. Scarce could my prayers and arguments save from his wrath his infant niece, whose throat was already gored by his poniard. Angela, yours still wears that mark.

Ang. Mine? Almighty powers!

Ken. Lady, 'tis true. I concealed in Allan's cottage the heiress of Conway: there were you doomed to languish in obscurity; till, alarmed by the report of his spies that Percy loved you, he caused me to reclaim you from Allan, and resolved, by making you his wife, to give himself a lawful claim to these possessions.

Ang. The monster! Oh! good, good Kenric! and you knelt to me for pardon? You, to whom I owe my life! You, to whom—

Ken. Hold, oh, hold! Lady, how little do I deserve your thanks! Oh, listen! listen! I was the last to quit the bloody spot: sadly was I retiring, when a faint groan struck my ear. I sprang from my horse; I placed my hand on Reginald's heart: it beat beneath the pressure. [*Here Osmond appears at the door, motions to Saib to retire, and advances himself unobserved.*]

[*dagger—*]

Ang. It beat! It beat! Cruel! And your

Ken. Oh! that would have been mercy. No lady. It struck me how strong would be my hold over Osmond, while his brother was in my power; and this reflection determined me to preserve him. Having plunged the other bodies in the Conway's flood, I placed the bleeding Earl's on my horse before me, and conveyed him, still insensible, to a retreat, to all, except myself, a secret. There I tended his wounds carefully, and succeeded in preserving his life. Lady, Reginald still exists. [*Here Osmond, with a furious look, draws his dagger, and motions to stab Kenric. A moment's reflection makes him stay his hand, and he returns the weapon into the sheath.*]

Ang. Still exists say you? My father still exists?

Ken. He does; if a life so wretched can be termed existence. While his swoon lasted, I chained him to his dungeon wall; and no sooner were his bonds healed, than I entered his prison no more. Lady, near sixteen years have passed, since the human voice struck the ear of Reginald.

Ang. Alas, alas!

Ken. But the hour of his release draws near: then follow me in silence; I will guide you to Reginald's dungeon: this key unlocks the castle gates; and ere the cock crows, safe in the arms of Percy—
[*Here his eye falls upon Osmond, who has advanced between him and Angela. She shrieks, and sinks into a chair.*] Horror!—the Earl! Undone for ever!

Os. Miscreant! Within there!

Enter SAIB, HASSAN, and MULEY.
Hence with that traitor! Confine him in the western tower.

Ang. (Starting wildly from her seat.) Yet speak once more, Kenric! Where is my father? What place conceals him?

Osmond. Let him not speak! Away with him! *(Kenric is forced off by the Africans.)*

Osmond. *(Paces the stage with a furious air, while Angela eyes him with terror; at length he stops, and addresses her.)* Nay, stifle not your curses! Why should your tongue be silent when your eye speaks? Is there not written on every feature "Vengeance on the assassin! Justice on my mother's murderer?" But, mark me, Angela! c'mpaired to that which soon must be thine, these titles are sweet and lovely. Know'st thou the word parricide, Angela? Know'st thou their pangs who shed the blood of a parent? Those pangs must be thine to-morrow. This long-concealed captive, this new-found father—

Ang. Your brother, Osmond! your brother!—Surely, you cannot, will not—

Osmond. Still doubt you, that I both can, and will! Remember Kenric's tale! Remember, though the first blow failed, the second will strike deeper! But from whom must Reginald receive that second? Not from his rival brother; not from his inveterate foe; from his daughter, his unfeeling daughter! 'Tis she, who, refusing me her hand, will place a dagger in mine; 'tis she, whose voice declaring that she hates me, will bid me plunge that dagger in her father's heart.

Ang. Man, man! drive me not mad!

Osmond. Then fancy that he lies in some damp, solitary dungeon, writhing in death's agonies, his limbs distorted, his eye-strings breaking, his soul burthened with crimes, his last words curses on his unnatural child, who could have saved him, but would not.

Ang. Horrible, horrible!

Osmond. Must Reginald die, or will Angela be mine?

Ang. Thine, she will perish first.

Osmond. You have pronounced his sentence, and his blood be on your head. Farewell.

Ang. (Detaining him, and throwing herself on her knees.) Hold, hold! Look with pity on a creature whom your cruelty has bowed to the earth, whose heart you have almost broken; whose brain you have almost turned. Mercy, Osmond! Oh! mercy, mercy!

Osmond. Lovely, lovely suppliant! Why owe to cold consent what force may this instant give me? It shall be so; and thus—*(Attempting to clasp her in his arms, she starts from the ground suddenly, and draws her dagger with a distracted look.)*

Ang. Away, approach me not! Dare not to touch me, or this poniard—

Osmond. Foolish girl! let me but say the word, and thou art disarmed that moment. *(Attempting to seize it, his eyes rest upon the hil, and he starts back with horror.)* By hell! the very poniard which—

Ang. (In an exulting tone.) Ha! hast thou found me, villain? Villain, dost thou know this weapon? Know'st thou whose blood incrusts the point? Murderer! it flowed from the bosom of my mother!

Osmond. Within, there! help! *(Hassan and Alaric enter.)* Oh! God in heaven! *(He falls senseless into their arms, and they convey him from the chamber; the door is locked after them.)*

Ang. He faints! Long may the villain wear thy chains, oblivion! Long be it ere he wakes to commit new crimes! *(She remains for some moments prostrate on the ground in silent sorrow. The castle bell strikes one.)* Hark! the bell: 'tis the time, which the monk appointed. He will not tarry. Ha! what was that? Methought the sound of

music floated by me. It seemed as some one had struck the guitar. I must have been deceived: it was but fancy. *(A plaintive voice sings within, accompanied by a guitar.)*

"Lullaby, lullaby! hush thee, my dear;
Thy father is coming, and soon will be here."

Ang. Heavens! The very words which Alice—*(The folding doors unclose, and the oratory is seen illuminated. In its centre stands a tall female figure, her white and flowing garments spotted with blood; her veil is thrown back, and discovers a pale and melancholy countenance; her eyes are lifted upwards, her arms extended towards heaven, and a large wound appears upon her bosom. Angela sinks upon her knees, with her eyes directed upon the figure, which, for some moments, remains motionless. At length, the spectre advances slowly to a soft and plaintive strain: she stops opposite Reginald's picture, and fixes upon it in silence. She then turns, approaches Angela, seems to invoke a blessing upon her, points to the picture, and retires to the oral ry. The music ceases. Angela rises with a wild look, and follows the vision, entreating her arms towards it. The spectre waves her hand, as bidding her farewell. Instantly the organ's swell is heard; a full chorus of female voices choulds "Jubilate!" a blaze of light flashes through the oratory, and the folding doors close with a loud noise.)*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—View of Conway Castle by moonlight.

Enter ALLAN and MOTLEY.

Allan. But should the friar's plot have failed—

Mot. Failed! and a priest and a petticoat concerned in it! Oh, no! a plot composed of such good ingredients cannot but succeed. Ugh! would I were again seated by the fisher's hearth. The wind blows cruel, sharp and bitter.

Allan. For shame, Gilbert, is not my lord equally exposed to its severity?

Mot. Oh! the flame in his bosom keeps him warm, and in a cold night, love wraps one up better than a blanket; but that not being my situation, the present object of my desires is a blazing wood fire, and Venns would look to me less lovingly than a smoking sack posset. Oh! when I was in love I managed matters much better. I always paid my addresses by the fire-side, and contrived to urge my soft suit just at dinner-time; then, how I filled my fair one's ears with fine speeches, while she filled my trencher with roast beef! then, what figures and tropes came out of my mouth; and what dainties and tid-bits went in! I would have done your heart good to have heard me talk, and seen me eat; and you'd have found it no easy matter to decide whether I'd most wit or appetite.

Allan. And who was the object of this voracious passion?

Mot. A person well calculated to charm both my heart and my stomach; it was a lady of great merit, who did Earl Percy's father the honour to superintend his culinary concerns. I was scarce fifteen when she kindled a flame in my heart while lighting the kitchen fire; from that moment I thought on nothing but her. My mornings were passed in composing poems on her beauty; my evenings in reciting them in her ear; for nature had equally denied the fair creature and myself the faculty of reading and writing.

Allan. You were successful, I hope.

Mot. Why, at length, she consented to be mine; when, oh! cruel fortune! taking one night a drop too much—poor dear creature! she never got the

better of it—I wept her loss, and composed an elegy upon it. It began thus:

*"Baked be the pies to cooks,
Burn, roast meat, burn;
Boil o'er, ye pots, ye spits, forget to turn,
Kindred's death!"*

Enter EARL PERCY, over the bridge.

Allan. Here comes the Earl.

Mot. In truth, my lord, you venture too near the castle: should you fall into Osmond's power a second time, your next jump may be into a better world.

Per. Oh! there's no danger, Gilbert; my followers are not far off, and will join me at a moment's warning: they fear not for me.

Mot. With all my heart; but permit me to fear for myself. We are now within bow-shot of the castle: the archers may think proper to smite us with a proof of their skill; and were I to feel an arrow quivering in my gizzard, probably I should be much more surprised than pleased. Good, my lord, let us back to the faberman's hut.

Per. Your advice may be wise, Gilbert, but I cannot follow it. See you nothing near yonder tower?

Mot. Yes, certainly. Two persons advance towards us; yet they cannot be our friends, for I see neither the lady's petticoat nor the monk's paunch.

Per. Still they approach, though slowly: one leans on his companion, and seems to move with pain. Let us retire and observe them.

Mot. Away, sir; I'm at your heels. (They retire.)

Enter SAIB conducting KENRIC.

Saib. Nay, yet hold up a while. Now we are near the fisher's cottage.

Ken. Good Saib, I needs must stop. Enfeebled by Osmond's torments, my limbs refuse to bear me further. Here lay me down: when fly to Percy, guide him to the dungeon; and, ere 'tis too late, bid him save the father of Angela.

Per. (To Motley.) Hark! did you hear?

Saib. Yet to leave you thus alone!—

Ken. Oh! heed not this. Think that on these few moments depends our safety, Angela's freedom, Reginald's life. You have the master-key. Fly, then: Oh! fly to Percy! (Percy and Motley come onward to Kenric and Saib.)

Per. Saib, be not Reginald? Speak again, stranger. What of Reginald?

Saib. Hail look up, Kenric. 'Tis Percy's self!

Per. & Mot. How, Kenric!

Ken. (Sinking at Percy's feet.) Yes, the guilty, penitent Kenric! Oh! surely 'twas heaven sent you hither. Know, Earl Percy, that Reginald lives, that Angela is his daughter!

Per. Amaze me! and is this known to Osmond?

Ken. Two hours have scarcely passed since he surprised the secret. Tortures compelled me to avow where Reginald was hidden, and he now is in his brother's power. Fly, then, to his aid. Alas! perhaps at this moment his destruction is completed. Perhaps, even now, Osmond's dagger—

Per. Within there! Allan! Harold! Quick, Gilbert, sound your horn. (Motley sounds it; it is echoed.)

Enter ALLAN, EDRIC, HAROLD, and Soldiers.

Per. Friends, may I depend on your support?

Har. While we breathe, all will stand by you. Soldiers! All, all!

Per. Follow me then. Away!

Ken. Yet stay one moment. Percy, to this grateful friend have I confided a master-key, which will

instantly admit you to the castle, and have described to him the retreat of Reginald. Be he your guide, and hasten—oh! that pang! (He faints; Allan and Edric support him.)

Per. Look to him. He stinks! Bear him to your hut, Edric, and there tend his hurts. (To Saib.) Now on, good fellow, and swiftly. Osmond, despair! I come! (Exit with Saib, Motley, Harold, and Soldiers, over the bridge, while Allan and Edric convey away Kenric, still fainting.)

SCENE II.—A vaulted Chamber.

Enter FATHER PHILIP, with a basket on his arm and a torch, conducting ANGELA.

F. Phil. Thanks to St. Francis, we have as yet passed unobserved! Surely, of all travelling companions, fear is the least agreeable: I couldn't be more fatigued, had I run twenty miles without stopping.

Ang. Why this delay? Good father, let us proceed.

F. Phil. Ere I can go further, lady, I must needs stop to take breath, and refresh my spirits with a taste of this cordial. (Taking a bottle from the basket.)

Ang. Oh! not now. Wait till we are safe under Percy's protection, and then drink as you list. But not now, father; in pity, not now.

F. Phil. Well, well! be calm, daughter. Oh! these women! these women! they mind no one's comfort but their own. Now, where is the door?

Ang. How tedious seems every moment which I pass within these hated walls! Ha! yonder comes a light!

F. Phil. So, so, I've found it at last. (Touching a spring, a secret door flies open.)

Ang. It moves this way! By all my fears, 'tis Osmond! In, father, in! Away for heaven's sake!

[Exeunt, closing the door after them.]

Enter OSMOND and HASSAN, with a torch.

Osm. (After a pause of gloomy meditation.) Is all still within the castle?

Hass. As the silence of the grave.

Osm. Where are your fellows?

Hass. Saib guards the traitor Kenric: Muley and Alaric are buried in sleep.

Osm. Their hands have been stained with blood, and yet can they sleep? Call your companions hither. (Hassan offers to leave the torch.) Away with the light, its beams are hateful. [Exit Hassan.] Yes; this is the place. If Kenric said true, for sixteen years have the vaults beneath me rung with my brother's groans. I dread to unclose the door. How shall I sustain the beams of his eye, when they rest on Evelina's murderer? Ha! at that name my expiring hate revives! Reginald, Reginald! for thee was I sacrificed. Oh! when it strikes a second blow, my poniard shall strike surer!

Enter HASSAN, MULEY, and ALARIC, with torches.

The Africans (together.) My lord, my lord!

Osm. Now, why this haste?

Hass. I tremble to inform you, that Saib has fled the castle. A master-key, which he found upon Kenric, and of which he kept possession, has enabled him to escape.

Osm. Saib too, gone? All are false! All forsake me!

Hass. Yet more, my lord; he has made his prisoner the companion of his flight.

Osm. (Starting.) How! Kenric escaped?

Ala. 'Tis but too certain! doubtless, he has fled to Percy.

Osm. To Percy! Ha! then I must be speedy: my fate hangs on a thread. Friends, I have ever found ye faithful; mark me now. *(Opening the private door.)* Of these two passages, the left conducts to a long chain of dungeons: in one of these my brother still languishes. Once already have you seen him bleeding beneath my sword; but he yet exists. My fortune, my love, nay, my life, are at stake. Need I say more? *(Each half unsheathes his sword.)* That gesture speaks me understood. On, then, before; I follow you. *(The Africans pass through the private door; Osmond is advancing towards it, when he suddenly starts back.)* Ha! Why roll these seas of blood before me? Whose mangled corpse do they bear to my feet? Fratricide! Oh! 'tis a dreadful name! Yet how preserve myself and Reginald? It cannot be. We must not breathe the same atmosphere. Fate, thy hand urges me. Fate, thy voice prompts me. Thou hast spoken; I obey. *(He follows the Africans; the door is closed after him.)*

SCENE III.—*A gloomy subterranean Dungeon, wide and lofty: the upper part of it has, in several places, fallen in, and left large chasms. On one side, are various passages leading to other caverns; on the other, is an iron door with steps leading to it, and a wicket in the middle. REGINALD, pale and emaciated, in coarse garments, his hair hanging wildly about his face, and a chain bound round his body, lies sleeping upon a bed of straw. A lamp, a small basket, and a pitcher, are placed near him. After a few moments he awakes, and extends his arms.*

Reg. My child! My Evelina! Oh! fly me not, lovely forms! They are gone, and once more I live to misery. Thou wert kind to me, Sleep! Even now, methought, I sat in my castle-hall: a maid, lovely as the queen of fairies, hung on my knee, and hailed me by that sweet name, "Father!" Yes, I was happy. Yet frown not on me therefore. Darkness; I am thine again, my gloomy bride. Be not incensed, Despair, that I left thee for a moment. I have passed with thee sixteen years. Ah! how many have I still to pass? Yet fly not my bosom quite, sweet Hope! Still speak to me of liberty, of light! Whisper, that once more I shall see the morn break; that again shall my fevered lips drink the pure gale of evening. God! thou knowest that I have borne my sufferings meekly: I have wept for myself, but never cursed my foes; I have sorrowed for thy anger, but never murmured at thy will. Patient have I been; oh! then reward me; let me once again press my daughter in my arms; let me, for one instant, feel again that I clasp to my heart a being who loves me. Speed thou to heaven, prayer of a captive! *(He sinks upon a stone, with his hands clasped, and his eyes bent steadfastly upon the flame of the lamp.)*

ANGELA and FATHER PHILIP are seen through the chasms above, passing slowly.

Ang. Be cautious, father. Feel you not how the ground trembles beneath us?

F. Phil. Perfectly well; and would give my best brevity to find myself once more on terra-firma. But the outlet cannot be far off: let us proceed.

Ang. Look down upon us, blessed angels! Aid us; protect us!

F. Phil. Amen, fair daughter! *(They disappear.)*

Reg. *(After a pause.)* How wastes my lamp! The hour of Kenric's visit must long be past, and still

he comes not. How, if death's hand hath struck him suddenly! My existence unknown. Away from my fancy, dreadful idea! *(Rising, and taking the lamp.)* The breaking of my chain permits me to wander at large through the wide precincts of my prison. Haply the late storm, whose pealing thunders were heard even in this abyss, may have rent some friendly chasm: haply some nook yet unexplored. Ah! no, no! my hopes are vain, my search will be fruitless. Despair in these dungeons reigns despotically; she mocks my complaints, rejects my prayers; and, when I sue for freedom, bids me seek it in the grave! Death! oh, death! how welcome wilt thou be to me! *[Exit.]*

(The noise is heard of a heavy bar falling; the door opens.)

Enter FATHER PHILIP and ANGELA.

F. Phil. How's this? a door!

Ang. It was barred on the outside.

F. Phil. That we'll forgive, as it wasn't bolted on the in. But I don't recollect—surely I've not—

Ang. What's the matter?

F. Phil. By my faith, daughter, I suspect that I've missed my way.

Ang. Heaven forbid!

F. Phil. Nay, if 'tis so, I sha'n't be the first man who, of two ways, has preferred the wrong.

Ang. Provoking! And did I not tell you to choose the right-hand passage?

F. Phil. Truly, did you; and that was the very thing which made me choose the left. Whenever I am in doubt myself, I generally ask a woman's advice. When she's of one way of thinking, I've always found that reason's on the other. In this instance, perhaps, I have been mistaken: but wait here for a moment, and the fact shall be ascertained. *[Exit.]*

Ang. How thick and infectious is the air of this cavern; yet, perhaps, for sixteen years has my poor father breathed none purer. Hark! steps are quick advancing. The friar comes, but why in such confusion?

Re-enter FATHER PHILIP, running.

F. Phil. Help, help! It follows me!

Ang. *(Detaining him.)* What alarms you? Speak!

F. Phil. His ghost, his ghost! Let me go, let me go, let me go! *(Struggling to escape from Angela, he falls and extinguishes the torch; then hastily rises, and rushes up the staircase, closing the door after him.)*

Ang. Father, father! Stay, for heaven's sake! He's gone. I cannot find the door. Hark! 'twas the clank of chains. A light too! It comes yet nearer! Save me, ye powers! What dreadful form! 'Tis here! I faint with terror. *(Sinks almost lifeless against the dungeon's side.)*

Re-enter REGINALD with a lamp.

Reg. *(Placing his lamp upon a pile of stones.)* Why did Kenric enter my prison? Haply, when he heard not my groans at the dungeon door, he thought that my woes were relieved by death. Oh! when will that thought be verified? Thou art dead, and at rest, my wife! Safe in yon skies, no thought of me molests thy quiet. Yet sure I wrong thee. At the hour of death, thy spirit shall stand beside me, shall close mine eyes gently, and murmur, "Die Reginald, and be at peace!"

Ang. Hark! heard I not—pardon, good stranger—

Reg. *(Starting wildly from his seat.)* 'Tis she! She comes for me! Is the hour at hand, fair vision!

Spirit of Evelina! lead on, I follow thee. *(He extends his arms towards her, slingers a few paces forwards, then sinks exhausted on the ground.)*

Ang. He faints! perhaps expires! Still, still! See, he revives!

Reg. 'Tis gone! Once more the sport of my bewildered brain. *(Starting up.)* Powers of bliss! Look, where it moves again! Oh! say, what art thou? If Evelina, speak, oh, speak!

Ang. Ha! named he not Evelina? That look! This dungeon too! the emotions which his voice—It is, it must be! Father! Oh! Father, father! *(Falling upon his bosom.)*

Reg. Said you? Meant you? My daughter, my infant, whom I left? Oh! yes, it must be true! My heart, which springs towards you, acknowledges my child. *(Embracing her.)* But say, how gained you entrance? Has Osmond—

Ang. Oh! that name recalls my terrors. Alas! you see in me a fugitive from his violence. Guided by a friendly monk, whom your approach has frightened from me, I was endeavouring to escape; we missed our way, and chance guided us to this dungeon. But this is not a time for explanation. Answer me. Know you the subterranean passages belonging to this castle?

Reg. Whose entrance is without the walls. I do. Ang. Then we may yet be saved. Father, we must fly this moment. Percy, the pride of our English youth, waits for me at the Conway's side. Come then, oh! come. Stay not one moment longer. *(As she approaches the door, lights appear above.)*

Reg. Look, look, my child! The beams of distant torches flash through the gloom.

Osmond. *(Above.)* Hassan, guard you the door. Follow me, my friends. *(The lights disappear.)*

Ang. Osmond's voice! Undone, undone! Oh! my father, he comes to seek you; perhaps, to—

Reg. Hark! they come. The gloom of yonder cavern may awhile conceal you; fly to it; hide yourself; stir not, I charge you.

Ang. What leave you? Oh, no, no! Reg. Dearest, I entreat, I conjure you, fly! Fear not for me.

Ang. Father! Oh, father! Reg. Farewell! perhaps for ever! *(He forces Angela into the cavern, then returns hastily, and throws himself on the bed of straw.)* Now, then, to hear my doom.

Enter OSMOND, followed by MULEY and ALARIO, with torches.

Osmond. The door unbarred! Softly; my fears were false. Lo! where stretched on the ground, a stone his pillow, he tastes that repose which flies from my bed of down. Wake, Reginald, and arise!

Reg. You here, Osmond? What brings you to this scene of sorrow? Alas! Hope flies while I gaze upon your frowning eyes. Have I read its language aright, Osmond?

Osmond. Alright, if you have read my hatred.

Reg. Have I deserved that hate? See, my brother, the once proud Reginald lies at your feet; for his pride has been humbled by suffering. Hear him adjure you by her ashes, within whose bosom we both have lain, not to stain your hands with the blood of your brother. Kenric has told me that my daughter lives. Restore me to her arms; permit us in obscurity to pass our days together. Then shall my last sigh implore upon your head heaven's forgiveness and Evelina's.

Osmond. He melts me in my own despite. It shall be so. *(Aside.)* Rise, Reginald, and hear me. You

mentioned, even now, your daughter: know, she is in my power; know, also, that I love her.

Reg. How!

Osmond. She rejects my offers. Your authority can oblige her to accept them. Swear to me it, and this instant will I lead you to her arms. Say will you give the demanded oath?

Reg. I cannot dissemble: Osmond, I never will.

Osmond. How! Reflect that your life—

Reg. Would be valueless, if purchased by my daughter's tears; would be loathsome if embittered by my daughter's misery. Osmond, I will not take the oath.

Osmond. *(Almost choked with passion.)* 'Tis enough! *(To the Africans.)* You know your duty. Drag him to yonder cavern. Let me not see him die.

Reg. *(Holding by a fragment of the wall, from which the Africans strive to force him.)* Brother, for pity's sake; for your soul's happiness!

Osmond. Obey me, slaves. Away!

ANGELA rushes in wildly, from the cavern.

Ang. Hold off! Hurt him not! He is my father!

Osmond. Angela here!

Reg. Daughter, what means—

Ang. *(Embracing him.)* You shall live, father. I will sacrifice all to preserve you. Osmond, release my father, and solemnly I swear—

Reg. Hold, girl; and first hear me. *(Kneeling.)* God of nature to thee I call! If e'er on Osmond's bosom a child of mine rest; if e'er she call him husband, who pierced her mother's hapless heart, that moment shall a wound, by my own hand inflicted—

Ang. Hold! Oh, hold! End not your oath.

Osmond. I burn with rage!

Ang. I swear!

Reg. Be repaid by this embrace.

Osmond. Be it your last. Tear them asunder. Ha!

what noise?

Enter HASSAN, hastily.

Has. My lord, all is lost. Percy has surprised the castle, and speeds this way.

Osmond. Confusion! Then I must be sudden. Aid me, Hassan. *(Hassan and Osmond force Angela from her father, who, suddenly disengages himself from Muley and Alario.)*

Reg. Friends so near? Villains! at least you shall buy my life dearly. *(Suddenly seizing Hassan's sword.)*

Osmond. *(Employed with Hassan in retaining Angela, while Reginald defends himself against Muley and Alario.)* Down with him! Wrest the sword from him! *(Alario is wounded and falls; Muley gives back; at the same time, Osmond's party appears above, pursued by Percy's.)* Hark! they come! Dastardly villains! Nay, then, my own hand must—*(Drawing his sword, he rushes upon Reginald, who is disarmed, and beaten upon his knees; when, at the moment that Osmond lifts his arm to stab him, Evelina's ghost throws herself between them; Osmond starts back, and drops his sword. Angela disengaging herself from Hassan, springs suddenly forwards, and plunges her dagger in Osmond's bosom, who falls with a loud groan, and faints. The ghost vanishes: Angela and Reginald rush into each other's arms.)*

Ang. Father, thou art mine again!

Enter PERCY, SAIR, HAROLD, &c. pursuing Osmond's party. They all stop, on seeing him bleeding upon the ground.

Per. Hold, my brave friends! See where lies the object of our search.

Ang. Percy! dear Percy!

Per. (*Flying to her.*) Dearest Angela!

Ang. My friend, my guardian angel! Come, Percy, come; embrace my father. Father, embrace the protector of your child.

Per. Do I then behold Earl Reginald?

Reg. (*Embracing him.*) The same, brave Percy! Welcome to my heart! Live ever next to it.

Ang. Oh! moment that o'er pays my sufferings. And yet, Percy, that wretched man—he perished by my hand! (*Osmond is conveyed away: servants enter with torches.*)

Per. But say, fair Angela, what have I to hope? Is my love approved by your noble father? Will he—

Reg. Percy, this is no time to talk of love. Let me hasten to my expiring brother, and soften with forgiveness the pangs of death.

Per. Can you forget your sufferings? In this state, my stately chambers, far greater must have been his pangs than mine in this gloomy dungeon; for what gave me comfort was his terror, what gave me hope was his despair.

And, oh, thou wretch! whom hopeless woes oppress,

Whose days no joys, whose nights no slumbers bless,

When pale Despair alarms thy pained eye,
Screams in thine ear, and bids thee heaven deny,

Court thou Religion; strive thy faith to save;
Bend thy fix'd glance on bliss beyond the grave;
Hush guilty murmurs! banish dark mistrust!
Think, there's a Power above, nor doubt that Power is just!

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY SAMUEL FOOTE.



Sneak.—“HERE, LOVY.”—Act 1, scene 1.

Persons Represented.

MAJOR STURGEON
SIR JACOB JOLLUP
JERRY SNEAK
BRUIN

ROGER
MOU
SNEFFLE

CRISPIN HEELTAP
MRS. BRUIN
MRS. SNEAK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sir Jacob Jollup's House at Garratt.*

Enter SIR JACOB JOLLUP.

Sir J. Roger.

Enter ROGER.

Roger. Anan, Sir!

Sir J. Sir, sirrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubbed me a knight, for you to make me a mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Roger. Nic Goose, the tailor, from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Has Margery fetched in the linen?

Roger. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Are the pigs and the poultry locked up in the barn?

Roger. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. And the plates and spoons in the pantry?

Roger. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Then give me the key. The mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Roger. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'y'e hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Roger. I will, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. So, now I believe things are pretty secure. But I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they—(a knocking at the gate.) Who is that, Roger?

Roger. (Without.) Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir J. God's my life! and major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON.

I could have wished you had come a little sooner Major Sturgeon.

Major S. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Major S. There has, major, been here an impudent pillmonger, who has dared to scandalise the whole body of the bench.

Major S. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir J. No, no; he wanted the major more than the magistrate: a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answered the purpose. Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

Major S. True, Sir Jacob: our corps is disembodied; so the French may sleep in security.

Sir J. But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

Major S. A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a fleabite.

Sir J. No.

Major S. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self,—and yet we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. No doubt.

Major S. Oh, such marchings and counter marchings, from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating.—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow; that day's work carried off Major Molossas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander. He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir J. How came that about?

Major S. Why, it was partly the major's own fault; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be ruled.

Sir J. Spirit; zeal for the service.

Major S. Doubtless. But to proceed: in order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Thistleworth, the evening before. At day-break, our regiment formed at Hounslow, town's end, as it might be about here. The major made a fine disposition: on we marched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig-sty, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen from Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs barked in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir J. Terrible.

Major S. The major's horse took to his heels; away he scoured o'er the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into his flank, and for some time, held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the major a douse in the chaps, and plumped him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-milla.

Sir J. Dreadful!

Major S. Whether from the fall or the fright, the major moved off in a month. Indeed, it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir J. As how?

Major S. Why, as Captain Cucumber, lieutenant Patten, ensign Tripe, and myself were returning

to town in the Turaham-green stage, we were stopped near the Hammermith turnpike, and robbed and stripped by a single footpad.

Sir J. An unfortunate day, indeed.

Major S. But, in some measure, to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

Sir J. You did?

Major S. O, yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise we always succeeded of course: no jumping over heads, no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir J. Quiet and peaceable.

Major S. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compasses, in Acton, between captain Sheers and the colonel, concerning a game at all-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir J. Why, that was mere mutiny; the captain ought to have been broke.

Major S. He was; for the colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir J. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas?

Major S. In part only: no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was trained up to arms from his youth. At sixteen, he trailed a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen, got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffry Grub, knight, alderman, and colonel of the yellow.

Sir J. A rapid rise!

Major S. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a sergeant of marines: so after shop was shut up at night, he used to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Your progress was great.

Major S. Amazing. In a week, I could shoulder, and rest, and poise, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month, I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir J. A perfect Hannibal!

Major S. Ah, and then I learned to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions. Let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have peppered his flat-bottomed boats.

Sir J. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

Major S. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting pro arvis and focus.

Sir J. Pray, now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplined troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Major S. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but, lack-a-day! they have never seen any service. Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord mayor's-day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir J. Indeed!

Major S. No! soldiers for sunshine—cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom the jenny sequoi, that—oh, could you but see me salute. You have never a spontoon in the house?

Sir J. No; but we could get you a shove-pike.

Major S. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir J. Oh, ho, now the murder is out; this visit

was intended for them: come, own now, Major, did you not expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry.

Major S. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob: there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir J. True, true, Major.

Major S. But that is now all over with me. "Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighing troops," as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censor, I shall retire to my Savine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir J. Under the shade of your laurels.

Major S. True; I have done with the major, and now return to the magistrate; *cedunt arma togae.*

Mob. (Without.) Huzza!

Re-enter ROGER.

Sir J. What's the matter now, Roger?

Roger. The electors desire to know if your worship has anybody to recommend?

Sir J. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Roger. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heeltap, the cobbler, being returned officer.

Sir J. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there?

Roger. Yes, Sir Jacob. Make way there; stand further off from the gate: here is madam Sneak in a chaise along with her husband.

Major S. Gads, you will permit me to convey her in. *(Exit.)*

Sir J. Now, here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of its element; the soldier has quite demolished the citizen.

Re-enter MAJOR STURGEON, leading in MRS. SNEAK.

Mrs. S. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad.—Jerry, Jerry Sneak.—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. S. Why, Jerry Sneak! I say.

Enter JERRY SNEAK, with a band-box and bundle under his arm, a cardinal, &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. S. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall, and then go and look after the horse. Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. S. Then give me my fan. *(Jerry drops the things in searching his pockets for the fan.)*

Mrs. S. Did ever mortal see such—I declare, I am quite ashamed to be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy.—Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir J. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: but where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father, Sir Jacob: he did but just step into the Alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir J. Very well, son sneak. *(Exit Sneak.)*

Mrs. S. Son; yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

Sir J. I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister; one house could never have contained you. Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs. S. Meek! a mushroom! a milkop!

Sir J. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster.

(Exit.)

Mrs. S. Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse. Had my kind stars indeed allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a becomingly manner.

Major S. Unquestionably, madam.

Mrs. S. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Major S. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. S. Indeed, sir, I reverence the army; they are all so brave, so polite, so every thing a woman can wish.

Major S. Oh, madam—

Mrs. S. So elegant, so genteel, so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a major?

Major S. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

Mrs. S. I know it, good sir: oh! I am no stranger to what I have missed.

Major S. Oh, madam!—Let me die but she has infinite merit. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. S. Then to be joined to a sneaking, slovenly cit: a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker!

Major S. Melancholy!

Mrs. S. To be jostled and crammed with the crowd; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be choked with the smoke of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but to Pewterer's-hall.

Major S. Intolerable!

Mrs. S. I see, sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Major S. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs. S. Gallant gentleman!

Major S. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. S. Intrepid Major!

Major S. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. S. Obliging commander!

Major S. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. S. Sir!

Major S. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand?

Mrs. S. You have a right to all we can grant.

Major S. Courteous, condescending, complying.—Hum! ha! *(Kisses her hand.)*

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner: the Clapham-stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. S. I wish they had all been soured in the Thames.—A prying, impertinent puppy! *(Aside to Major.)*

Major S. Next time I will clap a sentinel to secure the door. *(Aside to Mrs. S.)*

Mrs. S. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Major S. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs. S. Ladyship! he is the very broglio and bellie of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. S. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? Is that your manners, you mongrel?

Major S. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your sweet idea will be my constant companion.

Mrs. S. Mark that.

Sneak. Yes.

Mrs. S. I am sorry, sir, I am obligated to leave
Major S. Madam— *[Yor*

Mrs. S. Especially with such a wretched com-
Major S. Oh, madam— [panion.]

Mrs. S. But as soon as my dress is restored, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Major S. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. S. Courteous commander!

Major S. Paragon of women!

Mrs. S. Adieu!

Major S. Adieu! Tol, lol. [Exit Mrs. Sneak.]

Sneak. Notwithstanding, sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Major S. I doubt not, master Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday night to our club, at the Nag's-head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, faithful there's Jemmy Perkins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honest master Muzzle, the midwife.

Major S. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the choice spirits from Comus's-court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny. I have learnt myself to sing, but I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl worse than the broom-man.

SONG.

*When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad,
My grandfather I did lose, O.
I'll bet you a can, you have heard of the man.
His name it was Robinson Crusoe.*

*Chorus. O poor Robinson Crusoe!
O Robinson Crusoe!
Tink a tink tang, tink a tink tang,
O poor Robinson Crusoe.*

*Perhaps you've read in a book, of a voyage he took,
And how the whirling blew so,
That the ship with a shock, drove plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. O poor Robinson, &c.

*Poor soul, none but he remain'd on sea,
Ah, fate, fate how could you do so?
Till ashore he was thrown, on an island unknown,
O poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. O poor Robinson, &c.

*He wanted to eat, and he sought for some meat,
But the cattle away from him flew so,
That but for his gun, he'd been surely undone,
O poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. O poor Robinson, &c.

*But he'd saved from aboard an old gun and a sword,
And another odd matter or two, so;
That, by dint of his thrift, he manag'd to shift;
Well done Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. O poor Robinson, &c.

*And he happen'd to save from the merciless wave,
A poor parrot, I assure you 'tis true, so;
That when he came home from a merciless roam,
She cried out "Poor Robinson Crusoe!"*

Chorus. O poor Robinson, &c.

*He got all the wood that ever he could,
And stuck it together with glue, so,
That he made him a hut, wherein he did put
The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. O poor Robinson, &c.

*He us'd to wear a cap, and a coat with long nap,
With a beard as long as a Jew, so,
That by all that is civil! he look'd like a devil,
More than poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. O poor Robinson, &c.

*And then his man Friday kept his hut neat and tidy,
To be sure 'twas his business to do so;
And, friendly together, less like servant than brother,
Liv'd Friday and Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. O poor Robinson, &c.

*At last, an English sail came near within hail,
Then he took to his little canoes, so,
That on reaching the ship, they gave him a trip,
Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. O poor Robinson, &c.

Major S. You must not think of disoblighing your lady. [Exit I.]

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, *Major S.* That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit. [Wery pretty vithal?]

Sneak. O, a power! And don't you think she is *Major S.* A Venus!

Sneak. Yea, wery like Venus. Mayhap you have known her some time?

Major S. Long. *Sneak.* Belike before she was married? *Major S.* I did, master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand; for ve ben't quite so familiar as that. But then, indeed, ve ha'n't been married a year.

Major S. The mere honeymoon. *Sneak.* Ay, ay, I suppose ve shall come to it by degrees. [Are purry and lazy, you jade?]

Bruin. (Without.) Come along, Jane; why you Enter BRUIN and MRS. BRUIN, with his great coat and fishing-rod.

Bruin. Come along, Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant unknown. (To Major.)

Re-enter ROGER.

Roger. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the Major. *Major S.* I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. [Exit Major.] A good morrow to yop, brother Bruin; you have had a varm walk across the fields.

Mrs. B. Good lord, I am all over dirt. *Bruin.* And who may you thank for it, hussy?

If you had got up time enough, you might have secured the stage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed!

Mrs. B. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money.

Mrs. B. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. B. And pray who is more sifterer to be trusted?

Bruin. Heyday! Why, the wench is bewitched: come, come, let's have none of your palaver here: take twelve-pence and pay the waterman. But first see if he has broke none of the pipes; and, d'ye hear, Jane? be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe. [Exit Mrs. Bruin.]

Sneak. Odds me, how finely she's managed! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.
Sneak. D'ye think so? She is a sweet, pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.
Sneak. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil. O lord, I lead the life of a dog. Why, she allows me but two shillings a week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!
Sneak. No, man: 'tis she that receives and pays all: and then I am forced to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, patten, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a pretence.

Bruin. Zounds! I would scouse them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not. And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!
Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drum-sticks of the turkey, and the d—d fat flaps of shoulders of swine. I don't think I have eat a bit of under-quiet since we have been married. You see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton!
Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would go swings and leather my lambkin; God, I would go carry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift.

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why, then, I will waddy pluck up a spirit!

and the first time she offers to—

Mrs. S. (Without.) Jerry, Jerry Sneak.
Sneak. Gods my life, sure as a gun that's her wolver: look ye, brother, I don't suppose to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. S. (Without.) Jerry! Jerry!

Sneak. I come, lady. But you will be sure to stand Bruin. Trot, nipcompoo. [by me?]

Sneak. Vell, if I don't—I wish— [a-lottering?]

Mrs. S. (Without.) Where is this lazy puppy

Sneak. I come, sneek, as fast as I can. Good

Lord, what a sad life do I lead! [Exit.]

Bruin. Ex quoque lingua; who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear.

Enter SIR JACOB.

Sir J. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man; we have but just time for a sneak; the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, pally, mean-spirited—D— it, before I would submit to such a—

Sir J. Come, come, man; don't be so crusty.

Bruin. I follow Sir Jacob. D— a, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine. Jerry! Jerry!—Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—SIR JACOB JOLLUP, MAJOR STURGEON, BRUIN, MRS. BRUIN, JERRY SNEAK, and MRS. SNEAK, discovered on Sir Jacob's Garden-wall.

Enter Mob with HEELTAP at their head; some crying "a Goose," others "a Mug," others "a Primmer."

Heel. Silence, there! Silence!

1 *Mob.* Hear neighbour Heeltap.

2 *Mob.* Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3 *Mob.* Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin; he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel. Why, then, silence! I say.

All. Silence.

Heel. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1 *Mob.* Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel. Silence, then, and keep the peace: what, is there no respect paid to authority? Am not I the returning-officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by

All. True, true. [Sir Jacob?]

Heel. Well, then, be silent and civil; stand back

there, that gentleman without a shirt; and make

room for your betters. Where's Simon Snuffle, the

Snuffle. Here. [Benton?]

Heel. Let him come forward; we appoint him our secretary: for Simon is a scoldard, and can read

written hand; and so let him be respected accord-

3 *Mob.* Room for master Snuffle. [Angly.]

Heel. Here, stand by me: and let us, neighbours,

proceed to open the preminure of the thing; but

first, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a

long life and a merry one to our landlord, Sir

1 *Mob.* Huzza! [Jacob! Huzza!]

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel. Servant, master Sneak. Let us now open the preminure of the thing, which I shall do briefly,

with all the eloquency possible; that is, in a medium way: which, that we may the better do it, let the

secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall

know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. (Reads.) "To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garratt—Gentlemen, your

votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor,

Mr. Richard Drizzling, in the said office, he brings—"

Heel. This goose is but a kind of geowing, a sort of sneaking scoundrel. Who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman tailor from Putney.

Heel. A journeyman tailor! a rascal! Has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye

consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burden for the back of a porter; and

can you think that this cross-legged cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-faced nimny, who is

but the ninth part of a man, has strength to sup-

1 *Mob.* No goose! no goose! [Sport it?]

2 *Mob.* A goose!

Heel. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. (Reads.) "Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug."

1 *Mob.* A mug! a mug!

Heel. Oh, eh; what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: but fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this master Mug before we

swallow him; and, unless I am mistaken, you will find him a d—d bitter draught.

1 *Mob.* A mug! a mug!

2 *Mob.* Hear him; hear master Heeltap.

3 *Mob.* A mug! a mug!

Heel. Harkye, you fellow with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question: bring him forward. Pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3 *Mob.* I believe he may.

Heel. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?

3 *Mob.* I believe he may.

Heel. Now answer, upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brewed at the Adam and Eve?

3 Mob. I don't know.

Heel. You lie, sirrah: an't it a great?

3 Mob. I believe it may.

Heel. Oh, may be so. Now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No mug! no mug!

Heel. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Suffie. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the schoolmaster.

Heel. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning, that can lay down the law; why, adzooks! he is wise enough to puzzle the parson: and, then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia. Ecod, George Gage, the exciseman, is nothing at all to un.

4 Mob. A Primmer.

Heel. Ay, if the folks above did but know him. Why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2 Mob. Indeed!

Heel. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3 Mob. Indeed!

Heel. "For," says Peter, says he, "if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what pitch the nation might rise."

1 Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candi-Heel. He is, master Sneak. [date?

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mum, as well as my mother; why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterers-hall, 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel. Like enough.

Sneak. Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell me what is become of my wife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden. I will go and take a peep at what they are doing.

[Exit from the wall.

Mob. (Without.) Huzza!

Heel. Gad so! the candidates are coming.

[Exeunt Mob. &c.

Re-enter SIR JACOB JOLLUP, BRUIN, and MRS. BRUIN, through the garden-gate.

Sir J. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob, my way is always to speak what I think:—I don't approve on't Mrs. B. No? [at all?

Sir J. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over fond of your May-games: besides corporations are too serious things: they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant; but I never heard much of their edge. [it mightily.

Mrs. B. Well now, I protest I am pleased with Bruin. And who the devil doubts it? You women folks are easily pleased.

Mrs. B. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be d— bit; you may take your leave, I can tell you; for this is the last you shall see. So away with you.

[Exit Mrs. Bruin.

Sir J. Fie, Mr Bruin, how can you be such a bear? Is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What! I suppose you would have me such

a snivelling act as your son-in-law, Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK, in a violent hurry, at the garden-gate.

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Vhy, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my minikins; but the deuce a major or madam could I see: at last a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you: the door was locked; and then I looked through the key-hole: and there,—Lord ha' mercy upon us! (whispers) as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did you not break open the door?

Sneak. I durst not. What! would you have me set my vit to a soldier? I varrant the Major would have knocked me down with one of his boots.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings! You see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence. You may call me a bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast. (Mob huzza.) [ready?

Sir J. Heyday! What, is the election over already? Enter CRISPIN HEELTAP, &c.

Heel. Where is master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

Sneak. Mei Huzza! Good lord, who would have thought it? But how came master Primmer to lose it?

Heel. Why, Phil Flem had told the electors, that master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So, then, I have it for certain: huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my madam. 'Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she sha'n't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Mrs. B. (Without.) Jerry! Jerry

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother

Bruin. Tooth and nail. [Bruin?

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter MRS. SNEAK, through the garden-gate.

Mrs. S. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

Mrs. S. So, sot! what is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, and may be 'tan't: I don't choose to trust my affairs with a woman. Is that right, brother Bruin? (Apart.)

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch. (Apart.)

Sneak. Stand by me. (Apart.)

Mrs. S. Heyday! I am amazed! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain: that I am grown a man, and vill do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. S. Why, the fellow is surely bewitched.

Sneak. No; I am unwitched, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I vill tell you a bit of my mind; what, I am the husband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right; at her again. (Apart.)

Sneak. Yes; and you sha'n't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done: for I'll go to the club when I please; and stay out as late as I

Hut; and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays; and visit my friends at Vitsontide; and keep the key of the till; and help myself at table to what wittles I like; and I'll have a bit of the brown, d—n me.

Bruin. Bravo, brother Sneak! the day's your own. *(Apart.)*

Sneak. An't it? Why, I did not think it was in me. Shall I tell her all I know? *(Apart.)*

Bruin. Every thing. You see she is struck dumb. *(Apart.)*

Sneak. As an oyster. *(Apart.)* Besides, madam, I have something furdur to tell you: eood, if some folks go into gardens with majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids. There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin. *(Apart.)*

Mrs. S. Why, doodle! jackanapes! harkye, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names. Am I? why, my wife, and I am your master.

Mrs. S. My master! you paltry, puddling puppy! you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me. *(Apart.)*

Mrs. S. Have I, sirrah, demeaned myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee? Have I not made myself a by-word to all my acquaintance? Don't all the world cry, "Lord, who would have thought it? Miss Molly Jollip to be married to Sneak; to take up at last with such a noodle as he!"

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. S. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows I could have picked and chosen where I would. Did not I refuse squire Ap-Griffith, from Wales? Did not counsellor Crab come a courting a twelve-month? Did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain. *(Apart.)*

Mrs. S. My last legs!—But I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fie, sister Sneak. *(Holds her.)*

Sneak. Hold her fast. *(Apart.)*

Mrs. S. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what is it you that have stirred up these coals, then? He is set on by you to abuse me. *[Like a man.]*

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man behave

Mrs. S. What! and you are to teach him, I warrant. But here comes the Major.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON.

Oh, Major, such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them—but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what shall I do ven she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves? *(Apart.)*

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major S. Lookye, master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—*(Goes up to Bruin.)*

Bruin. What then? *(Retreats)*

Major S. Then, why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Brokel and for what?

Major S. What! read the articles of war. But these things are out of your spear: points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if thou come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden?

Major S. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: all suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason. I heard of your tricks at the King of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did. Father, Sir Jacob, he is as wilious as an old ram.

Major S. Stop whilst you are safe, master Sneak! for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past, but for you—*(To Bruin.)*

Bruin. Well.

Major S. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why lookye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts—*(Cries and Bruin strip.)*

Major S. Box, box! Blades, bullets! Bagshot!

Mrs. S. Not for the world, my dear Major! oh, risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! And is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his sousing, his sweatings, his swimings, must his dear blood be split by a broker?

Major S. Be satisfied, sweet Mrs. Sneak; these little frascas we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatelles, Mrs. Sneak. But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant *(To Bruin. Sneak and Bruin put on their coats.)*

Mrs. S. Major, Sir Jacob, what are you all leagued against his dear life? A man! yes, a very manly, action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife: if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman abused by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh, Lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping. My life, my love, don't weep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly to weep? *(Goes up to her.)*

Mrs. S. Last legs, you lubberly—*(Beats him.)*

Sir J. Oh, fie, Molly! *[Sir Jacob?]*

Mrs. S. What, are you leagued against me,

Sir J. Prythee don't expose yourself before the whole parish. But what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs. S. Why, has he not gone and made himself the fool of the fair. Mayor of Garratt, indeed, eood, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfurnment?

Mrs. S. Did you ever hear such an oaf? Why, thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest. Lookye, Jerry, mind what I say: go get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father, Sir Jacob?

Sir J. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once. I'll get Crispin Heeltap to be his locum tenens.

Sneak. Do, Crispin; do be my locum tenens.

Heel. Master Sneak, to oblige you I will be locum tenens. *[Exit.]*

Sneak. Forget and forgive, Major.

Major S. Freely.

Nor be it said, that after all my toil, I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield.

Sir J. As harmless in the chamber as the field.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.



Gold.—“Ah! WIDOW! HERE AM I!”—Act III, scene 1.

Persons Represented

MR. DORNTON.
HARRY DORNTON.
MR. MILFORD.

MR. SULKY.
GOLDFINCH.
SILKY.

MR. SMITH.
TRADESMEN, &c.
WIDOW WARREN.

SOPHIA.
MRS. LEDGER.
JENNY. &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The House of Dornton.

Enter MR. DORNTON.

Dornton. Past two o'clock, and not yet returned! Well, well; it's my own fault. Mr. Smith.

Enter MR. SMITH.

Mr. Smith. Sir.

Dornton. Is Mr. Sulky come in?

Mr. Smith. No, sir. [Should return to-night?

Dornton. Are you sure Harry Dornton said he

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Dornton. And you don't know where he is gone?

Mr. Smith. He did not tell me, sir.

Dornton. [Angrily.] I ask you if you know?

Mr. Smith. I believe to Newmarket, sir.

Dornton. You always believe the worst. I'll sit up no longer. Tell the servants to go to bed. And, do you hear, should he apply to you for money, don't let him have a guinea.

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dornton. I have done with him; he is henceforth no son of mine. Let him starve.

Mr. Smith. He acts very improperly, sir, indeed.

Dornton. Improperly! How? What does he do? [Alarmed.]

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Dornton. Have you heard anything of—

Mr. Smith. [Confused.] No; no, sir, nothing; nothing but what you yourself tell me.

Dornton. Then how do you know he has acted improperly?

Mr. Smith. He is certainly a very good-hearted young gentleman, sir. [An assertion?]

Dornton. Good-hearted! How dare you make such

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Dornton. How dare you, Mr. Smith, insult me so? Is not his gaming notorious? his racing, driving, riding, and associating with knaves, fools, debauchees, and black legs?

Mr. Smith. Upon my word, sir, I—
Dornton. But it's over. His name has this very day been struck out of the firm. Let his drafts be returned. It's all ended. (*Passionately.*) And, observe, not a guinea. If you lend him any yourself, I'll not pay you. I'll no longer be a fond, doating father. Therefore take warning. Take warning, I say. Be his distress what it will, not a guinea: though you should hereafter see him begging, starving in the streets, not so much as the loan or the gift of a single guinea. (*With great passion.*)

Mr. Smith. I shall be careful to observe your orders, sir.

Dornton. Sir! (*With terror.*) Why, would you see him starve? Would you see him starve, and not lend him a guinea? Would you, sir? Would you?

Mr. Smith. Sir! Certainly not, except in obedience to your orders.

Dornton. (*With amazement and compassion.*) And could any orders justify your seeing a poor unfortunate youth, rejected by his father, abandoned by his friends, starving to death?

Mr. Smith. There is no danger of that, sir.

Dornton. I tell you the thing shall happen. He shall starve to death. (*With horror at the supposition.*) I'll never look on him more as a son of mine; and I am very certain, when I have forsaken him, all the world will forsake him too. (*Almost in tears.*) Yes, yes; he is born to be a poor wretched outcast.

Mr. Smith. I hope, sir, he still will make a fine man.

Dornton. Will! There is not a finer, handsomer, nobler looking youth in the kingdom; no, not in the world.

Mr. Smith. I mean a worthy good man, sir.

Dornton. How can you mean any such thing? The company he keeps would corrupt a saint.

Mr. Smith. Sir, if you will only tell me what your pleasure is, I will endeavour to act like a faithful servant.

Dornton. I know you are a faithful servant, Mr. Smith. (*Takes his hand.*) I know you are; but you—you are not a father. (*Exit Mr. Smith.*)

Enter MR. SULKY.

Dornton. Well, Mr. Sulky, have you heard any
Sulky. Yes. [*thing of him?*]

Dornton. And, eh? (*Excessively impatient.*) Any thing consoling, any thing good?

Sulky. No.

Dornton. No? No, say you? Where is he? What is he about?

Sulky. I don't know.

Dornton. Don't? You love to torture me, sir! You love to torture me.

Sulky. Humph! [*heard.*]

Dornton. For heaven's sake, tell me what you have

Sulky. I love to torture you.

Dornton. Put me out of my pain. If you are not a tiger, put me out of my pain.

Sulky. (*Reluctantly drawing a newspaper out of his pocket.*) There! read

Dornton. Dead?

Sulky. Worse.

Dornton. Mercy defend me! Where? What?

Sulky. The first paragraph in the postscript: the beginning line in capitals.

Dornton. (*Reads.*) The junior partner of the great banking-house, not a mile from the Post-office, has again been touched at Newmarket, for upwards of ten thousand pounds! (*Pause.*) It can't be.

Sulky. Humph!

Dornton. Why, can it?

Sulky. Yes.

Dornton. How do you know? What proof have you that this is not a lie?

Sulky. His own handwriting.

Dornton. How!

Sulky. Bills at three days' sight, to the full amount, have already been presented.

Dornton. And accepted?

Sulky. Yes.

Dornton. But why? Were you mad, Mr. Sulky, were you mad?

Sulky. I soon shall be.

Dornton. Is not his name struck out of the firm?

Sulky. They were dated two days before.

Dornton. The credit of my house begins to totter.

Sulky. Well it may.

Dornton. What the effect of such a paragraph may be, I cannot tell.

Sulky. I can; ruin.

Dornton. Are you serious, sir?

Sulky. I am not inclined to laugh. A run against the house, stoppage, disgrace, bankruptcy!

Dornton. Really, Mr. Sulky, you—

Sulky. Yes, I know I offend. I was bred in your house, you used me tenderly, I served you faithfully, and you admitted me a partner. Don't think I care for myself: no; I can set at the desk again: but you, you; first man of the first commercial city on earth! your name in the Gazette? Were it mine only, I would laugh at it. What am I? Who cares for me?

Dornton. Where is the vile—(*Calling.*) Mr Smith! Thomas! William!

Enter MR. SMITH.

Call all the servants together, Mr. Smith; clerks, footmen, maids, every soul. Tell them their young master is a scoundrel.

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dornton. Sir! (*His anger recurring.*) Bid them shut the door in his face. I'll turn the first away that let's him set foot in this house ever again.

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dornton. Very well, sir. D—n your very well, sir. I tell you it is not very well, sir. He shall starve, die, rot in the street. Is that very well, sir?

[*Exit Mr. Dornton and Mr. Smith.*]

Sulky. He has a noble heart. A fond father's heart. The boy was a fine youth; but he spoiled him; and now he quarrels with himself and all the world, because he hates his own folly. (*Distant knocking heard at the street door.*) So! here is the youth returned. (*Knocking again.*) [*Exit.*]

Enter MR. DORNTON, followed by Servants.

Dornton. Don't stir. On your lives, don't go to the door. Are the bolts and locks all fastened?

Servants. All, sir. (*Knocking.*)

Dornton. Don't mind his knocking. Go to bed, every soul of you instantly, and fall fast asleep. He shall starve in the streets. (*Knocking again.*) Fetch me my blunderbuss. Make haste. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, and

Postillions.

Postillions. We smoked along, your honour.

Harry. (*Knocks at the door of Mr. Dornton's house.*) I know you did. Had you been less free with your whips, you would have been a crown the richer. Your next step should be to turn drummers, and handle the cat-o'-nine-tails.

Postillions. It is very late, your honour.

Harry. Be gone! I'll give you no more. (*Knocks.*)

[*Exit Postillions.*]

Dornton. (*Throwing up the sash, and presenting the blunderbuss; Mr. Sulky behind.*) Knock again,

you scoundrel, and you shall have the full contents, loaded to the muzzle, rascal!

Harry. So! I suspected dad was in his tantrums.

Milford. You have given him some cause.

Harry. Very true. (To his father.) Consider, my dear sir, the consequences of lying out all night.

Dornton. Be gone, villain!

Harry. Bad women, sir; damps, night air.

Dornton. Will you be gone?

Harry. Watch-houses, pick-pockets, cut-throats.

Sulky. Come, come, sir. (Shutting the window.)

Milford. We shall not get in.

Harry. Psha! How little do you know of my father. The door will open in less than fifteen seconds.

Milford. Done! for a hundred.

Harry. Done, done! (They take out their watches, and the door opens.) I knew you were bad; double or quits we find the cloth laid, and supper on the table.

Milford. No; it won't do. [Exeunt into the house.]

SCENE III.—The former Apartment.

Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, and Footman.

Footman. My old master is in a bitter passion, sir.

Harry. I know it.

Footman. He is gone down to turn the servant out of doors that let you in.

Harry. Is he? Then go you and let your fellow-servant in again.

Footman. I dare not, sir.

Harry. Then I must.

[Exit.

Footman. He inquired who was with my young

Milford. Well.

master.

Footman. And when he heard it was you, sir, he was ten times more furious.

[Exit.

Re-enter HARRY DORNTON.

Harry. All's well that ends well. This has been a cursed losing voyage, Milford.

Milford. I am a hundred and fifty in.

Harry. And I ten thousand out.

Milford. I believe I had better avoid your father for the present.

Harry. I think you had. Dad considers you as my tempter; the cause of my ruin.

Milford. And I being in his debt, he conceives he may treat me without ceremony.

Harry. Nay; d—n it, Jack, do him justice. It is not the money you had of him, but the ill advice he imputes to you, that galls him.

Milford. I hear he threatens to arrest me.

Harry. Yes; he has threatened to strike my name out of the firm, and disinherit me, a thousand times.

Milford. Oh! but he has been very serious in menacing me.

Harry. And me too.

Milford. You'll be at the tennis-court to-morrow?

Harry. No.

Milford. What, not to see the grand match?

Harry. No.

Milford. Oh yes, you will.

Harry. No; I am determined.

Milford. Yes, over night; you'll waver in the morning.

Harry. No; it is high time, Jack, to grow prudent.

Milford. Ha, ha, ha! My plan is formed: I'll soon be out of debt.

Harry. How will you get the money?

Milford. By calculation.

Harry. Ba, ha, ha!

Milford. I am resolved on it. How many men of

rank and honour, having lost their fortunes, have doubly recovered them.

Harry. And very honourably?

Milford. Who doubts it?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Nobody, nobody.

Milford. But pray, Harry, what is it you find so attractive in my late father's amorous relapse?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! What, the widow Warren?

Milford. She seems to think, and even reports, you are to marry her.

Harry. Marry! her? A coquette of forty, who ridiculously ape all the airs of a girl: fantastic, selfish, and a fool. And marry? Disgusting idea! Thou wert philosophising, as we drove, on the condition of a post-horse.

Milford. Well.

Harry. I would rather be a post-horse; nay, the brute that drives a post-horse, than the base thing thou hast imagined.

Milford. Then why are you so often there?

Harry. Because I can't keep away.

Milford. What, it is her daughter, Sophia?

Harry. Lovely, bewitching innocent!

Milford. The poor young thing is fond of you?

Harry. I should be half mad, if I thought she was not; yet am obliged to half hope she is not.

Milford. Why?

Harry. What a question. Am I not a profligate; and, in all probability, ruined? Not even my father can overlook this last affair. No. Heigho!

Milford. The loss of my father's will, and the mystery made of its contents by those who witnessed it, are strange circumstances.

Harry. In which the widow triumphs. And you being a bastard, and left by law to starve, she willingly pays obedience to laws so wise.

Milford. She refuses even to pay my debts.

Harry. And the worthy alderman, your father, being overtaken by death in the south of France, carefully makes a will, and then as carefully hides it where it is not to be found; or commits it to the custody of some mercenary knave, who has made his market of it to the widow. So, here comes the supposed executor of this supposed will.

Enter MR. SULKY.

My dear Mr. Sulky, how do you do?

Sulky. Very ill.

Harry. Indeed! I am very sorry.

What's your

Sulky. You.

[disorder?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Sulky. Ruin, bankruptcy, infamy!

Harry. The old story.

Sulky. To a new tune.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Sulky. You are—

Harry. What, my good cynic?

Sulky. A fashionable gentleman.

Harry. I know it.

Sulky. And fashionably ruined.

Harry. No; I have a father.

Sulky. Who is ruined likewise.

[ruined?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Is the Bank of England

Sulky. I say, ruined. Nothing less than a miracle can save the house. The purse of Fortunatus could not supply you.

[bills, paper, for me.

Harry. No; it held nothing but guineas. Notes,

Sulky. Such an effrontery is insufferable. For these five years, sir, you have been driving to ruin more furiously than—

Harry. An ambassador's coach on a birth-night.

I saw you were stammering for a smile.

Sulky. Sir!

Harry. Youth mounts the box, seizes the reins,

and Jehus headlong on in the dark; Passion and Prodigality blaze in the front, bewilder the coachman, and dazzle and blind the passengers; Wisdom, Prudence, and virtue, are overset and maimed, or murdered; and, at last, Repentance, like the footman's flambeau lagging behind, lights us to dangers when they are past all remedy.

Sulky. Your name is struck off the firm. I was the adviser.

Harry. You were very kind, Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. Your father is at last determined.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Do you think so?

Sulky. You'll find so. And what brought you here, sir? (*To Milford.*)

Milford. A chaise and four.

Sulky. It might have carried you to a safer place. When do you mean to pay your debts?

Milford. When my father's executor prevails on the widow Warren to do me justice.

Sulky. And which way am I to prevail?

Milford. And which way am I to pay my debts?

Sulky. You might have more modesty than insolently to come and brave one of your principal creditors, after having ruined his son by your evil counsel.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Don't believe a word on't, my good grumbler; I ruined myself: I wanted no counsellor.

Milford. My father died immensely rich; and though I am what the law calls illegitimate, I ought not to starve.

Sulky. You have had five thousand pounds, and are five more in debt. [*with thousands.*]

Milford. Yes, thanks to those who trust boys

Sulky. You would do the same now that you think yourself a man.

Milford. (*Warmly.*) Indeed I would not.

Sulky. Had you been watching the widow at home, instead of galloping after a knot of gamblers and pickpockets, you might perhaps have done yourself more service.

Milford. Which way, sir?

Sulky. The will of your late father is found.

Milford. Found?

Sulky. I have received a letter, from which I learn it was at last discovered, carefully locked up in a private drawer; and that it is now a full month since a gentleman of Montpelier, coming to England, was entrusted with it. But no such gentleman has yet appeared. [*the widow!*]

Milford. If it should have got into the hands of

Sulky. Which I suspect it has. You are a couple of pretty gentlemen. But beware! Misfortune is at your heels. Mr. Dorton vows vengeance on you both, and justly. He is not gone to bed; and, if you have confidence enough to look him in the face, I would have you stay where you are.

Milford. I neither wish to insult, nor be insulted.

[*Exit.*]

Sulky. Do you know, sir, your father turned the poor fellow into the street, who compassionately opened the door for you?

Harry. Yes, and my father knows I as compassionately opened the door for the poor fellow in return. [*sing daily.*]

Sulky. Very well, sir. Your fame is increasing.

Harry. I am glad to hear it.

Sulky. Humph! Then perhaps you have paraphrased yourself?

Harry. Paraphrased? What? Where?

Sulky. In the St. James's evening.

Harry. Me?

Sulky. Stating the exact amount.

Harry. Of my loss?

Sulky. Yours. You march through every avenue to fame, dirty or clean.

Harry. Well said. Be witty when you can; sarcastic you must be, in spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You are honest. You are my cruet of cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.

Sulky. Well, sir, when you know the state of your own affairs, and to what you have reduced the house, you will perhaps be less ready to grin.

Harry. Reduced the house! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter MR. DORTON, with a newspaper: in his hand.

Dorton. So, sir!

Harry. (*Bowing.*) I am happy to see you, sir.

Dorton. You are there, after having broken into my house at midnight; and you are here, (*pointing to the paper*) after having ruined me and my house by your unprincipled prodigality. Are you not a scoundrel?

Harry. No, sir: I am only a fool.

Sulky. Good night to you, gentlemen. (*Going.*)

Dorton. Stay where you are, Mr. Sulky. I beg you to stay where you are, and bear witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his vices.

Sulky. I have witnessed it a thousand times.

Dorton. But this is the last. Are you not a scoundrel, I say! (*To Harry.*)

Harry. I am your son.

[*deeds.*]

Dorton. (*Calling off.*) Mr. Smith! Bring in those

Enter MR. SMITH, with papers.

You will not deny you are an incorrigible squanderer?

Harry. I will deny nothing. [*clerks?*]

Dorton. A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon the face of nature?

Harry. A stain that will wash out, sir.

Dorton. A redundancy, a negation; a besotted sophisticated incumbrance: a jumble of futility; your head, your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon; incoherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and offensive to others!

Harry. I am whatever you please, sir.

Dorton. Bills never examined, every thing bought on credit, the price of nothing asked. Conscious you were weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and pant for pleasures you could not enjoy, you had not the effrontery to assume the circumspect caution of common sense; and, to your other destructive follies, you must add the detestable vice of gaming.

Harry. These things, sir, are much easier done than defended.

Dorton. But here.—Give me that parchment! (*To Mr. Smith.*) The partners have all been summoned.—Look, sir! Your name has been formally erased.

Harry. The partners are very kind.

Dorton. The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums you have drawn, this paragraph, the run on the house it will occasion, the consternation of the whole city—

Harry. All very terrible, and some of it very true. (*Half aside.*)

Dorton. (*Passionately.*) If I should happily outlive the storm you have raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler. [*Exit Mr. Smith.*] You are disinherited. Read.

Harry. Your word is as good as the Bank, sir.

Dorton. I'll no longer act the doating father, fascinated by your arts.

Harry. I never had any art, sir, except the one you taught me.

[*Wha!*]

Dorton. I taught you! What? Scoundrel

Harry. That of loving you, sir.

Dornton. Loving me!

Harry. Most sincerely.

Dornton. (Forgetting his passion.) Why, can you say, Harry—Rascal! I mean, that you love me?

Harry. I should be a rascal indeed if I did not sir.

Dornton. Harry, Harry! (Struggling with his feelings.) No; confound me if I do!—Sir, you are Harry. I know I am. [a vile—

Dornton. (Going.) And I'll never speak to you more.

Harry. Bid me good night, sir. Mr. Sulky here will bid me good night, and you are my father.—Good night, Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. Good night.

[Exit.

Harry. Come, sir—

[If I do—

Dornton. (Struggling with passion.) I won't.

Harry. Reproach me with my follies, strike out my name, disinherit me; I deserve it all, and more; but say, "Good night, Harry."

Dornton. I won't, I won't, I won't!

Harry. Poverty is a trifle; we can whistle it off;

[but enmity—

Harry. Sleep in enmity? And who can say how soundly? Come, good night.

Dornton. I won't, I won't! (Ran off.)

Harry. Say you so? Why then, my noble-hearted dad, I am indeed a scoundrel.

Re-enter MR. DORNTON.

Dornton. Good night!

[Exit.

Harry. Good night!

[Exit.

AOT II

SCENE I.—The house of the Widow Warren.

Enter JENNY and MRS. LEDGER.

Jenny. I tell you, good woman, I can do nothing for you.

Mrs. Ledger. Only let me see Mrs. Warren.

Jenny. And get myself snubbed. Not I indeed.

Enter SOPHIA, skipping.

Sophia. La, Jenny! Yonder's my mamma, with a whole congregation of milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, haberdashers, lace-men, feather-men, and—and all the world, consulting about second

Jenny. I know it.

[mourning.

Sophia. It will be six months to-morrow, since the death of my father-in-law; and she has been busy giving orders for this fortnight, that every thing should be brought home and tried on to-day. I do believe she'll sleep in her new clothes.

Jenny. How you run on, miss.

Sophia. What would my dear grandma say, if she saw her? Why she is even fonder of finery than I am.

Jenny. Sure, miss, you are not fond of finery?

Sophia. Oh, but I am. I wonder why she won't let me wear high-heeled shoes; I am sure I am old enough. I shall be eighteen next Christmas day, at midnight: which is only nine months and two days. And since she likes to wear slips, and sashes, and ringlets and—nonsense, like a girl, why should not I have high heels and gowns, and satins and trunks, and sweeps, (mimicking) and—like a woman.

Jenny. It's very true what your mamma tells you, miss; you have been spoiled by your old fond grandmother, in Gloucestershire.

Sophia. Nay, Jenny, I won't hear you call my dear grandma names. Though every body told the loving old soul she would spoil me.

Jenny. And now your mamma has sent for you up to town, to finish your education.

Sophia. Yes, she began on the very first day. There was the stay-maker sent for, to screw up my shape;

the shoe-maker, to cripple my feet; the hair-dresser, to burn my hair; the jeweller, to bore my ears; and the dentist, to file my teeth.

Jenny. Ah! You came here such a hoyden. (To Mrs. Ledger.) What, an't you gone yet, mistress?

Sophia. La, Jenny, how can you be so cross to people? What is the matter with this good woman?

Jenny. Oh! Nothing but poverty.

Sophia. Is that all? Here, (rummaging her pockets) give her this half crown, and make her rich.

Jenny. Rich, indeed!

Sophia. What, is not it enough? La, I am sorry I spent all my money yesterday. I laid it out in sweet-meats, cakes, a canary-bird, and a poll-parrot. But I hope you are not very, very poor.

Mrs. Ledger. My husband served the late alderman five-and-twenty years. His master promised to provide for him; but his pitiless widow can see him thrown with a broken heart upon the parish.

Sophia. Oh dear! Stop! Stop a bit! (Sunning off.) Be sure you don't go.

Enter MR. SULKY.

Sulky. Where's your mistress, girl?

Jenny. My name is Jane Cockat, sir.

Sulky. Where's your mistress?

Jenny. Busy, sir.

Sulky. Tell her to come down. Don't stare, girl, but go and tell your mistress I want her.

Jenny. (Aside.) Humph! Mr. Black and gruff! [Exit.

Re-enter SOPHIA, with great glee.

Sophia. I've got it! Here; take this, good woman: go home and be happy. (Offering a purse.) Take it, I tell you. [your worthy husband?

Jenny. Who is this? Mrs. Ledger! How does Mrs. Ledger. Alack, sir, ill enough! Likely to starve in his latter days.

Sulky. How! Starve?

[for him.

Mrs. Ledger. The widow refuses to do any thing

Sulky. Humph!

Mrs. Ledger. Service, age, and honesty, are poor

pleas, with affluence, ease, and Mrs. Warren.

Sulky. Humph! [alderman's executor?

Mrs. Ledger. You, sir, I understand, are the late

Sulky. I can't tell. [my husband?

Mrs. Ledger. Perhaps you may be able to serve

Sulky. I don't know. However, give my respects

to him. He shan't starve: tell him that.

Sophia. Nay, but take this in the mean time.

Sulky. Ay; take it, take it. [Exit Mrs. Ledger, much affected.] And who are you, miss Charity?

Sophia. Me, sir? Oh! I—I am my grandma's

Sulky. Humph! [grand-daughter.

Sophia. Sophia Freelová.

Sulky. Oh! The widow's daughter by her first

Sophia. Yes, sir. [husband?

Re-enter JENNY.

Sulky. Where's your mistress?

Jenny. Coming, sir. So! You have stolen your

mamma's purse, miss?

Sophia. La, don't say so; I only ran away with

it. She was bargaining for some smuggled lace with one of your acquaintance, and I thought I could dispose of her money to better advantage.

Jenny. Without her consent?

Sophia. Yes, to be sure; I knew I should never

dispose of it in that manner with her consent.

Jenny. Well! Here comes your mamma. [Exit.

Enter the WIDOW WARREN, in a fantastic girlish

morning dress, surrounded by milliners, Mantua-

makers, Furriers, Hatters, &c., and their attendants

with band boxes; all talking as they come on.

Widow. So you'll be sure not to forget my cha-

peau-a-la Prusse, Mr. Mincing,

Hatter. Certainly not, madam. [feathers.

Widow. And you'll make a delicate choice of the **Hatter.** The selection will be elegant, madam.

Widow. Yes. I know Mr. Milning, you're a charming man. And you will let me have my pierrot-a-la-Coblentz, by nine in the morning, Mrs. Tiffany.

Mantua-maker. To a minute, madam. [sure—

Sulky. Madam, when you have a moment's lei-

Widow. Be quiet, you fright; don't interrupt me! And my caraco-a-la-fussar, and my bavaroises-a-la-duchesse. And put four rows of pearl in my turban.

Millner. Ver vell, me ladyship. [nine.

Widow. And you'll all come together exactly at **Omnes.** We'll all be here. [Going.]

Widow. And don't forget the white ermine tip-pets, and the black fox muffs, and the Kamschatka furs, that you mentioned, Mr. Weazel.

Furrier. I'll bring a fine assortment, madam.

Widow. And, and, and—No; no,—you may all go;—I can think of nothing else;—I shall remember more to-morrow.

Hatter and Furrier. Thank you, madam!

Mantua-maker and Girls. Very much obliged to you, madam. [Together.]

Millner. Dee ver good bonjour to me ladyship. [Exit.

Widow. What was it you were saying, Mr. Sulky? Pray, child, what have you done with my purse?

Sophia. Given it away, ma'.

Widow. Given it away, minikin?

Sophia. Yes, ma'.

Widow. Given my purse away! To whom? For what purpose?

Sophia. La, ma', only—only to keep a poor wo-man from starving.

Widow. I protest, child, your grandmother has totally ruined you. [ing to you.

Sulky. Not quite, madam: she has left the finish-

Widow. What were you saying, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. You won't give me leave to say anything, madam.

Widow. You know you are a shocking trouble-some man. Mr. Sulky. I have a thousand things to remember, and can't bear teasing. It fatigues my spirits. So pray relate this very urgent business of yours in a single word. What would you

Sulky. Justice. [have?

Widow. Lord, what do you mean? Do you think I am in the commission?

Sulky. Yes, of follies innumerable.

Widow. You are a bad savage, Mr. Sulky. And who is it you want justice for?

Sulky. Your late husband's son, John Milford.

Widow. Now pray don't talk to me. You are a very intrusive person. You quite derange my ideas. I can think of nothing soft or satisfactory while you are present.

Sulky. Will you hear me, madam?

Widow. I can't; I positively can't; it is an odious subject. [brother Milford?

Sophia. Nay, ma', how can you be so cross to my

Widow. Your brother, child? Country educa-tion! How often, minikin, have I told you he is no brother of yours.

Sophia. La, ma', he was your husband's son.

Widow. Yes, his ba—Faugh! Odious word! Your brother?

Sophia. Yes, that he is; for he is in distress.

Sulky. Humph!

Widow. Ah! would you now, you who pretend to be a very prudent,—ridiculous kind of a person, wish to see me squander the wealth of my poor

dear dead good man on Mr. Milford, and his pro-fligate companions?

Sulky. Not I indeed, madam; though the profligate to whom you make love should happen to be one of them.

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, the monster! I make love! You have no eyes, Mr. Sulky! [Walking and exhibiting herself.] You are really blind! But I know whom you mean.

Sulky. I mean young Dornton, madam.

Widow. To be sure you do. Whom could you mean? Elegant youth! Rapturous thought!

Sophia. I am sure, sir, young Mr. Dornton is no profligate.

Sulky. [Significantly.] You are sure?

Sophia. Yes, that I am.

Sulky. Humph!

Sophia. And it's very scandalous, very scandalous indeed, to say he is my ma's lover.

Sulky. Humph!

Sophia. Because he is a fine genteel young gentleman; and you know ma' is—

Widow. Pray, minikin, be less flippant with your tongue. [too—

Sophia. Why, la, ma', you yourself know you are **Widow.** Go up to your chamber, child.

Sophia. I am sure, ma', I say it is very scandalous to call the handsome Mr. Dornton your lover. [Exit, skipping.

Sulky. Do you blush?

Widow. Blush indeed! Blush? Ha, ha, ha! You are a very unaccountable creature, Mr. Sulky.

Blush at the babbling of a child!

Sulky. Who is your rival?

Widow. Ha, ha, ha, ha! My rival? The poor minikin! My rival! But I have a message for you. Now do compose your features to softness and complacency. Look pleasant if you can. Smile for once in your life.

Sulky. Don't make love to me. I'll have nothing to say to you.

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! Love!

Sulky. Yes, you make love to Dornton. Nay, you make love to the booby, Goldfinch. Even I am not secure in your company.

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! You are a shocking being, Mr. Sulky. But if you should happen to see Mr. Dornton, do astonish your acquaintance; do a good-natured thing, and tell him I am at home all the day. Love to you? Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you figure! Caricature of tenderness! You insupportable thing! [Exit.

Sulky. [Sighs.] Ah! All labour in vain.

Enter JENNY.

Stand out of the way, girl!

[Exit.

Jenny. There she goes. [Looking after the Widow.] That's lucky. This way, sir.

Enter HARRY DORNTON, followed by a Servant, with bills in his hand.

Jenny. My mistress is gone up to her toilette, sir; but I can send you somebody you may like better. [Exit.

Harry. Obliging Abigail! [Looking over his papers.] 'Sdeath! What are all these tradesmen's bills?

[with them.

Servant. All, sir. Mr. Smith sent me after you **Harry.** When were they brought?

Servant. Some last night, but most this morning.

Harry. Ill news travels fast, and honesty is devilish industrious. Go round to them all, return their bills, and bid them come themselves to-day.

Has Mr. Williams, the hosier, sent in his bill?

Servant. No, sir.

Harry. I thought as much; tell him to come with the rest, and on his life not to fail.

Servant. Very well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter SOPHIA, joyously.

Sophia. Oh, Mr. Dornton, I am glad to see you. Do you know, I've got the song by heart that you was so good as to teach me?

Harry. And do you know, my charming Sophia, you are the most delightful, beautiful, bewitching scholar that ever took lesson?

Sophia. La, Mr. Dornton, I'm sure I'm very stupid.
Harry. That you are all intelligence, all grace, all wit?

Sophia. To be sure my ma' caught me singing it, and she was pettish; because you know it's all about love, and ends with a happy marriage.

Harry. But why pettish?

Sophia. La, I can't tell. I suppose she wants to have all the marriage in the world to herself. It's her whole talk. I do believe she'd be married every morning that she rises, if anybody would have her.

[*tell me—*]

Harry. Think not of her, my sweet Sophia, but

Sophia. What?

Harry. I dare not ask.

Sophia. Why?

Harry. Lest I should offend you.

Sophia. Nay now, Mr. Dornton, that is not right of you. I am never offended with any body, and I am sure I should not be offended with you. My grandma's always said I was the best tempered girl in the world. What is it?

Harry. Were you—(*Taking her hand.*) Did you ever know what it is to love?

Sophia. La, now, how could you ask one such a question? You know very well one must not tell. Besides, you know, too, one must not be in love.

Harry. Why not?

Sophia. Because,—because, I'm but a girl. My grandma's has told me a hundred times, it's a sin for any body to be in love before they be a woman grown, full one-and-twenty; and I am not eighteen.

Harry. Love, they say cannot be resisted.

Sophia. Ah! but I have been taught better. It may be resisted; nobody need be in love unless they like; and so I won't be in love, for I won't wilfully do amiss. (*With great positive ness.*) No; I won't love any person, though I should love him ever so dearly.

Harry. (*Aside.*) Angelic innocence! (*Aloud.*) Right, lovely Sophia, guard your heart against seducers.

Sophia. Do you know it is full five weeks since Valentine's-day; and, because I'm not one-and-twenty, nobody sent me a Valentine!

Harry. And did you expect one?

Sophia. Nay, I can't say but I did think—, in Gloucestershire, if any young man happen to have a liking for a young woman, she is sure to hear of it on Valentine's-day. But perhaps Valentine's-day does not fall so soon here as it does in the country.

[*a Valentine.*]

Harry. Why, it is possible you may yet receive
Sophia. Nay now, but don't you go to think that I am asking for one; for that would be very wrong of me, and I know better. My grandma's told me I must never mention nor think of such things till I am a woman, full one-and-twenty grown; and that if I were to find such a thing at my window, or under my pillow, or concealed in a plum-cake,—

Harry. A plum-cake?

Sophia. Yes, I assure you I have heard of a Va-

lentine sent baked in a plum cake;—and indeed, I would not receive such a thing for the world; no, not from the finest man on earth, if I did not think him to be a true and faithful, true, true lover.

Harry. But how must he prove his faith and truth?

Sophia. Why first he must love me very dearly, with all his heart and soul: and then he must be willing to wait till I am one-and-twenty.

Harry. And would not you love in return?

Sophia. N—yes, when I come to be one-and-

Harry. Not sooner? [twenty.]

Sophia. Oh no; I must not.

Harry. Surely, you might if you pleased?

Sophia. Oh, but you must not persuade me to that. If you do, I shall think you are a bad man, such as my grandma's warned me of.

Harry. And do you think me so?

Sophia. Do I? Not I would not think you so for a thousand, thousand golden guineas.

Harry. (*Aside.*) Fascinating purity! What am I about? To deceive or trifle with such unsuspecting affection, would indeed be villainy.

Gold. (*Without, at a distance.*) Is she above? Must see her.

Sophia. La, I hear that great, ridiculous, horse-jockey Goldfinch coming up. (*Sighs.*)—Good bye, Mr. Dornton.

Harry. Heaven bless you, Sophia; sweet Sophia, Heaven bless you, my lovely angel! Heigho!

Sophia. Heigho! [*Exit.*]

Gold. (*Without.*) Is she here?

Enter GOLDFINCH.

Gold. Ha! my tight one!

Harry. (*Surveying him.*) Well, Charles?

Gold. How you stare! An't I the go? That's

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! [*your sort!*]

Gold. Where's the widow?

Harry. Gone up to dress, and will not be down these two hours.

Gold. A hundred to eighty I'd sup up a string of twenty horses in less time than she takes to dress her fetlocks, plait her main, trim her ears, and buckle on her body clothes.

Harry. You improve daily, Charles!

Gold. To be sure. That's your sort! An't I a genius? (*Turning round to shew himself.*)

Harry. Quite an original. You may challenge the whole fraternity of the whip to match you.

Gold. Match me! Newmarket can't match me.

(*Shewing himself.*) That's your sort!

Harry. Oh no! Ha, ha, ha! You are harder to match than one of your own pled ponies;—a very different being from either your father or grandfather.

Gold. Father or grandfather!—Shakebags both.

Harry. How.

Gold. Father a sugar-baker, grandfather a slop-seller; I'm a gentleman. That's your sort!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! and your father was only a man of worth.

Gold. Kept a gig! (*With great contempt.*) Knew nothing of life! Never drove four!

Harry. No; but he was a useful member of so-

Gold. A usef—I what's that? [*clety.*]

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! a pertinent question.

Gold. A gentleman like me a useful member of society! Bet the long odds nobody ever heard of such a thing!

Harry. You have not acquired your character in the world for nothing, Charles.

Gold. World! What does the world say?

Harry. Strange things. It says you have got

into the hand of jockeys, Jews, and swindlers; and that, though old Goldfinch was, in his day, one of the richest men on 'Change, his son will shortly become poorer than the poorest black-leg & Newmarket.

Gold. Damn the world!

Harry. With all my heart; damn the world, for it is a little better of me.

Gold. But you seven to five the Eclipse colts against the Highflyers, the second spring meeting.

Harry. No; I have done with Highflyer and Eclipse too. So you are in pursuit of the widow?

Gold. Tuf cry! Must have her!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! heigho! you must?

Gold. All up with me else. If I don't marry the widow, I must smash! I've secured the knowing one.

Harry. Warm do you mean, the maid?

Gold. Promised her a husband on the wedding-day.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. My mistress can't see you at present gentlemen. [singing in the phæton.]

Gold. Can't she me? (Vered.) Take Harriet an

Harry. What's Harriet your favourite?

Gold. To be sure, I keep her.

Harry. You do

Gold. Fine creature.

Harry. Well bred?

Gold. Just to my taste. Like myself, free and easy. That's your sort!

Harry. A fine woman?

Gold. Prodigious! Sister to the Irish Giant. Six feet in her stockings. That's your sort! Sleek coat, flowing mane, road chest, all bone. Dashing figure in a phæton. Sky blue habit, scarlet sash, green hat, yellow ribbons, white feathers, gold band and tassels. That's your sort!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Heigho! Why you are a high fellow, Charles.

Gold. To be sure. Know the odds, hold four-in-hand, turn a corner in style, reins in form, elbows square, wrist pliant. Hysat! drive the Coventry stage twice a week all summer, pay for an inside place, mount the box, tip the coachy a crown, beat the mail, come in full speed, rattle down the gateway, take care of your heads; never killed but one woman and child in all my life. That's your sort!

(Going.)

Jenny. (Aside to Gold.) Take him with you.

[Exit.]

Gold. Want a hedge? Take guineas to pounds, Precipitate against Dragon?

Harry. No.

Gold. (Aside.) Wish I could have him a few. Odd or even for fifty? (Drawing his hand clenched from his pocket.)

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! odd enough.

Gold. Will you cut a card, hide in the hat, chuck in the glass, draw out, heads or tails, gallop the maggot, swim the hedgehog, any thing?

Harry. Nothing.

Gold. I'm up to all. That's your sort! Get him with me and pigeon him. (Aside.) Come and see my greys; been to Tattersall's and bought a set of six—smokers, beat all England for figure, bone, and beauty. Hayatt! charmers. That's your sort! Bid for two pair of mouse ponies for Harriet.

[mouse ponies!]

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! The Irish Giantess drawn by Gold. Come and see 'em.

Harry. (Sarcastically.) No; I am weary of the company of stable-boys.

Gold. Why so? Shant' play you any tricks. If they squirt water at you, or make the colts kick you, tell me, and I'll horsewhip 'em. Arch dogs! deal of wit.

Harry. When they do, I'll horsewhip them myself.

Gold. Yourself? 'Ware that, wrong there.

Harry. I think I should be right.

Gold. Do you? What, been to school?

Harry. To school! Why yes—I—

Gold. Mendoza! oh! Good morrow. [Exit.]

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! There goes one of my friends. Heigho.

Enter MILFORD in haste, followed by GOLDFINCH.

Gold. What is it Jack? tell me! (Eagerly.)

Milford. Come, Harry, we shall be too late; they are about to begin; we may have what bet's

Gold. Where, what? [we please.]

Milford. The great match! the famous Frenchman, and Will the marker. A thousand guineas a

Gold. What, tennis? [side.]

Milford. Yes; the Frenchman gives fifteen and a

Gold. To Will the marker? [bisque.]

Milford. Yes.

Gold. Will, for a hundred!

Milford. Done!

Gold. Done, done!

[already.]

Harry. I bar the bet; the odds are five to four

Gold. What for the Mounseer?

Harry. Yes.

Gold. I'll take it, five hundred to four.

Harry. Done!

Gold. Done, done!

Harry. No, I bar!—I forgot; I have cut. I'll never bet another guinea.

Milford. You do for a hundred?

Harry. Done!

Milford. Done, done! ha, ha, ha!

Harry. Paha!

Gold. What a cake!

Milford. But you'll go?

Harry. No.

Milford. Yes, you will. Come, come, the match is begun, everybody is there; the Frenchman is the first player in the world.

Harry. It's a noble exercise.

Milford. Ay. Cato himself delighted it.

Harry. Yes, it was much practised by the Romans.

Gold. The Romans; who are they?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

[not, Harry?

Milford. Ha, ha, ha! will you go or will you

Harry. I can't, Jack; my conscience won't let me.

Milford. Paha! Zounds, if we don't make haste

it will be all over!

Harry. (In a hurry.) Do you think it will? (Stops

short.) No; I won't; I must not.

Milford. (Taking hold of his arm.) Come along, I

Harry. No.

[tell you.]

Milford. They have begun.

Gold. Have they? I'm off!

[Exit.]

Milford. (Still struggling, and Harry retreating.)

What folly! come along!

Harry. No; I will not.

Milford. (Leaving him and going.) Well, well, if you're so positive—

Harry. (Calling.) Stay, Jack, stay, I'll walk up the street with you, but I won't go in.

Milford. Double or quits the hundred that you won of me last night you do.

Harry. Harry, I don't for a thousand.

Milford. No, no! the hundred.

Harry. I tell you I won't;—I won't go in with you.

Milford. Done for the hundred.

Harry. Done, done!

[Ex.]

SCENE II.—The Parlour of the Tennis-court.

(Markers passing and repassing with rackets and balls. Sheriff's Officer, two Followers, and one of the markers. Shout.)

Marker. Hurrah!

Marker. Pray is Mr. Milford in the court?

Marker. I'll bet you gold and silver the Frenchman loses; hurrah! [Exit.

Enter MR. SMITH from the Court.

Mr. Smith. He is not there.

Officer. Are you sure?

Mr. Smith. The crowd is very great, but I can neither see him nor any of his companions.

Officer. Then he will not come.

Mr. Smith. I begin to hope so.

Officer. (Examining his writ.) "Middlesex to wit, one thousand pounds. Dornton against John Milford."

Mr. Smith. You must take none but substantial bail. (Shout.) What a scene.

Officer. He will not be here.

Mr. Smith. Heaven send! (Shout.)

Enter GOLDFINCH, and a Marker running across.

Gold. Is the match begun?

Mar. The first game is just over.

Gold. Who lost?

Mar. The Frenchman.

Gold. Hurrah!

Mar. Hurrah!

Gold. D—n the Mounseers. That's your sort!

[Exit into the Court.

Mr. Smith. That's one of his companions. I begin to tremble. (Aside.) Stand Aside. Here they both come.

Officer. Which is he?

Mr. Smith. The second. (Shout.)

Enter HARRY DORNTON and MILFORD, in haste.

Harry. I hear them; I hear them; come along.

Milford. Ha, ha, ha! Harry! you would not go; you were determined. (Shout.)

Harry. Zounds! Come along. [Exit in haste, Milford follows him laughing.] [You please.

Officer. (Stopping him.) A word with you, sir, if

Milford. With me? Who are you? What do you

Officer. You are my prisoner. [want?

Milford. Prisoner! D—n! Let me go!

Officer. I must do my duty, sir.

Milford. Here, here; this is your duty. (Pulling out his purse.)

Mr. Smith. (Advancing.) It must not be, sir.

Milford. Mr. Smith. What, at the suit of Dornton?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir. 'Tis your own fault. Why did you lead his sort to these places? He heard you were to bring him here.

Milford. Furies! Marker! (To a Marker passing.)

Tell Harry Dornton to come to me instantly.

Mar. Yes, sir.

Milford. Zounds! Let me but go and see the

Mr. Smith. You must not, sir. [match.

Enter Marker.

Milford. Marker!

Mar. Sir.

Milford. Who wins?

Mar. The Frenchman has the best on't.

Milford. Tell Harry Dornton; I am here in trouble.

Desire him to come this moment.

Mar. Very well, sir.

[Exit.

Milford. (To the Officer.) I'll give you ten guineas for five minutes!

Mr. Smith. Take him away, sir.

Officer. You must come along, sir.

Milford. (To a Marker returning.) Have you told

Mar. He can't come, sir.

[him?

Milford. Very well, Harry; very well. (To the second Marker.) Well, sir?

Mar. He would not leave the court for a thousand pounds. [Exit.

(Officer. Come, come, sir. (To his two attendants.) Bring him along.

Milford. Hands off, scoundrels! (Shout.) [Exit. [scound.

SCENE III.—The House of Mr. Silk.

A room of business, ledger, letter-box, inkstand, &c. SILKY discovered, and JACOB enters.

Sil. Well, Jacob, have you been?

Jacob. Yes, sir.

Sil. Well, and what news? How is it? Very bad?

Jacob. Dead, sir.

Sil. (Overjoyed.) Dead?

Jacob. As Deborah!

Sil. (Aside.) I'm a lucky man! (Aloud.) Are you sure he is dead, Jacob?

Jacob. I saw him with my own eyes, sir.

Sil. That's right, Jacob! I'm a lucky man. And what say the people at the hotel? Do they know who he is?

Jacob. Oh, yes, sir! He was rich. A gentleman in his own country.

Sil. And did you take care they should not know you?

[Lesson.

Jac. B. To be sure, sir. You had given me my

Sil. Ay, ay, Jacob; that's right. You are a fine boy. Mind me, and I'll make a man of you. And you think they had heard nothing of his having

Jacob. Not a word. [called on me.

Sil. (Aside.) It was a lucky mistake, (Aloud.) Well, Jacob; keep close; don't say a word, and I'll give you—I'll give you a crown.

Jacob. You promised me a guinea, sir!

Sil. Did I, Jacob? Did I? Well, well, I'll give you a guinea; but be close. Did you call at the widow Warren's?

Jacob. Yes, sir.

Sil. And will she see me?

Jacob. She desires you will be there this hour.

Sil. Very well, Jacob; keep close. Not a word about the foreign gentleman, or his having been here a week ago, or his being taken suddenly ill and dying. (Aside.) It is a lucky stroke. Close, Jacob, my boy.

Jacob. But give me the guinea, sir.

Sil. What now, Jacob?

Jacob. If you please sir. You may forget.

Sil. Well, there, Jacob; there you'll be a rich man, Jacob, a cunning fellow; I read it in your countenance, Jacob. Close, Jacob; and then—

Jacob. Perhaps you'll give me another guinea?

Sil. Well said, Jacob; you'll be a great man. Mind what I say to you, and you'll be a great man. (Knocking.) Here's somebody coming, go Jacob! Close.

Jacob. And another guinea? [Exit.

Sil. This is a lucky stroke. [Exit.

Enter GOLDFINCH.

So, Mr. Goldfinch, what do you want?

Gold. Money; a thousand pounds directly.

Sil. Fine talking. Mr. Goldfinch; money's a scarce commodity; times are ticklish.

Gold. Telles, I must have it.

Sil. Give me but good security, and you know I'm your friend.

Gold. Yes; good security and fifty per cent.

Sil. Why look you there now; for all you know the last annuity I had of you, I gave a full hundred

more than was offered by your friend Aaron, the Jew.

Told. My friend? your friend; you colloque together.

Al. Hear you now, for all you know I have always been your friend; always supplied you with money, have not I? and when I saw you running to ruin, I never told you of it, did I? I was willing to make all things easy. [me.]

Go. Easy enough; you have pretty well eased *Sil.* There is your companion, Jack Milford; I shall be a heavy loser by him.

Gold. Ah! it's all up with poor Jack; he's fixed.

Sil. What do you mean? [at last.]

Gold. Old Dornton has sent the nab-man after *Sil.* And arrested him? [him.]

Gold. Yes, he's touched!

Sil. Jacobi!

Enter JACOB.

Run as fast as you can to my good friend Mr. Strawshoe, the attorney, and tell him to take out detainers for all the debts I have bought up against Mr. Milford: make haste.

Jacob. Yes, sir. [Exit.]

Gold. I thought you were Jack Milford's friend, too!

Sil. So I am, Mr. Goldfinch; but I must provide

Gold. Come, come—the bit! tell me I want the colts directly. Sale at Tattersall's to-morrow morning—three Pot eight O brood mares with each an Eclipse colt—would not lose them for all Lombard-street; so will you let me have the bit?

Sil. Dear, dear! tell you I can't, Mr. Goldfinch.

Gold. Then some other Jew must.

Sil. Jew! hear you! hear you! this is to be the friend of an ungrateful spendthrift! Calls me Jew! I, who go to morning prayers every day of my life, and three times to the synagogue on a Sunday!

Gold. Yes; you cheat all day, tremble all night, and act the hypocrite the first thing in the morning. [Going.]

Sil. Nay, but stay, Mr. Goldfinch; stay, I want to talk to you: I have a scheme to make a man of you.

Gold. What! bind me apprentice to a usurer?

Sil. Pshaw! you are in pursuit of the widow Warren.

Gold. Well. [near to you?]

Sil. Now, what will you give me, and I'll secure

Gold. You!

Sil. I.

Gold. Which way?

Sil. I have a deed in my power, I won't tell you what, but I have it, by which I can make her marry the man I please, or remain a widow all her life: and that I am sure she will never do, if she can help it.

Gold. You a deed!

Sil. Yes, I.

Gold. Show it me.

Sil. Not for twenty thousand pounds. Depend upon me, I have it: I tell you I'm your friend, and you shall have her, that is, on proper conditions; if not, Mr. Goldfinch, you shall not have her.

Gold. Indeed, old Judas! Well, what are your conditions?

Sil. I find, the late alderman died worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Gold. Ay!

Sil. Every farthing, Mr. Goldfinch; and my conscience tells me that risk and character and all things considered, I must come in for my third.

Gold. Your conscience tells you that?

Sil. Yes, it does, Mr. Goldfinch; fifty thousand is a fair price.

Gold. For the soul of a miser.

Sil. If you'll join me say so.

Gold. Fifty thousand?

Sil. Not a farthing less! What, will there not be a hundred thousand remaining?

Gold. Why, that's true: it will cut a fine dash.

Sil. To be sure it will! Come with me, I'll draw up a sketch of an agreement; after which we must tight cunning. The widow is a vain, weak woman. You must get her written promise.

Gold. Written?

Sil. Under her own hand; with a good round penalty in case of forfeiture.

Gold. Well said, old one!

Sil. Not less than twenty thousand pounds:—a jury would grant half.

Gold. D—e, you're a good one! [unack.]

Sil. That would secure something, and we would

Gold. D—e, you're a deep one!

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think I am, Mr.

Goldfinch? Signed on a stamp.

Gold. You know a thing or two [Goldfinch.]

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think I do, Mr.

Gold. You can teach 'em to bite the bubble!

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! You joke, Mr. Goldfinch,

you joke!

Gold. But the devil will have you at last.

Sil. Lord forbid, Mr. Goldfinch! Don't terrify me: I hate the devil, Mr. Goldfinch; indeed, I do! I hate the name of him. Heaven keep me out of his fiery clutches!

Gold. No: he has you safe enough! Pait his trap but with a guinea, and he is sure to find you nibbling.

Sil. Don't talk about the devil, Mr. Goldfinch; pray don't! but think about the widow: secure her.

Gold. I must have the colts through this evening.

Sil. Don't lose a moment, Mr. Goldfinch.

Gold. Must not lose the Eclipse colts.

Sil. Pshaw! Mr. Goldfinch, think less of the colts, and more of the widow. Get her promise in black and white. [Goldfinch going.]

Gold. [Turns.] Tell me I must have 'em.

Sil. All will then be safe.

Gold. Must have 'em! [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The House of the Widow Warren.

Enter JENNY and SOPHIA.

Jenny. Oh, miss! I have got something for you.

Sophia. Something for me! What is it? What

is it? [give me?]

Jenny. [Her hand behind her.] What will you

Sophia. Oh, I'll give you—[looking in her pocket.]

La. I've got no money! But I'll give you a kiss, and owe you sixpence.

Jenny. No: a shilling, without the kiss.

Sophia. Well, well, a shilling.

Jenny. There then. [Giving her a small parcel.]

Sophia. La! What is it? [Reads.] 'To Miss

Sophia. Free love.' And such a beautiful seal! It's

a pity to break it. [Opening the paper.] La! Nothing but a plum-cake!

Jenny. Is that all?

Sophia. [Considering.] Ecod!—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I do think—

as sure as sixpence, it is!—It is—

Jenny. Is what?

Sophia. Oh, la! it is—

Jenny. What's the matter with the girl!

Sophia. Ecod Jenny, it is the most curious plum-cake you ever saw!

Jenny. I see nothing curious about it.

Sophia. Oh! but you shall see. Give me a knife:

Oh, no, that would spoil all. Look you, Jenny,

look!—Do but look! [Breaks open the cake and finds

a valentine.] Ha, ha, ha, ha! I told you so! The

sweet, dear—[kisses it.] Did you ever see a

plum-cake, in your whole life, Jenny?—And look here! (*Opens the valentine*) Oh, how beautiful! The shape of a honey-suckle! What should that mean?—And two doves cooing! But here—Here's the writing.

The woodbine sweet, and turtle dove
Are types of chaste and faithful love.
Ah! Were such peace and truth but mine,
I'd gladly be your Valentine.

(*Repeating.*) Were such peace and truth but mine!
La, now, Mr. Dornton, you know they are yours!
Jenny. So, so: Mr. Dornton sends you valentines, miss!

Sophia. Oh, yes, Jenny! He is the kindest, sweetest, handsomest gentleman!

Jenny. You must give me that valentine, miss.

Sophia. Give it you?

Jenny. Yes; that I may show it your mamma.

Sophia. Indeed, but don't you think it? I would not give you this tiny bit of paper, no, not for a diamond as big—as big as the whole world; and, if you were to take it from me, I'd never love you, nor forgive you, as long as I live.

Jenny. Oh! but indeed, miss, I'm not obliged to keep secrets for nothing.

Sophia. Nay, Jenny, you know I am very good to you; and here—Here: don't tell me, and I'll give you this silver thimble. [*Exit Jenny.*]

Enter WIDOW WARREN and MR. SULKY.

Widow. You are a very shocking person, Mr. Sulky! The wild man of the woods broke loose! Do return to your keeper, good Ourang Outang; and don't go about to terrify children.

Sulky. I tell you, madam, Mr. Milford is arrested.

Sophia. My brother!

Sulky. Locked up at a bailiff's in the next street.

Sophia. Oh dear!

Widow. And pray, now, what is that to me?

Sulky. Madam!

Widow. I am not arrested.

Sulky. Would you were!

Widow. Oh, the savage!

Sulky. The pitiless only should feel pain. The stony-hearted alone should be enclosed by walls of stone.

Sophia. Don't be cross with me, sir: I'm sure she'll release my brother.

Widow. You are sure, minikin!

Sophia. Yes, ma'; for I am sure no soul on earth would suffer a fellow-creature to lie and pine to death, in a frightful, dark dungeon, and fed with bread and water.

Sulky. Your late husband recommended the payment of his son's debts.

Widow. Recommended?

Sulky. Yes.

Widow. But leaving it to my own prudence.

Sulky. More's the pity.

Widow. Which prudence I shall follow.

Sulky. It will be the first time in your life. You never yet followed prudence, you always ran before it.

Sophia. Nay come, dear ma', I am sure you have a pitiful heart; I am sure you could not rest in your bed, if my poor brother was in prison.

Widow. Hold your prattle, child.

Sophia. Ah! I'm sure you'll make him happy and pay his debts.

Widow. Why, Jenny! (*Calling.*)

Sulky. You won't!

Widow. Jenny!

Enter JENNY.

Sophia. La! dear sir, have patience!

Sulky. You are an angel! (*To Sophia.*) and we are—(*To Widow.*) [*Exit.*]

Sophia. Nay, pray, sir, do stay. [*Exit, following.*]

Widow. I am glad the monster is gone: he is a very intolerable person. Pray, Jenny, how did it happen that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing me?

Enter Servant and SILKY.

Servant. Mr. Silky, madam.

Widow. Leave us, Jenny. [*Exit Jenny.*] S, Mr. Silky—What is this very urgent business of ours?

Sil. (*Looking round.*) Are we safe, madam—Will nobody interrupt us—nobody overhear us?

Widow. No, no. But what is the meaning of all this caution?

Sil. (*After fastening the door, and cautiously searching the will from his pocket.*) Do you know this handwriting, madam?

Widow. Ah! It is my poor old dowerman's, I see.

Sil. You have heard of a will he left in France?

Widow. Pshaw! Will, indeed! He left no will.

Sil. Yes, he did, madam.

Widow. I won't believe it. He loved me too well to rob me of a single guinea. Poor simple soul! I was his darling.

Sil. His darling, madam! With your permission, I will just read a single clause in which his darling is mentioned. Look, madam! It is the alderman's hand. (*Reads.*) But as I have sometimes painfully suspected the excessive affection which my said wife,

Winifred Warren, professed for me during my decline, and that the solemn protestations she made never to marry again, should she survive me, were both done with sinister views, it is my will that, should she marry, or give a legal promise of marriage, written or verbal, that she shall be cut off with an annuity of six hundred a-year; and the residue of my effects, in that case, to be equally divided between my natural son, John Milford, and my wife's daughter, Sophia Freelove.

Widow. Six hundred a-year! An old dotard!—brute!—monster! I hate him now as heartily as when he was alive. But pray, sir, how came you by this will?

Sil. Why, it was odd enough; and yet easy enough. My name is Silky, madam—

Widow. Well!

Sil. And, you know, the executor's name is Sulky.

Widow. Well!

Sil. The gentleman that delivered it only made a mistake of a letter, and gave it to Mr. Silky, instead of Mr. Sulky.

Widow. And where is that gentleman?

Sil. Ah, poor man! he is dead.

Widow. Dead!

Sil. And gone.

(*Being delivered?*)

Widow. And does Mr. Sulky know of this will?

Sil. Not a syllable; it's all close and smooth.

Widow. So much the better. Come, give it me, and—

Sil. Excuse me there, madam: I can't do that.

Widow. Why so?

(*For my family.*)

Sil. My conscience won't let me; I must provide

Widow. And, pray, what provision is this will to make for your family, Mr. Silky?

Sil. Why, madam, I have a proposal:—you know the power of your own charms.

Widow. Which, I believe, is more than you do, Mr. Silky.

Sil. Ah! don't say so, madam—don't say so! Would I were a handsome, rich, and well-born youth! But, you know Mr. Goldfinch? Ah, ha, ha, ha! I could tell you a secret.

Widow. What, that he is dying for me, I suppose?

Sil. Ah! so smitten! Talks of nothing else.

Widow. And is that any secret, think you?

Sil. The alderman, I find, died worth more than *Widow.* Well! [a plum and a half.]

Sil. I have talked the matter over with my friend, Mr. Goldfinch, and he thinks it but reasonable, that, for a secret of so much importance, which would almost sweep the whole away, I should receive one third.

Widow. Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Silky?

Sil. I can't take less. [I thought you!]

Widow. Why, you are a greater rogue than even *Sil.* Lord, madam, it's no roguery; it's only a knowledge of the world: a young husband with a hundred thousand pounds, or poor six hundred a-year, without any husband.

Widow. You are a very shocking old miser, Mr. Silky; a very repulsive sort of person; what heart you had is turned into stone. You are insensible of the power of a pair of fine eyes; but I have made a conquest that places me beyond your reach; I mean to marry Mr. Dornton.

Sil. *(Surprised.)* What! old Mr. Dornton, madam?

Widow. Old Mr. Dornton, man! I never saw the figure in my life. No: the gay and gallant young Mr. Dornton; the pride of the city, and the lawful monarch of my bleeding heart.

Sil. Ha, ha, ha! young Mr. Dornton!

Widow. So, you may take your will and light your fires with it; you will not make a penny of it in any other way. Mr. Silky, the executor, is Mr. Dornton's partner; and, when I marry Mr. Dornton, he will never inflict the absurd penalty.

Sil. Ha, ha, ha! no, madam; when you marry Mr. Dornton, that he certainly never will; but if any accident should happen to prevent the match, you will then let me hear from you.

Widow. Lord, good man, don't mention the horrid idea; do leave me to my delightful meditations. I would indulge in soft sensibility and dreams of bliss, and not be disturbed by dead men's wills, or the sordid extortions of an avaricious old rogue.

Sil. Very well, madam; the secret for the present remains between ourselves. You'll be silent for your own sake; only remember, ha, ha, ha! if you should want me, I live at number forty. My name is on the door. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Dornton, good morning, madam. Mr. Dornton! ha, ha, ha! you'll send if you should want me.

[Exit laughing.]

Widow. Jenny! *(Calling.)*

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Ma'am!

Widow. As I was saying, Jenny, pray how did it happen that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing me?

Jenny. Indeed, ma'am, I don't know.

Widow. Oriel youth!

Jenny. I'm sure, ma'am, I wonder how you can like him better than Mr. Goldfinch!

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch is very well, Jenny; but Mr. Dornton, oh, incomparable!

Jenny. I am sure, ma'am, if I were a rich lady, and a handsome lady, and a fine lady, like you, I should say Mr. Goldfinch for my money.

Widow. Should you, Jenny? Well, I don't know. *(Languishing.)*

Gold. *(Without.)* Tell me I must see her.

Widow. As I live, here he comes! he is such a boisterous person! How do I look, Jenny?

Jenny. *(Significantly, after examining.)* You had better go up to your toilette for a minute.

Widow. That smooth-tongued old extortioner has put me into such a fluster! Don't let him go, Jenny.

Jenny. Never fear, ma'am.

Widow. I'll not stay too long.

[Exit.]

Enter GOLDFINCH, his clothes, hat, and boots dirtied by a fall.

Gold. Here I am, all alive!

Jenny. Dear! what's the matter?

Gold. Safe and sound; fine kick up!

Jenny. Have you been thrown?

Gold. Pitched five-and-twenty feet into a ditch,

Jenny. Dear me! [source!]

Gold. Pretty commence!—no matter!—Limbs whole—heart sound—that's your sort!

Jenny. Where did it happen?

Gold. Bye road—back of Islington—had them tight in hand too!—came to short turn and a narrow lane—up flew a damned dancing-master's umbrella—bounce!—off they went!—road repairing—wheelbarrow in the way—crash—out flew I—whiz!—fire flashed—lay stunned—got up—looked foolish—shafts broke—Snarler and Blackguard both down—Black-and-all-black paying a way—pannels smashed—traces cut—Snarler lamed!

Jenny. Terrible!

Gold. D—d mad!—cursed a few, cut up Black-and-all-Black, horsewhipped Tom, took coach, and drove here like a devil in a whirlwind!

Jenny. 'Tis very well your neck's not broke.

Gold. Little stiff—no matter: D—n all dancing-masters, and their umbrellas!

Jenny. You had better have been here, Mr. Goldfinch. You stand so long, shilly-shally, that you'll be cut out at last. If you had but a licence now in your pocket, I'd undertake to have you married in half an hour.

Gold. Do you think so?

Jenny. Think! I'm sure on't.

Gold. D—d, I'll post away and get one! must not lose her; the game's up if I do!—must have her! Be true to me, and I'll secure you the hundred. I'll be back from the commons in a smack.

[Exit Jenny.]

Enter the WIDOW WARREN.

Gold. Ah! Widow! here am I! *(Runs up to her, kisses her boisterously, and dirties her clothes.)*

Widow. I protest, Mr. Goldfinch!—was ever the like! *(Looking at herself.)*

Gold. Never mind—brush off—I'm the lad!—been to Hatchet's—bespoke the wedding coach.

Widow. But—Sir—

Gold. Pannels stripe painted—hammer-cloth fringed, green and white—curtains festooned—patent wheels—silver furniture—all flash!—light as a handbox—trundle and spin after my greys like a tandem down hill—pass—show 'em the road—wharr—whizz—dig—that's your sort!

Widow. It will be superb!

Gold. Superb! *(With contempt.)* Tell me it will be the thing!—the go—the stare—the gape—the gaze! The rich widow, and the tight one!—there they go! that's your sort! I'm the boy that shall drive you!

Widow. Pardon me, Mr. Goldfinch; if a certain event were, by the wise disposition of Providence, to take place, I should think proper to drive.

Gold. You drive? if you do, d—e!

Widow. Sir!

Gold. I'm christened and called Charles—Charles Goldfinch—the knowing lad that's not to be had!—winter and summer—fair weather and foul—low ruts or no ruts—never take a false quarter. No, no, Widow, I drive—hay!—ah!—ah! get on!—St—St—touch White-foot in the flank—tickle Snarler in the ear—cut up Yelper—take out a fly's eye—smack—crack—that's your sort!

Widow. I assure you, Mr. Goldfinch, you entertain very improper suppositions concerning—

Gold. Go for the licence—(going)

Widow. Nay, but surely, Mr.—

Gold. Go for the licence—resolved—taken it here. (Pointing to his forehead.)

Widow. If retrospect and—and affection throw no other obstacles in the way, yet the—the world—prudence— [d—n prudence!]

Gold. The world! prudence! D—n the world!

Widow. Oh! but, sir—

Gold. The world, nor nobody else, has nothing to do with neither your prudence nor mine; we'll be married immediately.

Widow. Immediately. Mr. Goldfinch! I—

Gold. What? you want?

Widow. Nay, Mr. Goldfinch, I—do not—absolutely renounce, but I wish— [scence—]

Gold. It was over—know you do—go for the li—

Widow. Pray, dear Mr. Goldfinch—

Gold. Go for the licence, I tellie!

Widow. Only a word—

Gold. To the wise! I'm he—go for the licence—that's your sort! [Exit.]

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch, I declare— [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Dornton's House.

Enter MR. DORNTON and MR. SMITH.

Dornton. Still the same hurry, the same crowd, Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith. Much the same, sir; the house never experienced a day like this: Mr. Sulky thinks we shall never get through.

Dornton. Is Millford taken?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Dornton. Unprincipled prodigal! My son owes his ruin to him alone; but he shall suffer.

Mr. Smith. My young master's tradesmen are waiting.

Dorn. Bid them come in. [Exit Mr. Smith.] All my own fault, my own fond folly; denied him nothing, encouraged him to spend! and now—

Re-enter MR. SMITH, followed by Tradesmen.

Mr. Smith. This way, gentlemen.

Dornton. Zounds! what an army! a vile, thoughtless profligate!

Enter Clerk.

Clerk. (To Mr. Dornton.) You are wanted in the counting-house, sir.

Dornton. Very well. I'll be with you in a moment, gentlemen. Abandoned spendthrift!

[Exit, followed by Mr. Smith.]

1 T. I don't like this: what does this mean?

2 T. Danger.

3 F. He has been a good customer; none of your punctual paymasters, that look over their accounts.

1 T. Oh! a different thing; nothing to be got by them; always take care to affront them.

2 T. Perhaps it is a trick of the old gentleman, to inspect into our charges:

3 T. I don't like that; rather hear of any tax than of taxing my bill.

1 T. Humph! tradesmen begin to understand these things, and allow a reasonable profit.

2 T. Can't have less than fifty per cent. for retail credit trade.

3 T. To be sure not; if a man would live in style, and have a fortune, as he ought.

1 T. Humph! mind; all devilish hard run!

Omnes. Certainly.

1 T. Not a guinea in the house! to-morrow's Saturday; hem!

Re-enter MR. DORNTON.

Dornton. Your servant, gentlemen, your servant.

Pray, how happens it, that you bring your accounts in here?

1 T. We received notice, sir.

Dornton. You have none of you any demand upon me?

1 T. Happy to serve you, sir.

2 T. We shall be glad of your custom, sir.

Omnes. All, all!

Dornton. And do you come, expecting to be paid?

1 T. Money, sir, is always agreeable.

2 T. Tradesmen find it a scarce commodity.

3 F. Bills come round quick.

4 T. Workmen must eat.

3 T. For my part, I always give a gentleman, who is a gentleman, his own time.

Dornton. I understand you. And what are you, sir, who seem to stand apart from the rest?

Hoster. (Advancing.) A hostier, sir. I am unworthy the company of these honest gentlemen, who live in style. I never affront a punctual paymaster, not I; and, what they will think strange, I get more by those who do look over their bills, than those who do not.

1 T. Humph!

2 T. Blab!

3 T. Shab!

(Aside)

(Tells sir)

Dornton. And what may be the amount of your Hostier. A trifle for which I have no right to ask.

Dornton. No right! what do you mean?

Hostier. Your son, sir, made me what I am; redeemed me and my family from ruin; and it would be an ill requital of his goodness to come here like a dun, at such a time as this: when I would rather, if that could help him, give him every shilling I have in the world.

Dornton. Would you? would you? (Greatly affected.) You look like an honest man; but what do you do here, then?

Hostier. Mr. Dornton, sir, knew I should be unwilling to come; and sent the word, he would never speak to me more, if I did not; and, rather than offend him, I would even come here on a business like this.

Dornton. (Shakes him by the hand.) You are an honest fellow; an unaccountable! And so Harry has been your friend?

Hostier. Yes, sir; a liberal-minded friend; for he lent me money, though I was sincere enough to tell him of his faults.

Dornton. Zounds, sir! how came you to be a weaver of stockings?

Hostier. I don't know, sir, how I came to be at all; I only know, that here I am.

Dornton. A philosopher!

Hostier. I am not fond of titles, sir; I'm a man.

Dornton. Why, is it not a shame, now, that the soul of Socrates should have crept and hid itself in the body of a stocking weaver? Give me your bill.

Hostier. Excuse me, sir.

Dornton. Give me your bill, I tell you; I'll pay this bill myself.

Hostier. I cannot; must not, sir.

Dornton. Sir, I insist on—

Enter HARRY DORNTON.

So, sir! (Turning angrily round.) Why have you assembled these people, into whose debt you have dishonestly run, wanting the power to pay; and who have as dishonestly trusted you, hoping to profit exorbitantly by your extravagance?

Harry. Oh, sir, you don't know them! they are a very complaisant, indulgent kind of people. Are not you, gentlemen?

1 T. Certainly, sir.

Omnes. Certainly.

Harry. Be kind enough to wait a few minutes without my very good friends. [Exit tradesmen. Mr. Williams—(Takes his hand.)

Harry. Sir.

[Exit.

Dornton! How dare you introduce this swarm of lousts here? How dare you?

Harry. (In continued good humour.) Despair, sir, is a dauntless hero.

Dornton. Have you the effrontery to suppose, that I care, or shall pay them? What is it you mean?

Harry. To let you see I have creditors.

Dornton. Creditors! bloodsuckers!

Harry. Some of them! But that is my fault. They must be paid.

Dornton. Paid!

[gallily.

Harry. The innocent must not suffer for the Dornton. You will sit in an almshouse.

Harry. Not so; but the orphan's and the widow's outcries shall not meet me there.

Dornton. Harry! Bonds. (Checking his fondness.)

Paid! Whence do you mean to rob?

Harry. My name is Dornton, sir.

Dornton! Are you not? (Waiting words.)

Harry. Yes, sir.

Dornton. Quit the room. Begone!

Harry. You are the best of men, sir; and I—but I have nothing. Repentance is a pitiful sound, and that never brought back a single yesterday. Amendment is a fellow of mere mettle; but it is too late. Suffer I ought, and suffer I must. My debts of honour discharged, do not let my tradesmen go unpaid.

Dornton. You have ruined me!

Harry. The whole is but five thousand pounds.

Dornton. But? The counter is loaded with the destruction you have brought upon us all.

Harry. No, no; I have been a sad fellow, but not even my extravagance can shake this house.

Enter MR. SMITH, in consternation.

Mr. Smith. Bills are pouring in so fast upon us, we shall never get through.

[What?

Harry. (Struck with astonishment.) What?

Mr. Smith. We have paid our light gold so often over, that the people are very surly.

Dornton. Pay it no more. Sell it instantly for what it is worth; discharge the last guinea, and shut up the doors.

Harry. (Turning Mr. Smith aside.) Are you serious?

Mr. Smith. Sir.

Harry. (Impotently.) Are you serious, I say? Is it not some trick to impose upon me?

Mr. Smith. Look into the shop, sir, and convince yourself. If we have not a supply in half an hour, we must stop!

[Exit.

Harry. (Wildly.) My father! Sir! (Turning away.) Is it possible? Disgraced! Ruined! In reality, ruined! By me? Are these things so?

Dornton. Harry! How you look! You frighten

Harry. (Starting.) It shall be done.

[me.

Dornton. What do you mean? Calm yourself.

Harry. Ay, by heaven!

[Harry.

Dornton. Hear me, Harry.

Harry. This instant. (Going.)

Dornton. (Calling.) Harry!

Harry. Don't droop. (Returning.) Don't despair: I'll find relief. (Aside.) First to my friend; he cannot fail. But, if he should? Why, ay, then to Meggers. I will marry her, in such a cause, were she fifty widows, and fifty furies!

Dornton. Calm yourself, Harry.

Harry. I am calm; very calm! It shall be done. Don't be dejected; you are my father. You were the first of men in the first of cities. Revered by the good, and respected by the great. You

flourished prosperously. But you had a son! I remember it.

Dornton. Why do you roll your eyes, Harry?

Harry. I won't be long away.

Dornton. Stay you where you are, Harry. (Catching his hand.) All will be well; I am very happy! Do not leave me; I am very happy! Indeed, I am Harry; very happy!

Harry. Heaven bless you, sir! You are a worthy gentleman. I'll not be long.

Dornton. Hear me, Harry: I am very happy!

Enter MR. SMITH.

Mr. Smith. Sir, shall we send to the bank for a thousand pounds worth of silver?

Harry. (Furiously.) No, scoundrel!

Breaks away, and exits.

Dornton. (Calling, and almost sobbing.) Harry! Harry! I am very happy. Harry Dornton! (In a kind of stupor.) I am very happy; very happy!

[Exit, Mr. Smith following.

SCENE III.—The House of Mr. Silky.

Enter MR. SILKY and JACOB.

Sil. Mr. Goldfinch not called yet, Jacob?

Jacob. No, sir.

Sil. Nor any message from the widow?

Jacob. No, sir. (Knocking again.)

Sil. See who knocks, Jacob. [Exit Jacob.] I dare say it is one or t'other. They must come to me at last.

Enter HARRY DORNTON, in wild haste, following JACOB.

Harry. (Entering.) Are you sure he is at home? Jacob. He is here, sir. [Exit.

Harry. Mr. Silky! (Panting.)

Sil. Ah! my dear Mr. Dornton, how do you do? I hope you are very well: I am exceedingly glad to see you. This call is so kind, so condescending. It gives me infinite pleasure.

[favour.

Harry. Mr. Silky, you must instantly grant me a Sil. A favour! What is it? How can I serve you? I would run to the world's end.

Harry. You must exert your whole friendship.

Sil. Friendship, sir? Say duty. 'Twas you that made a man of me. I should have been ruined in the Bench, I know not where or what, had you not come forward and supported me at the critical moment; and now I can defy the world!

Harry. (Impatiently.) Hear me. I know you can.

Sil. Oh, yes! The sum you lent me, a lucky speculation, five years of continual good fortune, and other little lifts, have made me—I won't say what.—But, your father, and perhaps another or two excepted; I say, perhaps, I'll shew my head with the proudest of 'em.

Harry. Why, then, I am a fortunate man!

Sil. To be sure you are. How can I serve you? What can I do? Make me happy.

Harry. You can rescue me from phrenzy!

Sil. Oh! I! I am proud; infinitely happy! What? How? I am a lucky fellow! Tell me which way? Where can I run? What can I do?

Harry. (Dreading.) The request is serious; trying.

Sil. So much the better; so much the better. Whom could I serve, if not you? You! the son of the first man in the city.

Harry. (Wildly.) You mistake.

Sil. I don't. You are, you are! Dornton and Co. may challenge the world; the house of Hope, per-

Harry. Woeful mistake.

[haps, excepted.

Sil. Pooh!

[nient.

Harry. Our house is in danger of stopping pay-

Sil. Sir! stop payment!

Harry. My follies are the cause.

Sil. Stop payment!

Harry. I have not been used to favours; but—

Sil. Stop payment!

Harry. Scorn me, curse me, spurn me; but save
Sil. Stop payment! (my father.

Harry. What means this alteration in your countenance?

Sil. Oh, dear, no. Ha, ha, ha! Not in the least. Ha, ha, ha! I assure you, I, I, I—

Harry. I have told you our situation. Yourself, and two other friends, must jointly support my father by your credit, to the amount of fifty thousand pounds. Mark me; must.

Sil. Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Dornton? Fifty thousand pounds! Are you dreaming? Me? Fifty thousand pounds? Or half the sum? Or a fifth of the sum? Me?

Harry. Prevaricating sound—! Hear me, sir!

Sil. (In fear.) Yes, sir.

Harry. I must be calm. (Bursting out.) Are you not a—? I say, sir, you have yourself informed me of your ability, and I must insist. Observe, sir! I insist on your immediate performance of this act of duty.

Sil. Duty, and fifty thousand pounds! Are you mad, Mr. Dornton? Are you mad? Or do you think me mad?

Harry. I think you the basest of wretches.

Sil. Nay, Mr. Dornton, I would do any thing to serve you. Any thing, I protest to heaven. Would go any where, run—

Harry. Of my errands, wipe my shoes. Any dirty menial office, that cost you nothing. And this you call shewing your gratitude.

Sil. Is it not, Mr. Dornton?

Harry. (His anger rising.) And will you give no help to the house?

Sil. Nay, Mr. Dornton—

Harry. After the favours you have been for years receiving, the professions you have been daily making, and the wealth you have by these means been hourly acquiring; will you not, sir?

Sil. (Retreating.) Nay, Mr. Dornton!

Harry. (Advancing.) Will you not, sir?

Sil. Don't hurt a poor old man. I can't.

Harry. (Seizing, shaking him, and throwing him from him.) Scoundrel! (Exit.)

Sil. Bless my heart; stop payment! The house of Dornton! Fifty thousand pounds! I declare I am all of a tremble. Jacob! William!

Enter JACOB.

Have we any bills on the house of Dornton?

Jacob. I have just been examining the book, sir. We have bills to the amount of—

Sil. How much? How much? A thousand

Jacob. Three, sir. [pounds]

Sil. Three? Three thousand? Bless my heart!

Jacob. We heard the news the very moment after young Dornton came in.

Sil. Run, pay the bills away.

Jacob. Where, sir?

Sil. Anywhere; anybody will take 'em. Run with them to my dear friend, Mr. Smallware; it is too far for him to have heard of the crash. Begone! Don't leave him. Give my very best respects to him. He will oblige me infinitely. Fly! And, Jacob; make haste, go to the clearing-house, and get it whispered among the clerks. Then, if there are any of Dornton's bills to be bought at fifty per cent, discount, let me know. I will buy up all I can. [Exit Jacob.] It's a safe speculation: I know the house; there must be a good round dividend.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I—The House of the Widow Warren.

Enter JENNY, followed by HARRY DORNTON; who, with an oppressed heart, half drunk with wine and passion, assumes the appearance of wild and excessive gaiety.

Harry. Away, handmaid of Hecate! Fly

Jenny. Lord, sir, you don't mean as you say?

Harry. Will you begone, Cerberus? In the name of your goddess to descend in a golden shower, and suddenly relieve these racking doubts.

Jenny. Goddess! I knew you meant Miss Sophy.

Enter WIDOW, and exits Jenny, discontented.

Widow. (Smiling.) Mr. Dornton!

Harry. Widow, here am I! Phœton the second, hurled from my flaming car. I come burning with Aëtes' desire, devoutly bent on committing the deadly sin of matrimony! May these things be? Speak, my saving angel!

Widow. Nay, but—dear Mr. Dornton!

Harry. Do not imagine, amiable widow, that I am mad. No, no, no! (With a hysterical laugh.) Only a little light. Left my father furiously, drank three bottles of Burgundy frantically, flew in amorous phrensies to the attack: and will carry the place, or die on the spot. Powder and poison await my choice; and let me tell you, sweet widow, I am a man of my word. So, you'll have me, won't you?

Widow. Oh, Mr. Dornton!

Harry. Why, you would not see my father perish, would you? and me expire! would you?

Widow. Am I so very cruel?

Harry. Then say, yes. Yes; or pistols—daggers—cannon balls!

Widow. Yes, sir; yes, yes!

Harry. Hold, fair widow! Kind widow, hold! Be not rash. I am the veriest villain! avoid me. A ruined—but that were, indeed, a trifle—my father! Him! him have I ruined! Heard you that? Bring forth your hoards! Let him once be himself, and bid me kiss the dust.

Widow. (Aside.) Elegant youth!

Harry. And wilt thou, widow, be his support? (Eagerly.) Wilt thou?

Widow. Cruel question! How can I deny?

Harry. Immortal blessings be upon thee! My father—

Widow. Will be all rapture to hear.

Harry. (Shakes his head.) Ah, ah, ah, ah! (Sighs.) You don't know my father. A strange, affectionate—that loves me! Oh! he—and you see how I use him: you see how I use him. But no matter. Tol de rol! We'll be married to-night.

Widow. Oh, Sir!

Harry. Ay, my Madonna! To-night's the day. The sooner the better. 'Tis to rescue a father, blithesome widow! A father! To save him have I fallen in love. Remember; sin with open eyes, widow. Money! I must have money. Early in the morn, ere counters echo with the ring of gold, fifty thousand must be raised!

Widow. It shall, Mr. Dornton.

Harry. Why, shall it? Shall it? Speak again, beautiful vision, speak! Shall it?

Widow. Dear Mr. Dornton, it shall.

Harry. Remember! Fifty thousand, the first thing in the morning.

Widow. And would not a part this evening? (Still coquetting.)

Harry. (Suddenly.) What sayest thou? Oh, no. Whoo! Thousands!

Widow. I have a trifling sum.

Harry. (Eagerly.) How much?

Widow. Six thousand.

Harry. Six?

Widow. Which I meant to have disposed of, but—
Harry. No, no; I'll dispose of it, dear widow.
(Kisses her.) I'll dispose of it in a twinkling. (Elated.)
Doubt not my gratitude. Let this, and this—(Kissing.)

Widow. Fie! you are a sad man; but I'll bring you a draft.

Harry. Do, my blooming widow! Empress of the golden isles, do.

Widow. But, remember, this trifle is for your own
Harry. No, my pearl unparalleled! my father! my father's. Save but my father, and I will kiss the ground which thou treadest, and live and breathe but on thy bounty! (With self-indignation.)

[Exit Widow.]

At least till time and fate shall means afford
Somewhat to perform, worthy of man and me.

After JENNY, peeping.

Jenny. Sir!

Harry. Ah, ha! my merry maid of May!

Jenny. I suppose you are waiting to see Miss
Sophy, now you have got rid of the old lady?

Harry. Got rid of the old lady? Thou brazen
pin-placer! thou virgin of nine-and-twenty years
occupation! No! I have not got rid of the old
lady: the old lady is to be my blooming, youthful
bride! and I, happy youth, am written and destined
in the records of eternity her other half! Heigho!

Jenny. Lord, sir! what rapturation. But stay a
little, and I'll tell Miss Sophy her mamma wants
her here; so, then—hush! Jenny retires, making a
sign.)

Re-enter the WIDOW WARREN.

Widow. Here's the draft.

Harry. Thanks, my Sultana! This halcyon night
the priest, pronouncing conjurations dire—

Widow. Fie! I won't look at you.

Harry. Ay, to-night we'll marry; shall we not?
(Sitting down and coquetting.)

Enter SOPHIA, skippingly, but stops short on seeing
them.

Harry. To-night shall be a night of wonder; and
we'll love like—(Aside.) like Darby and Joan.

Widow. (Languishingly.) I shall hate you intolerably. (Sophia advancing on tiptoe.)

Harry. Hey for the parson's permission. Hey,
my sublime widow. [moment]

Widow. To steal thus upon one at an unguarded
Harry. But here first let me kneel, and thus to
Ceres pay—(Going to kiss her hand in rapture, meets
the eye of Sophia.)

Sophia. (Coming between them with bursting trepidation,
taking the valentine from her bosom and presenting it.) There, sir.

Widow. Ah!

Sophia. There, sir. Oh pray, sir, take it, sir.

Widow. Why, minikin—

Sophia. I request, sir; I desire, sir.

Harry. (Declining it.) To! do! roll!

Sophia. (Tearing the paper piecemeal, and throwing
it spitefully away.) Why then, there, sir; and there,
sir; and there, there, there, sir!

Widow. Poor minikin! I declare she is jealous.

Sophia. (Her sobs rising.) And I'll—I'll—wri-i-i-ite
to my—to my grandma-a-a-a directly.

Widow. Fie, child.

Sophia. And I'll go do-o-own—into Glo-o-o-
ostershire.

Widow. Go up to your chamber, child.

Sophia. And I'll tell my grandma-a what a false,
base, bad man you are; and she shall ha-ate you,

and despise you: and I'll ha-a-ate you, and despise
you myself.

Widow. Poor thing!

Sophia. And moreover, I'll hate and despise all
mankind; and, for your sake, (With great energy,) I'll live and die a maid!

Widow. Yes, child, that I dare be sworn you will.

Harry. Widow, I'm a sad fellow; don't have me.
I'm a vile fellow! Sophy, you are right to despise
me; I am going to marry your mother.

Sophia. I'll go down into Glo-o-ostershire—I
wo-on't live in such a false-hearted city. And you
ought to be ashamed of yourself, ma', to make
yourself so ridiculous.

Harry. No, no, sweet sylph, it's all my fault! all

Widow. (Enraged.) Be gone, miss. [my fault.]

Harry. (Interposing.) Sweet widow! gentle
widow!—I've sold myself, Sophy! six thousand
pounds is the earnest-money paid down, for the
reptile, Harry Dornton!—I love you, Sophy.

Widow. How, Mr. Dornton?

Harry. I do, by heaven! take back your money,
widow. (Offering the draft.) I'm a sad scoundrel!

Sophia. You are a base, faithless, man, you know
you are. And you are a pitiless woman, a merciless
woman, for all you are my own mother, to let
my poor brother Milford go to be starved to death
in a dark dungeon.

Harry. Milford in prison?

Sophia. Yes, sir! arrested by your cruel, old,
ugly father. I'm sure he is ugly; though I never
saw him in my life: I'm sure he is an ugly, hideous,
ugly monster. [Exit.]

Harry. Is this true, widow?

Widow. (Stammering.) Sir—

Harry. (Agitated.) Arrested by my father?—
squandering her money on a ruined reprobate, and
won't release her husband's son.

Widow. Nay, but dear Mr. Dornton.

Harry. I'll be with you again presently, widow;
presently, presently. [Exit.]

Widow. (Speaking after him.) To-night, you
know, Mr. Dornton—

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Mr. Goldfinch is coming up, ma'am.

Widow. I have no time to waste with Mr. Gold-
finch. I'll presently send him about his business.
Mr. Dornton talks I don't know how, Jenny,—
says it must be to-night.

Enter GOLDFINCH.

Gold. Well, widow?

Widow. Not so free, sir.

Jenny. (Aside to Goldfinch.) Have you got the
Gold. No. [license?]

Jenny. No!

Gold. No—been to Tattersall's.

Jenny. And not for the license?

Gold. Tellee, I've been to Tattersall's!

Jenny. Ah! it's all over!

Gold. Made sure of the Eclipse colts!—must not
lose 'em.

Jenny. (Aside.) Stupid booby!

Widow. (Advancing.) What is your present busi-
ness, sir?

Gold. My business? ha, ha, ha! that's a good
one! I'll tell you my business—(Approaching with
open arms.)

Widow. (Haughtily.) Keep your distance, sir.

Gold. Distance, widow? No, that's not the way.
I should be double distanced if I did.

Widow. Were you, indeed, a man of deportment
and breeding—

Gold. Breeding?—Look at my spurs.

Widow. Had you the manner, the spirit, the—
But, no, you are no gentleman—

Gold. Whew! no gentleman? *(Claps on his hat and takes a lounging impudent swagger.)* D—me, that's a good one!—Charles Goldfinch no gentleman!—Ask in the box-lobby! Inquire at the school. *(In a bozing attitude.)*

Widow. Sir, you are a tedious person; your company is troublesome.

Gold. Turf or turnpike, keep the heat of cattle—walk, trot, or gallop—run, amble, or canter—laugh at every thing on the road—Give 'em all the go-by.—Beat the trotting butcher.—Gentleman!—That's your sort!

Jenny. (Aside to Gold.) Follow me. *[Exit.]*

Widow. I beg, sir, I may not be intruded upon with you or your horse-jockey jargon any more.

[Exit.]
Gold. Here's a kick-up, dish'd again—I knew I should have no luck—started badly in the morning—d—n all dancing masters and their umbrellas.

[Exit.]
SCENE II.—An Apartment at the house of a Sheriff's Officer.

Enter HARRY DORNTON, agitated, with an Officer.

Harry. Dispatch, man! dispatch! Tell Jack Milford I can't wait a moment—hold—write an acquittal instantly for the thousand pounds. But say not a word to him of my intention. *[sands.]*

Officer. A thousand, sir; it is almost five thousand. *[Harry.]* Impossible!

Officer. There are detainees already lodged to that amount.

Harry. Five thousand? *[Total?]*

Officer. Must I write the acquittal for the sum

Harry. No—yes; write it, however. Have it ready. Early to-morrow morning it shall all be paid. *[detainers.]*

Officer. In the meantime there may be more

Harry. D—n! What shall I do?—run, send him;—and, do you hear, a bottle of champagne and two rummers.—Bummers! Mind!—not a word to him! *[Exit Officer.]* Five thousand! and more detainees!

Enter Officer, with a bottle and glasses, and MILFORD following.

Milford. (With surprise.) Mr. Dornton!

Harry. How now, Jack! What's your wonder? I can't stay a moment with you, but I could not pass without giving you a call. Your hand, my boy, cheer up!

Milford. (Coolly.) Excuse me, sir!

Harry. Why, Jack!—Psha! cast away this gloom, and be—Honest Jack Milford! You are now in tribulation; what of that? Why, man, the blessed sun himself is sometimes under a cloud! wait but till to-morrow!—Where is the wine? Come, drink, and wash away grief! 'Sblood, never look frosty and asance, man, but drink, drink, drink.

Milford. (Abruptly.) Sir, I am not disposed to drink.

Harry. Here's confusion to all sorrow and thinking!—I could a tale unfold!—But I won't afflict you—I must fly—Yet I can do no good to-night—Hurrah, Jack! Keep up your spirits! Be determined, like me.—I am the vilest of animals that crawl the earth—Yet I won't flag!—I'll die a bold-faced villain!—I have sold myself—am disinherited—have lost—Ah, Sophia!—Hurrah, Jack!—Keep it up!—Round let the great globe whirl! and whirl it will, though I should happen to slide from its surface into infinite nothingness—Drink, my noble soul!

Milford. Your mirth is impertinent, sir.

Harry. So it is, Jack: d—d impertinent! Be ruin is around us, and it is high time to be merry.

Milford. Sir, I must inform you that though I have been betrayed by you, and threatened by your father, I will not be insulted.

Harry. Betrayed by me?

Milford. Ay, sir; I have had full information of your mean arts. It was necessary I should be out of the way, that your designs on Mrs. Warren might meet no interruption.

Harry. Psha!—Good day, Jack; good day

Milford. And pray, sir, inform your father, I despise his meanness, and spurn at his malice.

Harry. (Suddnly returning and darting back, but stopping short.) Jack Milford!—utter no harshness against my father.—I am half mad!—I came your

Milford. I despise your friendship. *[Friend—]*

Harry. That's as you please. Think all that is vile of me: I defy you to exceed my scorn. But utter not a word against my father.

Milford. Deliberately, pitilessly malignant! Not satisfied with the little vengeance he himself could take, he has sent round to all my creditors.

Harry. 'Tis false!

Milford. False!

Harry. A vile, eternal falsehood!

Enter Officer, with papers and writes.

Officer. Gentlemen, did you call?

Harry. Leave the room, sir.

Officer. But—

Harry. (Angrily.) We are busy, sir.

Officer. I thought—

Harry. I tell you we are busy, and must not be interrupted. *[Exit Officer.]* Mr. Milford, you shall hear from me immediately. *[Exit Harry.]*

Milford. (After rumination.) What were those papers? Surely I have not been rash.—Nobody but his father could have brought my creditors thus on me all at once. He seemed half drunk or half frantic. Said he was ruined, disinherited. Talked something of to-morrow. What could the purport of his coming be?

Enter Officer.

Well, sir?

Officer. Here is a note, sir.

Milford. From whom?

Officer. The young gentleman.

Milford. (Reads, aside.) "I understand you are at liberty." How! At liberty? "I shall walk up to Hyde Park: you will find me at the ring at six. Exactly at six." At liberty?

Officer. Your debts are all discharged.

Milford. Impossible! Which way? By whom?

Officer. Why, sir, that is—

Milford. No hesitation, but tell me by whom.

Officer. Sir, I thought I perceived some anger between you and the young gentleman?

Milford. Ask no questions, sir; make no delays. Tell me who has paid my debts: tell me the truth.—Consequences, you do not suspect, depend upon your answer.

Officer. I perceive, sir, there has been some warmth between you; and though the young gentleman made me promise silence and secrecy—

Milford. What, then, it was Mr. Dornton? *[Officer bows.]* Madman! What have I done? *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—The House of Dornton.

Enter HARRY DORNTON, followed by MR. SMITH

Harry. And the danger not yet past?

Mr. Smith. Far from it. Mr. Sully has twice brought us supplies, and he says a third time.

Harry. Brave spirit! He would coin his heart!—My father supports it nobly.

Mr. Smith. He is anxious only for you.

Harry. Well, well. Ha, ha, ha! Tol'ol—I'll bring him relief.—Comfort him, assure him of it.—Ay, hear me heaven, and—To-night it is too late, but to-morrow all shall be well!—Excellent well!

Mr. Smith. (*Significantly*.) You will marry the widow?

Harry. Have you heard?—Ay, boy, ay!—We'll marry! I will go and prepare her. We'll marry!—Early in the morning that all may be safe. I have told her the truth. She knows all—Why, ay, (*Looking at his watch*.) The proctor's, the lawyer's, the widow's, and (*starts*) at six?—The ring!—at six!—Friends!—Who can say what may—What leave my father to perish?—I'll not go, though all hell should brand me for a coward, I'll not go.—Mr. Smith, take care of my father!—Mark me, I recommend my father to you. [*Exit.*]

Enter MR. DORNTON.

Dornton. Where is Harry?—Did not I hear his voice?

Mr. Smith. He is this moment gone, sir.

Dornton. Gone, where?

Mr. Smith. Do you not suspect where, sir?

Dornton. (*Alarm'd*) Suspect?—What?—Speak!

Mr. Smith. To the widow Warren's.

Dornton. For what purpose?

Mr. Smith. To marry her.

Dornton. Marry!—The widow Warren!

Mr. Smith. And save the house by her fortune.

Dornton. Generous Harry! Noble, affectionate boy! I'd perish first!

Mr. Smith. He seems very resolute. He has already had six thousand pounds of her.

Dornton. Marry her? I shall go mad!—Where is Mr. Sulky?

Mr. Smith. He is just returned. I hear him in the counting-house.

Dornton. Tell him I wish to speak with him. [*Exit.* Mr. Smith.] Harry Dornton and the widow Warren?—I shall die in Bedlam!

Enter MR. SULKY.

Are we safe, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. For to-day, perhaps. [*Row?*]

Dornton. What bank have we to begin to-mor-

Sulky. I can't tell—I fear not thirty thousand.

Dornton. Mr. Sulky, you—*you*—have this day shewn yourself an active partner, and a sincere friend.

Sulky. Humph!

Dornton. I have long esteemed you. I esteem you more and more.

Sulky. Humph!

Dornton. My son, Harry—(*Hesitating*.) You are a very good man, Mr. Sulky; a compassionate man, though you don't look so.

Sulky. Humph!

Dornton. 'Tis pity to see so noble a youth—I am sure you would not wish him any harm, Mr. Sulky. I am sure you would not.

Sulky. Whom?

Dornton. Harry Dornton. Would you?—Would you? Would you, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. A kind question.

Dornton. Nay, I did not mean to be unkind, Mr. Sulky; you know I did not.—Shall we not venture one step more to save him?

Sulky. Save? Impossible! Ruin only can reform him! total ruin.

Dornton. You mistake, Mr. Sulky. His own misfortunes little affected him, but mine—! He is struck to the heart.—I know him.

Sulky. So do I.

Dornton. Struck to the heart! I'm sure on't! He'll be a good man!—A great man!

Sulky. Humph!

[Sulky?]

Dornton. You know the widow Warren, Mr. Sulky. Don't you?

Dornton. I never saw her in my life. I hear she is full forty, her manners absurd, her character cruel, and her morals—

Sulky. Bad enough.

Dornton. Six thousand pounds, at this moment, is a great sum. I own it. But do you think I ought not to venture?

Sulky. Venture what?

Dornton. To—to take it from our bank?

Sulky. For what?

[ton.

Dornton. For—the—the relief of Harry Dornton. What you please. Take all. What is it to me.

Dornton. Nay, but, Mr. Sulky, you surely don't see the thing in the right light.

Sulky. I can starve, like the rest.

Dornton. (*With snappish haste*.) Very well, Mr. Sulky. Very well! I perceive you can be interested, and—and—

Sulky. And what?

Dornton. Very well, Mr. Sulky. Very well.

Sulky. I can stare bankruptcy in the face as steadfastly as you can.

Dornton. Ay, ay! No doubt! The world is all alike! I am an old fool, and so shall live and die.

Sulky. Why do you ask my advice? Take the money! Empty the coffers! Pour it all into his hat! Give him guineas to play at chuck farthing, and bank-bills to curl his hair.

Dornton. Very well, Mr. Sulky. — Friendship, generosity, a sense of justice? Oh! it's all a farce!

Sulky. Humph!

Dornton. (*Rings*.) Very well, sir! Very well!

Enter Servant.

Is the carriage ready?

Servant. It's at the door, sir.

[Exit.

Dornton. (*Going—turns back*.) So, Mr. Sulky, you would see him married to this widow, to whom you have so often, as well as now, given the worst of characters, rather than incur a little more risk for your friend?

Sulky. Marry?

Dornton. Yes, marry!

Sulky. Whom?

Dornton. The widow Warren, I tell you!

Sulky. Harry Dornton?

Dornton. Yes, Harry Dornton!

Sulky. When? Where?

Dornton. Immediately. With unexampled affection, to save me, who am old and worthless, he would devote his youth, his great qualities, and his noble heart, to all the torments which such a marriage, and such a woman can inflict!

Sulky. Take the money.

Dornton. Are you serious, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. Take the money! Away! Begone! I would indeed starve, inchmeal, rather than he should marry her. [*Friend!*]

Dornton. Mr. Sulky, you are a worthy man, a true

Sulky. Curse compliments! Make haste!

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Widow Warren's.

Enter SOPHIA and JENNY.

Jenny. So, miss!—Here's your mamma just coming down.

Sophia. (*Much agitated*.) Is she dressed?

Jenny. Oh, yes!—I have decorated her out like any king's coach-horse.

Sophia. It's very well.

Jenny. With her ribbands and ringlets stuck about and dangle-ating down her back; and all her—

Sophia. It's very well. It's all very well; but it will be no wedding.

Jenny. (As de.) I hope not.

Sophia. He told her to her face that he loved me, and offered to give her the money back. He'll never have her.—And if he does I don't care.—I know I shall die broken-hearted, but I don't care. I'll tell all to my dear grandma; for I'll not stay in this wicked city.—No! He sha'n't see me pine away.—I know my ghost will haunt him; but I can't help it. I never wished him any harm, and had he but been true-hearted and have waited for me, I would.—But it's no matter. He sha'n't see a tear that I shed, nor hear the least sigh that I heave.

Enter the WIDOW WARREN.

Jenny. (Looking, admiring, and walking around her.) Well, ma'am—I declare you're a picture—

Widow. Do you think I look tolerably, Jenny? (Walking and surveying herself.)—Shall I do execution? What is the matter, child?

Sophia. Mark my words, he'll never have you.

Widow. Poor thing. (Street door.)

Sophia. He never will. (Knocking heard at the

Widow. Run, Jenny, see who it is. [Exit Jenny.]

Go up to your chamber, child.

Sophia. (Much agitated.) No. I will stay here.

Widow. Begone to your chamber, I say, miss.

Sophia. Beat me if you please, kill me, but I will not.

Re-enter JENNY.

Jenny. Here is an elderly gentleman, ma'am, asks to speak to you.

Widow. Will you begone, miss?

Sophia. Since it is not he, I don't want to stay. I only want to look him in the face once more. [Exit.]

Widow. How is he dressed?

Jenny. In grey, ma'am.

Widow. In grey? (Considering.)

Jenny. Yes, ma'am.

Widow. In dark grey? (Hoping.)

Jenny. Yes, ma'am.

[Jenny?

Widow. (Eagerly.) Does he look like a parson.

Jenny. Why, ma'am, he is a soberly, smug, jobation-looking man enough.

Widow. Let him be shewn in. [Exit Jenny.] I dare say it is the divine.

Enter JENNY, introducing MR. DORNTON.

Dornton. Your humble servant, madam.

Widow. Sir, your very most humble servant (With great respect.) [me?

Dornton. I presume you are unacquainted with

Widow. (Smiling.) I believe I can penetrate, sir—

Dornton. Can you, madam?

Widow. (With her fan before her face.) You—You come on the—part of—young Mr. Dornton.

Dornton. (Surprised.) I do!

Widow. (Aside.) It is the parson!—Would you be so indulgent as to be seated, sir?

Dornton. Excuse me, madam.

Widow. Would you be pleased to take any refreshment, sir?

Dornton. Madam!—

Widow. A morsel of seed-cake, a French biscuit, a bit of orange-loaf, a glass of constantia, or a jelly?—I know these little cordial comforts are agreeable consolations to gentlemen of your cloth.

Dornton. (Surveying himself.) Cloth!

Widow. No offence, I hope? I participate in them myself.

Dornton. Hem! No doubt!

Widow. You are acquainted with Mr. Dornton?

Dornton. Why—yes—I am I believe one of his oldest acquaintance. [for him?

Widow. Then I dare say you have a great regard for him?—Yes—I—had a—sort of friendship for him even before he was born.

Widow. Sir!—Oh—you are intimate with the family?

Dornton. Yes—yes, madam!

Widow. And know his father?

Dornton. Hem—(Shrugs.) Why—Though I have kept him company from the day of his birth to this very hour, they tell me I don't know him yet!

Widow. Ay indeed! Is he so odd?

Dornton. Sometimes—To my great regret I have sometimes found him a very absurd old gentleman!

Widow. I am sorry for it!—Because as I am soon to become—hymeneally—his intimate—relation—I—(With maidenly affection.)

Dornton. You would wish for a sensible indulgent—Fape?—(Smiles.)

Widow. It's natural, sir. (Smiling.)

Dornton. Ha! I dare not say too much in his favour.

Widow. Nay, though I have a vast hum—ha—regard for young Mr. Dornton—I own I have no great predilection of opinion for the father. (Nodding very significantly.)

Dornton. (Suddenly.) Nor he for you, madam!

Widow. Do you think so?

Dornton. I am sure so!

Widow. I warrant, sir, he is, as you say, a very precise acrimonious person.

Dornton. I said no such thing, madam!

Widow. Ah! a little caution, sir, to be sure, becomes gentlemen of your cloth.

Dornton. Cloth again!—I don't know what you mean by my cloth! but Mr. Dornton, madam, is little older than yourself; nor does he think himself half so repugnant.

Widow. Sir!

Dornton. (Recollecting himself.) Madam—I—I beg your pardon—I—(Bowing.)

Widow. (Knocking heard.) Oh! here, I dare say comes the bridegroom.

Dornton. (Aside.) My curst vivacity! I can never tell her after this who I am. (Walks up the stage.)

Enter HARRY DORNTON, in haste.

Widow. (Eagerly.) Oh, you rover!

Harry. Well, my kind widow! (Mr. Dornton turns round at hearing his son's voice, and gradually approaches.) My loving, compassionate widow! I am come post haste to cast myself once more on your bounty!

Widow. Hush! [aid!

Harry. To intreat instant commiseration, and

Widow. Hem! hem! (Aloud.)

Harry. I have not a minute to spare!

Widow. (Whisper.) He's here! He's come! A wasplash, tetchy—Hem!—(Aloud.) Your friend has been here some time, Mr. Dornton!

Harry. My friend! What friend?

Widow. Your friend the clergyman. (Pointing to Mr. Dornton.)

Harry. Clergyman!—You—Turning, sees his father at his elbow.) My father!

Widow. His father! (A pause.)

Dornton. Well, Harry, why do you look so blank? I am glad you are here.—Your coming and the mutual sincerity with which this lady and I have

just spoken our sentiments, will save all circumlocution. At present we understand each other.

Widow. Sir—I—

Dornton. Oh, madam! never retract. Let us continue the like plain honest dealing—

Widow. But, sir—Mr. Dornton's affection—

Dornton. Ha, ha, ha!—Affection, madam!—
(*Pitying her delusion.*)

Harry. Sir—

Dornton. Harry! I know your motives. Will never forget them. But the cause of them has ceased.

Harry. Sir, beware! no false compassion! Remember not the vile reprobate that was your son! I spurn at existence that is coupled with your misery.

Dornton. Harry! Our danger is over.

Harry. Are you?—Are you serious?

Dornton. Mr. Silky is a worthy man. His rich uncle is dead, and has left him sole heir. Our books, too have been examined, and exceed our best hopes.

Harry. My—

Dornton. Here is your money, madam. (*Offering it.*)

Harry. My father saved—? Tol de rol—!

Widow. Nay but—Mr. Dornton!—sir!—(*Ready to cry.*)

Dornton. I must beg you will take it.

Harry. Rejoice, widow! Rejoice! Sing, shout! Tol de rol!

Widow. I do not want the money, sir! Filthy money—(*Whispering restrain.*) And as to what I said, though you have arrested Mr. Milford—

Harry. Ha! (*Starts, considers and looks at his watch.*)

Widow. I am sorry—I beg your pardon—And if Dornton. Why don't you speak, Harry? Where are you going? (*Harry Dornton crosses hastily.*)

Come back, Harry!—Stay, I say!

Harry. I cannot stay!—I must fly!—My honour is at stake.

Dornton. (*Alarmed.*) His honour!—His honour at stake!—Here, here, madam!—(*Offering money.*)

Widow. Nay, sir—

Dornton. 'Death, madam, take your money.

Widow. Cruel—usage!—Faithless men—Blind—Stupid! "I'll forsake and forswear the whole sex." (*Bursts into tears.*)

Enter JENNY, with great glee, on tip-toe, as if she had been on the watch.

Jenny. Ma'am! ma'am! Mr. Goldfinch, ma'am!

Widow. Hey! Mr. Goldfinch?—Was that what you said, Jenny? (*Brightens up.*) Where?

Jenny. Below, ma'am. I persuaded him to come up, but he is quite surly.

Widow. Oh! he is coming? Well! I think I will see him—Yes—I think I will. (*for me.*)

Jenny. I always told you, ma'am, Mr. Goldfinch

Widow. Did you?

Jenny. But he says he will have your written promise this very night, or never speak to you more.—I hear him. (*Adjusting the Widow's dress.*)

La, ma'am, you had better give a few touches—hereabout. Your eyes will have double the spirit and fire.

Widow. Will they?

Enter GOLDFINCH.

Gold. Where's the dowager?

Jenny. Hush! Mind what I said to you—it is too late now for a licence, so be sure get the promise. Don't flinch.

Gold. Me flinch? Game to the backbone!

Jenny. Hush!

[Exit.]

Re-enter the WIDOW WARREN.

Gold. Here I am once more, widow.

Widow. Ah, rambler!

Gold. Are you cured of the tantarums?

Widow. Nay, Mr. Goldfinch—!

Gold. Must I keep my distance?

Widow. Unkind!

Gold. Am I a gentleman now?

Widow. Killing!

Gold. Look you, widow, I know your tricks.—Skittish! Won't answer the whip! Run out of the course! Take the rest!—So give me your promise.

Widow. My promise—!

Gold. Signed and sealed.

Widow. Naughty man.—You shan't—I won't let you tyrannise over a palpitating heart!

Gold. Palpi—What does she say?

Widow. Go, intruder.

Gold. Oh! What you won't?

Widow. I'll never forgive you.

Gold. I'm off. (*Going.*)

Widow. Cruel man.

Gold. I'm off.

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch! (*Calling.*)

Gold. I'm off.

Widow. You shall have the promise!

Gold. Oh, ho! Why, then I pull up.

(Returning.)

Widow. Barbarous youth: could you leave me? But I must send to Mr. Silky.

Gold. No, no; let me have the promise directly. I'll go myself to Silky.

Widow. Will you, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. Will I not? Take a hack, mount the box. Hay! Scud away for the old scoundrel. I'm a deep one; know the course every inch. I'm the lad for the widow. That's your sort!

Widow. Saucy man; I'll be very angry with you.

Gold. Soon be back.

Widow. Adieu! Fly swiftly, ye minutes.

Gold. But I must have the promise first.

Widow. I will go and write it. Come, dissembler, come.

[Exit languishing.]

Enter MILFORD.

Milford. So, Charles; where's the widow?

Gold. The widow's mine.

Milford. Yours?

Gold. I'm the lad; all's concluded; going post for old Silky. (*Offers to go at every speech, but is eagerly stopped by Milford.*)

Milford. Silky did you say?

Gold. I'm to pay the miserly rascal fifty thousand pounds down. But mum: that's a secret.

Milford. You are raving.

Gold. Tellez, he has her on the hip; she can't marry without his consent.

Milford. But why?

Gold. Don't know. The close old rogue won't tell. Has got some deed, he says. Some writing.

Milford. Indeed!

Gold. Yes; but it's a secret. I shall be a higher fellow than ever, Jack. Go to the second spring meeting—take you with me—come down a few to the sweaters and trainers—the knowing ones—the lads. Get into the secret—lay it on thick—seven hundred to five Favourites against the field. Done! I'll do it again! Done! Five times over. Ditto repeated. Done, done. Off they go!—winner lays by—pretends to want foot—Odds rise high—take 'em—winner whispered lame—lags after—odds higher—and higher. Take 'em—creeps up breathes 'em over the flat—works 'em up hill! passes the distance post—still only second—bett!

chair in an uproar—neck to neck—lets him out—shows him the whip—shoots by like an arrow—oh! d—e a hollow thing. That's your sort!

[Exit.]
Milford. Fifty thousand to Silky for his consent because of some instrument, some writing? If it should be the—? It must; by heaven, it must.

[Exit hastily.]

SCENE II.—The Ring in Hyde Park

Enter HARRY DORNTON, looking at his watch.

Harry. How long must I wait? I see nothing of Milford; I'll cut off that bailiff's ears if he has betrayed me. (Walks about.)

Enter MR. DORNTON out of breath.

Dornton. So, Harry.

Harry. My father again.

Dornton. (Panting.) What do you do here, Harry?

Harry. Sir—I want air.

Dornton. So do I; a pretty dance you have led me. What brought you hither? (Sudden recollection.) Where's the money you had of the widow? (Pauses; seeming to dread an answer.) Where is the money, Harry?

Harry. (Reluctantly.) Gone, sir.

Dornton. Gone!

Harry. Most of it.

Dornton. And your creditors not paid? (Another pause.) And your creditors not paid?

Harry. No, sir.

Dornton. I suspected—I foreboded this. (Harry Dornton walks up the stage.) He has been at some gaming-house, lost all, quarrelled, and come here to put a miserable end to a miserable existence. Oh! who would be a father! (With extreme anguish.)

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. (Looking round, surveying Mr. Dornton.) Pray, sir, is your name Dornton?

Dornton. It is.

Waiter. Then I am right. Mr. Milford, sir, has sent me with this note.

[Exit.]

Harry. (Advancing.) It is for me, sir.

Dornton. How do you know, Harry?

Harry. Sir, I am certain. I must beg—

Dornton. This is no time for ceremony. (Reads.) Dear Harry, forgive the provocation I have given you; forgive the wrong I have done your father.—Met—I will submit to any disgrace rather than lift my hand against your life. I would have come and apologised even on my knees, but am prevented.

J. MILFORD.

(Stands a moment, crumpling the letter.) Why, Harry! What? What is this? Tell me, tell me. It is in paying Milford's debts you have expended

Harry. It is, sir.

[The money?

Dornton. (After raising his clasped hands in rapture, as if to return thanks, suddenly suppresses his feelings.) But how have I wronged me? Why did you come here to fight him?

Harry. Sir—He—he spoke disrespectfully of you.

(A pause)

Dornton. (With his eyes fixed on his son, till unable any longer to contain himself he covers them with one hand and stretches out the other.) Harry!

Harry. (Taking his father's hand and turning his back likewise to conceal his agitation.) My father!

Dornton. Harry! Harry! (With struggling affection.) (A pause.)

[Exit.]

Harry. Dear sir, let us fly to console poor Mil-

Dornton. What you will, Harry; do with me what you will. Oh! who would not be a father!

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—The House of the Widow Warren

Enter MILFORD and MR. SILKY.

Milford. The fool, Goldfinch himself, informed me, sir, that Silky is to receive fifty thousand pounds for his consent.

Silky. Fifty thousand! Zounds! Why then the old scoundrel must have got possession of the will.

Milford. Which is indubitably meant to be destroyed. Goldfinch is just returned with Silky. They are now with the widow, all in high glee, and are coming up here immediately, no doubt to settle the business in private.

Silky. What can be done?

Milford. We must hide ourselves somewhere, and spring upon them.

Silky. I hate hiding; it's deceit, and deceit is the resource of a rascal.

Milford. But there is no avoiding it. We cannot get legal assistance in time. Here are two closets, do you go into one, and I'll shut myself up in the other. We shall hear what they are about, and can burst upon them at the proper moment.

Silky. Well, if it must be so; but it's a vile, paltry refuge.

Milford. I hear them coming; make haste.

[Exit Milky and Milford into the closets.]

Enter SILKY, WIDOW, and GOLDFINCH.

Sil. Ha, ha, ha! I told you, madam, I should hear from you when you wanted me; I knew it must come to that. But you are a lucky man, Mr. Goldfinch, and I'm a lucky man; ay, and you are a lucky woman too, madam. We are all in luck.

Gold. Ay, d—e, old one, you have been concerned in many a good thing in your time.

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha! To be sure I have. I must provide for my family, Mr. Goldfinch.

Widow. It is indeed a fortunate event. Do you not participate my raptures, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. To be sure: it's a deep scheme; it's knowing a thing or two; eh, old one? Pigeoning the greenhorns.

Sil. All so safe, too, so snug. I am so pleased, and so happy; it's all our own; not a soul will know of it but our three selves.

Gold. Oh, yes; one more, old one.

Sil. (Alarmed.) Ay, who? who?

Gold. Your father; Belzebub.

Sil. Lord! Mr. Goldfinch, don't terrify me.

Widow. To be sure, it must be owned you are a shocking old rogue, Mr. Silky. But there is no doing without you. So make haste with your deeds and your extortions; for really we should be very glad to be rid of your company.

Sil. Well, well, I'm ready; I'll not long interrupt you amorous haste. I am a man of business; I expected how it would be, and have a legal instrument here, ready drawn up by my own hand; which, when it is signed and sealed, will make all

Widow. But where is the will? (Safe.)

Sil. Oh, I have it. First, however, let us be secure. (Locks both the chamber doors; is going to read, but looks round, sees the closet doors, and with great anxiety and cunning looks them too.)

Gold. You're an old trader in sin. There's no being too deep for you.

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think so, Mr. Gold-

Gold. But I should like to see you on your death-bed. (A blow from one of the closets.)

Sil. Bless my soul! What's that?

Gold. Zounds! odd enough. I believe he's coming for you before your time.

Widow. It was very strange, I believe I am all of a tremble!

Widow. Come, come, let us get the shocking business over. Where is the will?

Gold. Don't shake so, man.

Sil. Well, well. First sign the bond. (Widow and Goldfinch going to sign, another knock heard.) Lord have mercy upon me!

Gold. I smell sulphur.

Widow. Save me, Mr. Goldfinch.

Sil. The candles burn. (A pause.)

Gold. Paha! Zounds! Is only some cat in the

Sil. I heard it in both the closets. [closet.

Gold. Why then there are two cats. Come, I'll sign.—(Widow and Goldfinch sign the bond.)

Sil. Where's the promise?

Gold. Here it is. (Laying it on the table.)

Sil. And here is the will, which, that all may be safe, we will immediately commit to the flames. (Is going to burn the candle; four successive loud knocks are heard from each of the doors. Silky starts, drops the candle, and overturns the other.) Lord have mercy upon me!

Gold. My dear friends, on and

Widow. Locking up both closets, and at the doors.) Save me, Mr. Goldfinch! Protect me! AH! (Shrieks. Milford then open the closets, and seizes the bond and promise, then open the chamber door.)

Enter JAMES, with lights, and SOPHIA, HARRY DORNTON, and MR. DORNTON.

Sophia. What, ma', what's the matter?

Silky. Where is the will? (Silky recovers himself, and snatches it up.) Give it me, you old scoundrel! Give it me this instant, or I'll throttle you! (Writhes it from him.)

Milford. So, gentlemen. You are a pretty pair of Silky. And you are a very worthy lady. [knaves.

Widow. Don't talk to me, man! Don't talk to me! I shall never recover my senses again.

Harry. What has happened, gentlemen? How came you thus all locked up together?

Dornton. Are you here, Mr. Silky!

Silky. Yes; there's the honest, grateful, friendly Mr. Silky! who would betray his friends, plunder the living, and defraud the dead, for the ease of his conscience, and to provide for his family.

Gold. Old one! You're done up!

Silky. And here is the girlish odd coquette, who would rob her daughter, and leave her husband's son to rot in a dungeon, that she might marry the first fool she could find.

Gold. Widow! you are dished. (Silky examines the will.) Look your last chance.

Dornton. A broken gamester, nurtured in idleness, ignorance, and dissipation; whose ridings, racings, and drinkings are over, and whose whole train of horses, dogs, carriages, phaetons, and fooleries must come to the hammer immediately, is no

Sophia. Oh, la!

[great loss.

Dornton. I knew your father, sir: 'tis happy for him that he is dead; if you will forsake these courses and apply to trade.—(Gold starts from the table.)

Gold. Damn trade! Who's for the spring meeting? Cross 'em and wind 'em! Seven to five you don't name the winner! I'm for life and a curriole! A cut at the caster, and the long odds! Damn trade. The four aces, a back hand, and a lucky nick! I'm a deep one! That's your sort. [Exit.

Silky. And now, madam—

Widow. Keep off, monster! You smell of malice, cruelty, and persecution.

Silky. No, madam: I smell of honesty. A drug you nauseate, but with which you must forcibly be dosed! I have glanced over the will, and find I have the power.

Widow. Let me go, scoundrel! You are a hideous person, and I hate the sight of you! Your breast is flint! Unfeeling Dornton, and I abominate you. [Exit.

Sophia. Nay, you are a kind, good cross old soul; and I am sure you will forgive my poor ma'. We shall all to forget and forgive. Ought not we, Mr. Dornton?

Dornton. (In rapture, and looking to his father.) Do you hear, sir?

Dornton. Harry has told me of your innocent, pure, and unsuspecting heart. I love you for having called me an ugly monster.

Sophia. (To Harry.) La! Mr. Dornton, how could you—

Silky. Harry, give me your hand. You have a generous and a noble nature; but your generosity would have proved more pernicious than even your dissipation. No misfortune, no not the beggary and ruin of a father, could justify so unprincipled a marriage.

Dornton. And now (to Mr. Silky.) my friend!

Milford. My father!

Harry. My—

Silky. Who! if you wish to get another word from me to-night, have done. (Turning to Silky.) I hate fawning.

Sil. Ah, Mr. Silky! you will have your humour.

Silky. The undiscriminating generosity of this young man supported you in your day of distress; for which, serpent-like, you turned to sting your preserver.

Sil. Ah! you will have your humour.

Silky. Yes; and it is my humour to see that your villany shall be exposed in its true colours. Hypocrisy, falsehood, and fraud, are your familiars. To screen your avarice, you made it believed that this gentleman had been the cause of lodging the detainers, and had done the dirty work of which even you were ashamed. But the creditors shall receive their full demand.

Dornton. The proposal is just. Listen to that worthy man; and if you can, be honest with a good grace. Every thing will then be readily adjusted, and I hope to the satisfaction of all parties.

[Exeunt omnes.

THE INCONSTANT.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY GEORGE FARQUHAR



F. Mir.—"NO, MY FAIR ANGEL."—Act IV, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

OLD MIRABEL.
YOUNG MIRABEL.
CAPTAIN DURETETE.

DUGARD.
PETIT.
BRAVORE.

ORIANA.
BISABELLE.
LANOUCHE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter DUGARD, and his man, PETIT, in riding habits.

Dug. Sirrah, what's o'clock?

Petit. Turned of eleven, sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a swinging pace from Nemours, since two this morning. Petit, run to Rousseau's and bespeak a dinner, at a louis d'or a head, to be ready by one.

Petit. How many will there be of you, sir?

Dug. Let me see—Mirabel one, Dureteto two, myself three—

Petit. And I four.

Dug. How now, sir? at your old travelling familiarity! When abroad, you had some freedom, for want of better company; but among my friends, at Paris, pray remember your distance. Begone, sir. [Exit Petit.] This fellow's wit was necessary

abroad, but he's too cunning for a domestic; I must dispose of him some way else. Who's here? Old Mirabel, and my sister!—my dearest sister!

Enter OLD MIRABEL and ORIANA.

Oriana. My brother! Welcome!

Dug. Monsieur Mirabel, I'm heartily glad to see you.

Old Mir. Honest Mr. Dugard, by the blood of the Mirabels! I'm your most humble servant.

Dug. Why, sir, you've cast your skin, sure; you're brisk and gay; lusty health about you; no sign of age, but your silver hairs.

Old Mir. Silver hairs! Then they are quick-silver hairs, sir. Whilst I have golden pockets, let my hairs be silver, an' they will. Adsbud! sir, I can dance, and sing, and drink, and—no, I can't wench. But Mr. Dugard, no news of my son Bob in all your travels?

Dug. Your son's come home, sir.

Old Mir. Come home? Bob come home? By the blood of the Mirabels! Mr. Dugard, what say you?

Orsina. Mr. Mirabel returned, sir?

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may see him within this hour or two.

Old Mir. Swear it, Mr. Dugard, presently swear.

Dug. Sir, he came to town with me this morning. I left him at the baigneur's being a little disordered after riding, and I shall see him again presently.

Old Mir. What! and he was ashamed to ask a blessing with his boots on! A nice dog! Well, and how fares the young rogue, eh?

Dug. A fine gentleman, sir; he'll be his own messenger.

Old Mir. A fine gentleman! But is the rogue like me still?

Dug. Why, yes, sir; he's very like his mother, and as like you, as modern sons are to their fathers.

Old Mir. Why, sir, don't you think that I begat

Dug. Why, yes, sir; you married his mother, and he inherits your estate. He's very like you, upon my word.

Orsina. And pray, brother, what's become of his honest companion, Duretete?

Dug. Who, the Captain? The very same, he went abroad; he's the only Frenchman I ever knew, that could not change. Your son, Mr. Mirabel, is more obliged to nature for that fellow's composition, than for his own; for he's more happy in Duretete's folly than his own wit. In short, they are as inseparable as finger and thumb; but the first instance in the world, I believe, of opposition in friendship.

Old Mir. Very well: will he be home to dinner,

Dug. Sir, he has ordered me to bespeak a dinner, for us at Rousseau's, at a louis d'or a head.

Old Mir. A louis d'or a head! Well said, Bob. By the blood of the Mirabels! Bob's improved. But, Mr. Dugard, was it so civil of Bob, to visit Monsieur Rousseau before his own natural father, eh? Harkee, Orsina, what think you now of a fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole louis d'or at a sitting? He must be as strong as Hercules; life and spirit in abundance. Before gad, I don't wonder at these men of quality, that their own wives can't serve them! A louis d'or a head! 'tis enough to stock the whole nation with bastards; 'tis faith! Mr. Dugard, I leave you with your sister.

Dug. Well, sister, I need not ask you how you do, your looks resolve me; fair, tall, well-shaped; yet're almost grown out of my remembrance.

Orsina. Why, truly, brother, I look pretty well, thank nature, and my toilet; I eat three meals a day, am very merry when up, and sleep soundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, sister, you remember that upon my going abroad, you would choose this old gentleman for your guardian; he's no more related to our family than Prester-John, and I have no reason to think you mistrusted my management of your fortune; therefore, pray be so kind as to tell me, without reservation, the true cause of making such a choice.

Orsina. Lookye, brother, you were going a rambling, and 'twas proper, lest I should go a rambling too, that somebody should take care of me. Old Monsieur Mirabel is an honest gentleman, was our father's friend, and has a young lady in his house, whose company I like, and who has chosen him for her guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Mademoiselle Bizarre?

Orsina. The same: we lived merrily together,

without scandal or reproach; we make much of the old gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; all the week we dance and sing, and upon Sundays, we go first to church, and then to the play. Now, brother, besides these motives for choosing this gentleman as my guardian, perhaps I had some private reasons.

Dug. Not so private as you imagine, sister; your love to young Mirabel is no secret, I can assure you; but so public, that all your friends are ashamed on't.

Orsina. O' my word, then, my friends are very bashful; though I'm afraid, sir, that those people are not ashamed enough at their own crimes, who have so many blushes to spare for the faults of their neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but, sister, the people say—

Orsina. Pshaw! hang the people! they'll talk treason and profane their maker; must we, therefore, infer, that our king is a tyrant, and religion a cheat? Lookye, brother; their court of inquiry is a tavern, and their informer, claret; they think as they drink, and swallow reputations like loaches; a lady's health goes briskly round with the glass, but her honour is lost in the toast.

Dug. Ay, but, sister, there is still something—

Orsina. If there be something, brother, 'tis none of the people's something: marriage is my thing, and I'll stick to't.

Dug. Marriage! young Mirabel marry! he'll build churches sooner. Take heed, sister, though your honour stood proof to his home-bred assaults, you must keep a stricter guard for the future: he has now got the foreign air, and the Italian softness; his wit's improved by converse, his behaviour finished by observation, and his assurance confirmed by success. Sister, I can assure you he has made his conquests; and 'tis a plague upon your sex, to be the soonest deceived by those very men that you know have been false to others. But then, sister, he's as fickle—

Orsina. For God's sake, brother, tell me no more of his faults, for if you do, I shall run mad for him: say no more, sir; let me but get him into the bands of matrimony, I'll spoil his wandering, I warrant him; I'll do his business that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, sister, I won't pretend to understand the engagements between you and your lover; I expect when you have need of my counsel or assistance, you will let me know more of your affairs. Mirabel is a gentleman, and as far as my honour and interest can reach, you may command me to the furtherance of your happiness: in the meantime, sister, I have a great mind to make you a present of another humble servant; a fellow that I took up at Lyons, who has served me honestly ever since.

Orsina. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gained so insufferably on my good-humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the fellow's cunning, and may be serviceable to you in your affair with Mirabel. Here he comes.

Enter PETIT.

Well, sir, have you been at Rousseau's?

Petit. Yes, sir; and who should I find there but Mr. Mirabel and the Captain, hatching as warmly over a tub of ice, as two hen-pheasants over a brood. They would not let me bespeak anything, for they had dined before I came.

Dug. Come, sir, you shall serve my sister; I shall still continue kind to you; and if your lady recommends your diligence upon trial, I'll use my interest to advance you. Wait on your lady home, I bid.

[Exit]

Petit. A chair! a chair! a chair!

Orlans. No, no, I'll walk home; 'tis but next door.

SCENE II.—*A Tavern.*

YOUNG MIRABEL AND DURETETE discover & rising from table.

Y. Mir. Welcome to Paris once more, my dear Captain; we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I liked every thing but our women; they looked so lean and tawdry, poor creatures! 'Tis a sure sign the army is not paid. Give me the plump Venetian, brisk and sanguine, that smiles upon me like the glowing sun, and meets my lips like sparkling wine, her person shining as the glass, and spirit like the foaming liquor.

Dur. Ah, Mirabel, Italy, I grant you; but for our women here in France, they are such thin, brown, fallen jades, a man may as well make a bed-fellow of a cane-chair.

Y. Mir. France! A light, unseasoned country; nothing but feathers, foppery, and fashions. There's nothing on this side the Alps worth my humble service 't'ye. Ha! Roma la Santa! Italy for my money: Their customs, gardens, buildings, paintings, music, policies, wise and women! the paradise of the world! not pestered with a parcel of precise, old, gony fellows, that would debar their children every pleasure that they themselves are past the sense of: commend me to the Italian familiarity—"Here, son, there's fifty crowns; go pay your girl her week's allowance."

Dur. Ay, these are your fashions for you, that understand the necessities of young men; not like our musty dads, who, because they cannot fish themselves, would muddy the water and spoil the sport of them that can. But now you talk of the plump, what d'ye think of a Dutch woman?

Y. Mir. A Dutch woman's too compact, nay, every thing among them is so; a Dutch man is thick, a Dutch woman is squab, a Dutch horse is round, a Dutch dog is short, a Dutch ship is broad bottomed; and, in short, one would swear, that the whole product of the country were cast in the same mould with their cheses.

Dur. Ay, but Mirabel, you have forgot the English ladies.

Y. Mir. The women of England were excellent, did they not take such insufferable pains to ruin, what nature has made so incomparably well; they would be delicate creatures, indeed, could they but thoroughly arrive at the French mien, or entirely let it alone; for they only spoil a very good air of their own, by an awkward imitation of ours. But, come, Duretete, let us mind the business in hand; mistresses we must have, and must take up with the manufacture of the place; and upon a competent diligence, we shall find those in Paris shall match the Italians from top to toe.

Dur. Ay, Mirabel, you will do well enough, but what will become of your friend? you know, I am so plaguy bashful; so naturally an ass upon these occasions, that—

Y. Mir. Psha! you must be bolder, man! Travel three years, and bring home such a baby as bashfulness! A great lusty fellow, and a soldier! He upon it!

Dur. Lookye, sir, I can visit, and I can ogle a little, as thus, or thus, now. Then I can kiss abundantly; but if they chance to give me a forbidding look, as some women, you know, have a devilish cast with their eyes—or if they cry "What do you mean? what d'ye take me for? Fie, sir, re-

member who I am, sir: a person of quality to be used at this rate!" Egad, I've struck as dead as a frying-pan.

Y. Mir. Words of course! never mind them: turn you about upon your heel, with a flourish; turn out the end of an old song; curse, swear, and swear, and at her again.

Dur. *(Imitates him.)* No, hang it! I will never do. Oons! what did my father mean, by sticking me up in an university, or to think that I should gain anything by my head, in a nation whose genius lies all in their heels? Well, if ever I come to have children of my own, they shall have the education of the country; they shall learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to sing before they can speak.

Y. Mir. Come, come, throw off that childish humour; put on assurance, there's no avoiding it: stand all hazards; thrust a stout, lusty fellow, and hast a good estate; look bluff, hector, you have a good side-box face, a pretty impudent face; so, that's pretty well. This fellow went abroad like an ox, and is returned like an ass. *(Aside.)*

Dur. Let me see, now, how I look. *(Pulls out a pocket-glass, and looks on it.)* A side-box face, say you? Egad! I don't like it, Mirabel. Fie, sir, don't abuse your friends! I could not wear such a face for the best countess in Christendom.

Y. Mir. Why can't you, blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, should hast impudence to set a good face upon anything; I would change half my gold for half thy brass, with all my heart. Who comes here? Ods! Mirabel, your father.

Enter OLD MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Where's Bob? Dear Bob!

Y. Mir. Your blessing, sir!

Old Mir. My blessing? D—n ye, ye young rogue, why did not you come to see your father first, sirrah? My dear boy, I am heartily glad to see thee, my dear child, faith! Captain Duretete, by the blood of the Mirabels, I'm yours! Well, my lads, ye look bravely, faith! Bob, hast got any money left?

Y. Mir. Not a farthing, sir.

Old Mir. Why then, I won't give thee a sou.

Y. Mir. I did but jest, here's ten pistoles.

Old Mir. Why, then, here's ten more: I love to be charitable to those that don't want it. Well, and how do you like Italy, my boys?

Y. Mir. O, the garden of the world, sir! Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan, and a thousand others, all fine. *(Chari is very fine too.)*

Old Mir. Ay, say you so? And they say, that

Dur. Indifferent, sir, very indifferent; a very scurvy air, the most unwholesome to a French constitution in the world.

Y. Mir. Psha! nothing o'it: these scally gazetteers have misinformed you.

Old Mir. Misinformed me? Oons, sir! were we not beaten there?

Y. Mir. Beaten, sir? We beaten?

Old Mir. Why how was it, pray, sweet sir?

Y. Mir. Sir, the Captain will tell you.

Dur. No, sir, your son will tell you.

Y. Mir. The Captain was in the action, sir.

Dur. Your son saw more than I, sir, for he was a looker-on.

Old Mir. Confound you both, for a brace of cowards! here are no Germans to overbear you. Why don't ye tell me how it was?

Y. Mir. Why, then, you must know, that we marched up a body of the finest, bravest, well-dressed fellows in the universe; our commanders at the head of us, all lace and feathers, like so many

beaux at a ball; I don't believe there was a man of them but could dance a chafner, morbleu!

Old Mir. Dance! very well, pretty fellows, 'faith!
Y. Mir. We capered up to their very trenches, there saw, peeping over, a parcel of scare-crow, olive-coloured, gunpowder fellows, as ugly as the devil.

Dur. Egad! I shall never forget the looks of them, while I have breath to fetch.

Y. Mir. They were so civil, indeed, as to welcome us with their cannon; but, for the rest, we found them such unreasonably, rude, unsociable dogs, that we grew tired of their company, and so we e'en danced back again.

Old Mir. And did ye all come back?

Y. Mir. No, two or three thousand of us staid
Old Mir. Why, Boka, why? [behind.]

Y. Mir. Paha! because they could not come that night.

Dur. No, sir, because they could not come that
Y. Mir. But come, sir, we were talking of something else; pray, how does your lovely charge, the fair Oriana?

Old Mir. Ripe, sir, just ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than with the Germans, let me tell you. And what would you say, my young Mars, if I had a Venus for thee too? Come, Bob, your apartment is ready, and pray let your friend be my guest too; you shall command the house between ye, and I'll be as merry as the best of you. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Old Mirabel's house.*

ORIANA and BISARRE.

Bis. And you love this young rake, d'ye?

Oriana. Yes.

Bis. In spite of all his ill usage?

Oriana. I can't help it.

Bis. What's the matter w' ye?

Oriana. Pshaw!

Bis. Um! Before that any young, lying, swearing, flatterer, rakishly fellow, should play such tricks with me,—O, the devil take all your Cassandras, and Cleopatras for me. I warrant now, you'll play the fool when he comes, and say you love him; eh?

Oriana. Most certainly; I can't dissemble, Bisarre; besides, 'tis past that, we're contracted.

Bis. Contracted; alack-a-day, poor thing! What, you have changed rings, or broken an old broad piece between you! I would make a fool of any fellow in France. Well, I must confess, I do love a little coquetting with all my heart. My business should be to break gold with my lover one hour, and crack my promise the next; he should find me one day with a prayer-book in my hand, and with a play-book another. He should have my consent to buy the wedding-ring, and the next moment would I ask him his name.

Oriana. O, my dear, where there no greater tie upon my heart, than there is upon my conscience, I would soon throw the contract out of doors; but the mischief on't is, I am so fond of being tied, that I'm forced to be just, and the strength of my passion keeps down the inclination of my sex.

Bis. But here's the old gentleman.

Enter OLD MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Where's my wench? where's my two little girls? Eh, have a care—look to yourself, 'faith, they're a coming; the travellers are a coming. Well, which of you two will be my daughter-in-law now? Bizarre, Bisarre, what say you, madcap? Mirabel is a pure wild fellow.

Bis. I like him the worse.

Old Mir. You lie, hussy, you Mirabel the better, indeed you do. What say you, my totter little filbert, eh?

Oriana. I suppose the gentleman will choose for himself, sir. [shall.]

Old Mir. Why, that's discreetly said, and so he
Enter MIRABEL and DURETE; they salute the Ladies.

Bob, harkye, you shall marry one of these girls, sirrah!

Y. Mir. Sir, I'll marry them both, if you please.

Bis. [Aside.] He'll find that one may serve his turn.

Old Mir. Both? why, you young dog, d'ye banter me? Come, sir, take your choice. Durete, you shall have your choice, too, but Robin shall choose first. Come, sir, begin. Well, which d'ye like?

Y. Mir. Both.

Old Mir. But which will you marry?

Y. Mir. Neither.

Old Mir. Neither? Don't make me angry now, Bob; pray don't make me angry. Lookye, sirrah, if I don't dance at your wedding to-morrow, I shall be very glad to dance at your grave.

Y. Mir. That's a bull, father.

Old Mir. A bull! Why, how now, ungrateful sir, did I make thee a man, that thou shouldst make me a beast?

[expression.]

Y. Mir. Your pardon, sir; I only meant your
Old Mir. Harkye, Bob, learn better manners to your father before strangers. I won't be angry this time; but, cons! if ever you do't again, your rascal! Remember what I say. [Exit.]

Y. Mir. Paha! what does the old fellow mean by mewing me up with a couple of greengirls? Come, Durete, will you go?

Oriana. I hope, Mr. Mirabel, you ha'n't forgot—

Y. Mir. No, no, madam, I ha'n't forgot I have brought you a thousand little Italian curiosities: I'll assure you, madam, as far as a hundred pistoles would reach, I ha'n't forgot the least circumstance.

Oriana. Sir, you misunderstand me.

Y. Mir. Oso! the relics, madam, from Rome. I do remember, now you made a vow of chastity before my departure; a vow of chastity or something like it—was it not, madam?

Oriana. O, sir, I'm answered at present. [Exit.]

Y. Mir. She was coming full mouth upon me with her contract: would I might dispatch t'her!

Dur. Mirabel, that lady there, observe her; she's wondrous pretty, 'faith! and seems to have but few words; I like her mainly: speak to her, man, pr'y-thee, speak to her.

Y. Mir. Madam, here's a gentleman, who declares—

Dur. Madam, don't believe him; I declare nothing. What the devil do you mean, man?

Y. Mir. He says, madam, that you are as beautiful as an angel.

Dur. He tells a d—d lie, madam! I say no such thing. Are you mad, Mirable? Why, I shall drop down with shame.

Y. Mir. And so, madam, not doubting but your ladyship may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together. [Going, Durete holds him.]

Dur. Hold, hold. Why, Mirabel, friend, sure you won't be so barbarous as to leave me alone! Pr'ythee, speak to her for yourself, as it were, Lord, Lord, that a Frenchman should want impudence.

Y. Mir. You look mighty demure, madam. She's deaf, Captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Y. Mir. The gravity of your air, madam, promises some extraordinary fruits from your study, which moves us with curiosity to inquire the subject of your ladyship's contemplation. Not a word!

Dur. I hope in the Lord she's speechless: if she be, she's mine this moment. Mirabel, d'ye think a woman's silence can be natural?

Bis. But the forms which logicians introduce, and which proceed from simple enumeration, are dubious, and proceed only upon admittance.

Y. Mir. Hoyty toity! what a plague have we here? Plato in petticoats!

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, man; she talks in my own mother tongue.

Bis. 'Tis exposed to invalidity, from a contradictory instance; looks only upon common operations, and is infinite in its termination.

Y. Mir. Rare pedantry!

Dur. Axioms! axioms! self-evident principles!

Bis. Then the ideas wherewith the mind is pre-occupied,—O gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my cogitation; I was involved in a profound point of philosophy, but I shall discuss it somewhere else, being satisfied that the subject is not agreeable to you sparks, that profess the vanity of the times.

[Exit

Y. Mir. Go thy way, good wife Bias. Do you hear, Duratete? Dost hear this starched piece of austerity?

Dur. She's mine, man, she's mine: my own talent to a T. I'll match her in dialectics, 'faith; I was seven years at the university, man, nursed up with Barbaro, Celarunt, Daril, Ferio, Baraliopt. Did you ever know, man, that 'twas metaphysics made me an ass? It was 'faith? Had she talked a word of singing, dancing, plays, fashions, or the like, I had foundered at the first step; but as she is—Mirabel, wish me joy!

Y. Mir. You don't mean marriage, I hope.

Mir. No, no, I am a man of more honour.

Y. Mir. Bravely resolved, Captain! now for thy credit: warm me this frozen snowball; 'twill be a conquest above the Alps!

Dur. But will you promise to be always near me?

Y. Mir. Upon all occasions, never fear.

Dur. Why, then, you shall see me in two moments make an induction from my love to her hand, from her hand to her mouth, from her mouth to her heart, and so conclude in her bed, categorizmatic.

Y. Mir. Now the game begins, and my fool is entered. But here comes one to spoil my sport; now shall I be teased to death, with this old-fashioned contract! I should love her, too, if I might do it my own way, but she'll do nothing without witnesses, forsooth: I wonder women can be so immodest!

Enter ORIANA.

Well, madam, why d'ye follow me?

Oriana. Well, sir, why do you shun me?

Y. Mir. 'Tis my humour, madam; and I'm naturally swayed by inclination.

Oriana. Have you forgot our contract, sir?

Y. Mir. All I remember of that contract is, that it was made some three years ago; and that's enough, in conscience, to forget the rest on't.

Oriana. 'Tis sufficient, sir, to recollect the passing of it; for, in that circumstance, I presume, lies the force of the obligation.

Y. Mir. Obligations, madam, that are forced upon the will, are no tie upon the conscience; I was a slave to my passion, when I passed the instrument, but the recovery of my freedom makes the contract void.

Oriana. Come, Mr. Mirabel, these expressions I expected from the rallery of your humour, but I hope for very different sentiments from your honour and generosity.

Y. Mir. Look ye, madam, as for my generosity, 'tis at your service, with all my heart: I'll keep you a coach and six horses, if you please, only permit me to keep my honour to myself. Consider, madam, you have no such thing among ye, and 'tis a main point of policy to keep me faithful with reproaches: thou art a pretty little reprobate, and so get thee about thy business.

Oriana. Well, sir, even all this I will allow to the galeaty of your temper; your travels have improved your talent of talking, but they are not of force, I hope, to impair your morals.

Y. Mir. Morals! why there 'tis again now! I tell thee, child, there is not the least occasion for morals, in any business between you and I. Don't you know that, of all commerce in the world, there is no such cozenage and deceit, as in the traffic between man and woman? We study all our lives long, how to put tricks upon one another. No fowler lays abroad more nets for his game, nor a hunter for his prey, than you do, to catch poor innocent men. Why do you sit three or four hours at your toilet in a morning? only with a villainous design to make some poor fellow a fool before night. What d'ye sigh for? What d'ye weep for? What d'ye pray for? why, for a husband: that is, you implore Providence to assist you, in the just and pious design, of making the wisest of his creatures a fool, and the head of the creation a slave.

Oriana. Sir, I am proud of my power, and am resolved to use it.

Y. Mir. Hold, hold, madam, not so fast: as you have variety of vanities to make coxcombs of us, so we have vows, oaths, and protestations, of all sorts and sizes, to make fools of you; and this, in short, my dear creature, is our present condition. I have sworn and lied briskly, to gain my ends of you; your ladyship has patched and painted violently, to gain your ends of me; but, since we are both disappointed, let us make a drawn battle, and part clear on both sides.

Oriana. With all my heart, sir; give me up my contract, and I'll never see your face again.

Y. Mir. Indeed, I won't child.

Oriana. What, sir! neither do one nor t'other.

Y. Mir. No, you shall die a maid; unless you please to be otherwise, upon my terms.

Oriana. What do you intend by this, sir?

Y. Mir. Why, to starve you into compliance: lookye, you shall never marry any man; and you had as good let me do you a kindness as a stranger.

Oriana. Sir, you're a—

Y. Mir. What am I, ma'am?

Oriana. A villain, sir.

Y. Mir. I'm glad on't; I never knew an honest fellow in my life, but was a villain upon these occasions. Ha'n't you drawn yourself, now, into a very pretty dilemma? ha, ha, ha! the poor lady has made a vow of virginity, when she thought of making a vow to the contrary. Was ever poor woman so cheated into chastity?

Oriana. Sir, my fortune is equal to yours, my friends as powerful: and both shall be put to the test, to do me justice.

Y. Mir. What! you'll force me to marry you will ye?

Oriana. The law shall.

Y. Mir. But the law can't force me to do any thing else, can it?

Oriana. Psha! I despise thee, monster!

Y. Mir. Kiss, and be friends, then: don't cry, child, and you shall have your sugar-plum. Come, madam, d'ye think I could be so unreasonable as to make you fast all your life long? No, I did but jest, you shall have your liberty; here, take your contract, and give me mine.

Ortana. No, I won't.

Y. Mir. Eh! what, is the girl a fool?

Ortana. No, sir, you shall find me cunning enough to do myself justice; and, since I must not depend upon your love, I'll be revenged, and force you to marry me, out of spite.

Y. Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of spite, and make a most confounded husband.

Ortana. O, sir, I shall match ye! A good husband makes a good wife at any time.

Y. Mir. I'll rattle down your china about your ears.

Ortana. And I'll rattle about the city, to run you in debt for more.

Y. Mir. I'll tear the farbelow off your clothes, and, when you swoon for vexation, you shan't have a penny to buy a bottle of hartshorn.

Ortana. And you, sir, shall have hartshorn in abundance.

Y. Mir. I'll keep as many mistresses as I have coach horses.

Ortana. And I'll keep as many gallants as you have grooms.

Y. Mir. But, sweet madam, there is such a thing as a divorce.

Ortana. But, sweet sir, there is such a thing as alimony: so divorce on, and spare not. [Exit.

Y. Mir. Ay, that separate maintenance is the devil! there's their refuge! O, my conscience, one would take cuckoldom for a meritorious action, because the women are so handsomely rewarded for it. [Exit.

Enter DURETETE and PETIT.

Dur. And she's mighty peevish, you say?

Petit. O sir, she has a tongue as long as my leg, and talks so crabbedly, you would think she always spoke Welsh.

Dur. That's an odd language, methinks, for her philosophy.

Petit. But sometimes she will sit you half a day without speaking a word, and talk oracles all the while by the wrinkles of her forehead, and the motions of her eyebrows.

Dur. Nay, I shall match her in philosophical ogles, faith; that's my talent: I can talk best, you must know, when I say nothing.

Petit. But d'ye ever laugh, sir?

Dur. Laugh? Won't she endure laughing?

Petit. Why, she's a critic, sir; she hates a jest, for fear it should please her; and nothing keeps her in humour, but what gives her the spleen. And then, for logic, and all that, you know—

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepared; I have been practising hard words, and no sense, this hour, to entertain her.

Petit. Then place yourself behind this screen that you may have a view of her behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, lest I should forget my lesson.

Petit. Here she comes, sir; I must fly.

[Exit *Petit*, and *Duretete* stands peeping behind the curtain.

Enter BISARRE and Maid.

Bis. (With a book.) Paha! hang books! they sour our temper, spoil our eyes, and ruin our complexions. (Throws away the book.)

Dur. Eh? the devil such a word is there in all Aristotle!

Bis. Come, wench, let's be free; call in the fiddles, there's nobody near us.

Dur. 'Would to the Lord there was not!

Bis. Here, friend, a minuet. (Music.) Quicker time! ha! 'would we had a man or two!

Dur. (Stealing away.) You shall have the devil sooner, my dear, dancing philosopher!

Bis. Ud'a my life! Here's one! (Runs to *Duretete*, and hales him back.)

Dur. Is all my learned preparation come to this?

Bis. Come, sir, don't be so ashamed, that's my good boy; you're very welcome, we wanted such a one: Come, strike up. (Dance.) I know you dance well, sir; you're finely shaped for't. Come, come, sir; quick! quick! you miss the time else.

Dur. But, madam, I come to talk with you.

Bis. Ay, ay; talk as you dance, talk as you dance. Come!—

Dur. But we were talking of dialectics.

Bis. Hang dialectics! (Music.) Mind the time! quicker, sirrah! Come!—and how d'ye find yourself now, sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing sweat, doctor.

Bis. All the better, patient, all the better. Come, sir, sing now, sing; I know you sing well: I see you have a singing face; a heavy, dull, sonata face.

Dur. Who, I sing?

Bis. O, you're modest, sir; but come, sit down closer—closer. Here, a bottle of wine! [Exit *Maid*, and returns with wine.] Come, sir, sing, sir.

Dur. But, madam, I came to talk with you.

Bis. O sir, you shall drink first. Come, fill me a bumper; here, sir, bless the king!

Dur. 'Would I were out of his dominions! By this light, she'll make me drunk, too!

Bis. O, pardon me, sir, you shall do me right; fill it higher. Now, sir, can you drink a health under your leg?

Dur. Rare philosophy that, 'faith!

Bis. Come, off with it to the bottom? Now, how d'ye like me, sir?

Dur. O, mighty well, madam!

Bis. You see how a woman's fancy varies! sometimes, splenetic and heavy, then, gay and frolicsome. And how d'ye like the humour?

Dur. Good madam, let me sit down to answer you, for I am heartily tired.

Bis. Fie upon it! a young man, and tired! up, for shame, and walk about. Action becomes us;—a little faster, sir. What d'ye think now of my Lady La Pale, and Lady Coquet, the duke's fair daughter? Ha! Are they not brisk lasses? Then there is black Mrs. Bellair, and brown Mrs. Bell-face!

Dur. They are all strangers to me, madam.

Bis. But, let me tell you, sir, that brown is not always despicable. O lord, sir, if young Mrs. Bagatelle had kept herself single till this time o'day, what a beauty there had been! And then, you know, the charming Mrs. Monkeylove, the fair gem of St. Germain's.

Dur. Upon my soul, I don't!

Bis. And then, you must have heard of the English bean, Spieenamore, how unlike a gentleman.

Dur. Hey! not a syllable on't, as I hope to be saved, madam!

Bis. No! Why, then, play me a jig. (Music.) Come, sir.

Dur. By this light, I cannot! 'faith, madam, I have sprained my leg!

Bis. Then sit you down, sir; and now tell me, what's your business with me? What's your

errand? Quick, quick, despatch! Odsso, may be, you're some gentleman's servant, that has brought me a letter, or a haunch of venison?

Dur. 'Sdeath, madam! do I look like a carrier?

Bis. O, cry you mercy! I saw you just now, I mistook you, upon my word! you are one of the travelling gentlemen: and pray, sir, how do all our impudent friends in Italy?

Dur. Madam, I came to wait on you with a more serious intention than your entertainment has answered.

Bis. Sir, your intention of waiting on me was the greatest affront imaginable, however your expressions may turn it to a compliment: your visit, sir, was intended as a prelude to a very scurvy play, of which, Mr. Mirabel and you so handsomely laid the plot. "Marry! No, no, I am a man of more honour." Where's your honour? Where's your courage, now? Ads my life, sir, I have a great mind to kick you! Go, go to your fellow-rake now, rail at my sex, and get drunk for vexation, and write a lampoon. But I must have you to know, sir, that my reputation is above the scandal of a libel, my virtue is sufficiently approved to those whose opinion is my interest; and, for the rest, let them talk what they will; for, when I please, I'll be what I please, in spite of you and all mankind; and so, my dear man of honour, if you be tired, can over this lesson, and sit there till I come to you. *(Runs off.)*

Dur. Tum ti tum. *(Sings.)* Ha, ha, ha! "Ads my life, I have a great mind to kick you!" Oons and confusion! *(Starts up.)* Was ever man so abused! Ay, Mirabel set me on.

Enter PETIT.

Petit. Well, sir, how d'ye find yourself?

Dur. You son of a nine-eyed whore! d'ye come to abuse me? I'll kick you with a vengeance, you dog! *(Petit runs off, and Durette after him.)*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Old Mirabel's House.*

Enter OLD and YOUNG MIRABEL, meeting.

Old Mir. Bob, come hither, Bob.

Y. Mir. Your pleasure, sir?

Old Mir. Are not you a great rogue, sirrah?

Y. Mir. That's a little out of my comprehension, sir; for I've heard say, that I resemble my father.

Old Mir. Your father is your very humble slave. I tell thee what, child, thou art a very pretty fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Y. Mir. Villain, sir! Then I must be a very impudent one; for I can't recollect any passage of my life that I'm ashamed of.

Old Mir. Come hither, my dear friend; dost see this picture? *(Shows him a little picture.)*

Y. Mir. Oriana's? Pshaw!

Old Mir. What, sir, won't you look upon't? Bob, dear Bob, prythee come hither, now. Dost want any money, child?

Y. Mir. No, sir.

Old Mir. Why then, here's some for thee: come here now. How canst thou be so hard-hearted an unnatural, unmannerly rascal, (don't mistake me, child, I am't angry) as to abuse this tender, lovely, good-natured, dear rogue? Why, she sighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and snubs for thee; the poor little heart of it is like to burst. Come, my dear boy, be good-natured, like your own father; be now; and then, see here, read this:—the effigies of the lovely Oriana, with thirty thousand pounds to her portion—thirty thousand pounds, you dog!—thirty thousand pounds, you rogue! how

dare you refuse a lady with thirty thousand pounds, you impudent rascal?

Y. Mir. Will you hear me speak, sir?

Old Mir. Hear you speak, sir! If you had thirty thousand tongues, you could not out-talk thirty thousand pounds, sir.

Y. Mir. Nay, sir, if you won't hear me, I'll be gone, sir: I'll take post for Italy, this moment.

Old Mir. Ah, the fellow knows I won't part with him! Well, sir, what have you to say?

Y. Mir. The universal reception, sir, that marriage has had in the world, is enough to fix it for a public good, and to draw every body into the common cause; but there are some constitutions, like some instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable music by themselves, but never do well in a concert.

Old Mir. Why, this is reason, I must confess; but yet it is nonsense, too, for, though you should reason like an angel, if you argue yourself out of a good estate, you talk like a fool.

Y. Mir. But, sir, if you bribe me into bondage with the riches of Ormus, you leave me but a beggar, for want of my liberty.

Old Mir. Was ever such a perverse fool-head? 'Sdeath, sir! why did I give you education? was it to dispute me out of my senses? Of what colour, now, is the head of this cane? You'll say, 'tis white, and, ten to one, make me believe it too. I thought that young fellows studied to get money.

Y. Mir. No, sir, I have studied to despise it; my reading was not to make me rich, but happy, sir.

Old Mir. There he has me again, now! But, sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Y. Mir. To oblige me, sir! in what respect, pray?

Old Mir. Why, to bring you into the world, sir; wasn't that an obligation?

Y. Mir. And, because I would have it still an obligation, I avoid marriage.

Old Mir. How is that, sir?

Y. Mir. Because I would not curse the hour I was born.

Old Mir. Lookye, friend, you may persuade me out of my design, but I'll command you out of yours; and though you may convince my reason that you are in the right, yet there is an old attendant of sixty-three, called positiveness, which you, nor all the wits of Italy, shall ever be able to shake: so, sir, you're a wit, and I'm a father: you may talk, but I'll be obeyed.

Y. Mir. This it is to have the aid of a finer gentleman than the father; they first give us breathing, that they don't understand; then they turn us out of doors, because we are wiser than themselves. But I'm a little beforehand with the old gentleman. *(Aside.)* Sir, you have been pleased to settle a thousand pounds sterling a year upon me; in return for which, I have a very great honour for you and your family, and shall take care that your only and beloved son shall do nothing to make him hate his father, or to hang himself. So, dear sir, I'm your very humble servant. *(Runs off.)*

Old Mir. Here, sirrah! rogue! Bob! villain!

Enter DUGARD.

Dug. Ah, sir! 'tis but what he deserves.

Old Mir. 'Tis false, sir! He don't deserve it: what have you to say against my boy, sir?

Dug. I shall only repeat your own words.

Old Mir. What have you to do with my words? I have swallowed my words already; I have eaten them up. I say, that Bob's an honest fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter BISAREE.

Bis. That dare I, sir; I say, that your son is a wild, foppish, whimsical, impertinent coxcomb; and were I abused, as this gentleman's sister is, I would make it an Italian quarrel, and poison the whole family.

Dug. Come, sir, 'tis no time for trifling: my sister is abused; you are made sensible of the affront, and your honour is concerned to see her redressed.

Old Mir. Lookye, Mr. Dugard, good words go farthest. I will do your sister justice, but it must be after my own rate; nobody must abuse my son but myself; for, although Robin be a sad dog, yet he's nobody's puppy but my own.

Bis. Ay, that's my sweet-natured, kind, old gentleman. (*Wheeling him.*) We will be good, then, if you'll join with us in the plot.

Old Mir. Ah, you coaxing young haggage, what plot can you have to wheedle a fellow of sixty-three?

Bis. A plot that sixty-three is only good for; to bring other people together, sir. You must act the Spaniard, because your son will least suspect you; and, if he should, your authority protects you from a quarrel, to which Oriana is unwilling to expose her brother.

Old Mir. And what part will you act in the business, madam?

Bis. Myself, sir; my friend is grown a perfect changeling: these foolish hearts of ours spoil our heads presently; the fellows no sooner turn knaves but we turn fools; but I am still myself, and he may expect the most severe usage from me, because I neither love him nor hate him. (*Exit.*)

Old Mir. Well said, Mrs. Paradox! but, sir, who must open the matter to him?

Dug. Petit, sir; who is our engineer general; and here he comes.

Enter PETIT.

Petit. O, sir, more discoveries! are all friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, speak freely.

Petit. You must know, sir, — odd's my life, I'm out of breath! you must know, sir, — you must know —

Old Mir. What the devil must we know, sir?

Petit. That I have (*sings and blows*) bribed, sir, bribed — your son's secretary of state.

Old Mir. Secretary of state! who's that, for heaven's sake?

Petit. His valet de chambre, sir? You must know, sir, that the intrigue lay folded up in the master's clothes; and when he went to dust the embroidered suit, the secret flew out of the right pocket of his coat, in a whole swarm of your crambo songs, short-footed odes, and long-legged pindarica.

Old Mir. Impossible!

Petit. Ah, sir, he has loved her all along; there was Oriana in every line, but he hates marriage. Now, sir, this plot will stir up his jealousy, and we shall know by the strength of that, how to proceed farther. Come, sir, let's about it with speed.

*The expedition gives our king the way:
For expedition to the French give way;
Swift to attack, or swift — to run away.*

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL and BISAREE, passing on, &c., &c., carelessly by one another.

Bis. (Aside.) I wonder what she can see in this fellow to like him?

Y. Mir. (Aside.) I wonder what my friend can see in this girl, to admire her?

Bis. (Aside.) A wild, foppish, extravagant, rake-hell!

Y. Mir. (Aside.) A light, whimsical, impudent! (*madcap!*)

Bis. Whom do you mean, sir?

Y. Mir. Whom do you mean, madam?

Bis. A fellow that has nothing left to re-establish him for a human creature, but a prudent resolution to hang himself!

Y. Mir. There is a way, madam, to force me to that resolution.

Bis. I'll do it with all my heart.

Y. Mir. Then you must marry me.

Bis. Lookye, sir, don't think your ill-manners to me shall excuse your ill usage of my friend; nor, by fixing a quarrel here, to divert my zeal for the absent; for I'm resolved, nay, I come prepared, to make you a panegyric, that shall mortify your pride, like any modern dedication.

Y. Mir. And I, madam, like a true modern patron, shall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

Bis. Come, sir, to let you see what little foundation you have for your dear sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Y. Mir. And what piece will you choose?

Bis. Your heart, to be sure; because I should get presently rid on't; your courage I would give to a Hector, your wit to a lewd playmaker, your honour to an attorney, your body to the physicians, and your soul to its master.

Y. Mir. I had the oddest dream last night of the Duchess of Burgundy; methought the furbelows of her gown were pinned up so high behind, that I could see her head from her tail.

Bis. The creature don't mind me! do you think, sir, that your humorous impertinence can divert me? No, sir, I'm above any pleasure that you can give, but that of seeing you miserable. And mark me, sir; my friend, my injured friend, shall yet be doubly happy, and you shall be a husband, as much as the rights of marriage, and the breach of them, can make you. (*Here Mirabel pulls out a Virgil, and reads to himself, while she speaks.*)

Y. Mir. (Reading.) At Regina dolos, (quis fallere possit amantem?)

Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide tantum —
Very true.

Posses nefas

By your favour, friend Virgil, 'twas but a rascally trick of your hero, to forsake poor pug so inhumanly.

Bis. I don't know what to say to him. The devil — what's Virgil to us, sir?

Y. Mir. Very much, madam; the most apropos in the world; for what should I chop upon, but the very place where the perjured rogue of a lover, and the forsaken lady, are battling it tooth and nail. Come, madam, spend your spirits no longer; we'll take an easier method; I'll be *Enéas* now, and you shall be *Dido*, and we'll rail by book. Now for you, Madam *Dido*:

Nec te nosset amor, nec te data dextera quondam,

Nec meritura tenet crudeli funere Dido —

Ah, poor *Dido*! (*Looking at her.*)

Bis. Rudeness! affronts! impatience! I could almost start out, even to manhood, and want but a weapon, as long as his to fight him upon the spot. What shall I say?

Y. Mir. Now she rants.

Quae quibus ante feram? jam jam nec maxima Juno.

Bis. A man! No, the woman's birth was spirited away.

Y. Mir. Right, right, madam, the very words.

Bis. And some pernicious elf left in the cradle

with human shape, to palpitate growing mischief.
(Both speak together, and raise their voices by degrees.)

*Y. Mir. Perfide, sed duris gemitu te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanisque admorant ubera tigres.*

Bis. Go, sir, fly to your midnight revels—

Y. Mir. Excellent!

I sequeo Italian ventis, pete regna per undas,

Speo equidem mediis, is quid pia numina possunt.

(Together a, ain.)

*Bis. Converse with imps of darkness of your
make: your nature starts at justice, and shivers at
the touch of virtue. Now, the devil take his impu-
dence! He vexes me so, I don't know whether to
cry or laugh at him.*

*Y. Mir. Bravely performed, my dear Libyan! I'll
write the tragedy of Dido, and you shall not the
part; but you do nothing at all, unless you fret
yourself into a fit; for here the poor lady is stifled
with vapours, drops into the arms of her maids,
and the cruel, barbarous, deceitful, wanderer, is in
the very next line, called pious Æneas.—There's
authority for ye.*

Sorry indeed Æneas stood,

To see her in a post;

But Jove himself, who ne'er thought good

To stay a second bout,

Commands him off, with all his crew,

And leaves poor Dido, as I leave you. [Runs off.]

*Bis. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful,
agreeable fellow! O' my conscience, I must ex-
cuse Oriana.*

*That lover soon his angry fair disarms,
Whose slighting pleases, and whose faults are charms.*

[Exit.]

*Enter PETIT; runs about to every door, and knocks.
Petit. Mr. Mirabel! Sir! where are you? no
where to be found?*

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL.

Y. Mir. What's the matter, Petit?

*Petit. Most critically met! Ah, sir, that one who
has followed the game so long, and brought the
poor hare just under his paws, should let a mon-
greul cur chop in, and run away with the puss.*

*Y. Mir. If your worship can get out of your al-
legories, be pleased to tell me, in three words, what
you mean.*

*Petit. Plain, plain, sir! Your mistress and mine
is going to be married!*

Y. Mir. I believe you lie, sir.

Petit. Your humble servant, sir. (Going.)

Y. Mir. Come hither, Petit. Married, say you?

*Petit. No, sir, 'tis no matter; I only thought to do
you a service; but I shall take care how I confer
my favours for the future.*

*Y. Mir. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons. (Bowing
low.)*

*Petit. 'Tis enough, sir. I come to tell you, sir,
that Oriana is this moment to be sacrificed; married
past redemption!*

*Y. Mir. I understand her; she'll take a husband
out of spite to me, and then, out of love to me, she
will make him a cuckold. But who is the happy*

Petit. A lord, sir. [Man?]

*Y. Mir. I'm her ladyship's most humble servant.
Now must I be a constant attendant at my lord's
levee, to work my way to my lady's couchee—A
countess, I presume, sir.*

*Petit. A Spanish count, sir, that Mr. Dugard
knew abroad, is come to Paris, saw your mistress
yesterday, marries her to-day, and whips her into
Spain to-morrow.*

*Y. Mir. Ay, is it so? and must I follow my clock-
old over the Pyrenees? Had she married within
the precincts of a billet-doux, I would be the man
to lead her to church; but as it happens, I'll forbid
the banns. Where is this mighty Don?*

*Petit. Have a care, sir; he's a rough cross-grained
piece, and there's no tampering with him. Would
you apply to Mr. Dugard, or the lady herself, some-
thing might be done, for it is in despite to you, that
the business is carried so hastily. Odsso, sir, here
he comes! I must be gone. [Exit.]*

*Enter OLD MIRABEL, dressed in a Spanish habit,
leading ORIANA.*

*Oriana. Good my lord, a nobler choice had bet-
ter suited your lordship's merit. My person, rank,
and circumstance, expose me as the public theme
of raffery, and subject me so to injurious usage,
my lord, that I can lay no claim to any part of
your regard, except your pity.*

*Old Mir. Breathes he vital air, that dares presume,
With rude behaviour, to profane such excellence?
Shew me the man—
And you shall see how my sudden revenge
Shall fall upon the head of such presumption.
Is this thing one? (Strutting up to Y. Mir.)*

Y. Mir. Sir!

Oriana. Good my lord,—

Old Mir. If he, or any he,—

*Oriana. Pray, my lord, the gentleman's a stranger
Old Mir. O, your pardon, sir, but if you had—
remember, sir, the lady now is mine, her injuries
are mine; therefore, sir, you understand me.—
Come, madam.*

[Leads Oriana to the door; she goes off;
Young Mirabel runs to his father, and
pulls him by the sleeve.]

Y. Mir. Ecoutez, Monsieur le Count.

Old Mir. Your business, sir?

Y. Mir. Boh!

Old Mir. Boh! what language is that, sir?

Y. Mir. Spanish, my lord.

Old Mir. What d'ye mean?

Y. Mir. This, sir. (Trips up his heels.)

*Old Mir. A very concise quarrel, truly—I'll
bully him.—Trinidad Seigneur, give me fair play.
(Offering to rise.)*

*Y. Mir. By all means, sir. (Takes away his sword.)
Now, seigneur, where's that bombast look, and
fustian face, your countship wore just now?
(Strikes him.)*

*Old Mir. The rogue quarrels well, very well; my
own son right! But hold, sirrah, no more jesting;
I'm your father, sir! your father!*

*Y. Mir. My father! Then, by this light, I could
find in my heart to pay thee. (Aside.) Is the fel-
low mad? Why, sure, sir, I ha'n't frightened you
out of your senses?*

Old Mir. But you have, sir!

*Y. Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again.
(Offers to strike him.)*

*Old Mir. Why, rogue!—Boh, dear Boh! don't
you know me, child?*

*Y. Mir. Ha, ha, ha! the fellow's downright dis-
tracted! Thou miracle of impudence! wouldst
thou make me believe, that such a grave gentle-
man as my father would go a masquerading thus?
That a person of threescore and three would run
about, in a fool's coat, to disgrace himself and
family? why, you impudent villain, do you think
I will suffer such an affront to pass upon my ho-
noured father, my worthy father, my dear father?
[Death, sir! mention my father but once again,*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Old Mirabel's House.**Enter OLD MIRABEL and DUGARD.**Dug.* The lady abess is my relation, and privy to the plot.*Old Mir.* Ay, ay, this nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.*Enter DURETETE.**Dur.* Here, where are ye all? O, Mr. Mirabel! you have done fine things for your posterity. And you, Mr. Dugard, may come to answer this; I come to demand my friend at your hands; restore him, sir, or—*(To Old Mirabel.)**Old Mir.* Restore him! what, d'ye think I have got him in my trunk, or my pocket?*Dur.* Sir, he's mad, and you are the cause on't.*Old Mir.* That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begot him.*Dug.* Mad, sir! What d'ye mean?*Dur.* What do you mean, sir, by shutting up your sister, yonder, to talk like a parrot through a cage, or a decoy-duck, to draw others into the snare? Your son, sir, because she has deserted him, he has forsaken the world; and in three words, has—*Old Mir.* Hanged himself!*Dur.* The very same—turned friar!*Old Mir.* You lie, sir! 'Tis ten times worse. Bob turned friar!—Why should the fellow shave his foolish crown, when the same razor may cut his throat?*Dur.* If you have any command, or any interest over him, lose not a minute: he has thrown himself into the next monastery, and ordered me to pay off his servants, and discharge his equipage.*Old Mir.* Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll sacrifice the abbot if he receives him; I'll try whether the spiritual or the natural father has the most right to the child. But, dear Captain, what has he done with his estate?*Dur.* Settled it upon the church, sir.*Old Mir.* The church! Nay, then the devil won't get him out of their clutches—Ten thousand livres a year upon the church! 'Tis downright sacrilege. Come, gentlemen, all hands to work; for half that sum, one of these monasteries shall protect you a traitor from the law, a rebellious wife from her husband, and a disobedient son from his own father.*[Exit.]**Dug.* But will ye persuade me that he's gone to a monastery.*Dur.* Is your sister gone to the Filles Repenties? I tell you, sir, she's not fit for the society of repent—*Dug.* Why so, sir? *[Sings.]**Dur.* Because she's neither one nor t'other; she's too old to be a maid, and too young to repent.*[Exit; Dugard after him.]*SCENE II.—*The Inside of a monastery.**Enter ORIANA, in a new habit, and BISARRE.**Oriana.* I hope, Bisarre, there is no harm in jesting with this religious habit.*Bis.* To me, the greatest jest in the habit, is taking it in earnest.*Oriana.* But I'm reconciled, methinks, to the mortification of a nunnery; because I fancy the habit becomes me.*Bis.* A well-contrived mortification, truly, that makes a woman look ten times handsomer than she did before. Ay, my dear, were there any religion in becoming dress, our sex's devotion were rightly placed; for our toilets would do the work of the altar; we should all be canonized.*Oriana.* But don't you think there is a great dealand I'll send your soul to thy grandfather this minute! *(Offering to stab him.)**Old Mir.* Well, well, I am not your father.*Y. Mir.* Why, then, sir, you are the sanny, hectoring Spaniard, and I'll use you accordingly.*Enter DUGARD, ORIANA, Maid, and PETIT.**Dugard runs to Young Mirabel, the rest to Old Mirabel.**Dug.* Fle, fie, Mirabel! murder your father!*Y. Mir.* My father? What is the whole family mad? Give me way, sir; I won't be held.*Old Mir.* No, nor I neither; let me begone, pray.*(Offering to go.)**Y. Mir.* My father!*Old Mir.* Ay, you dog's face! I am your father, for I have borne as much for thee, as your mother ever did.*Y. Mir.* O ho! then this was a trick, it seems, a design, a contrivance, a stratagem! Oh, how my bones ache!*Old Mir.* Your bones, sirrah! why yours?*Y. Mir.* Why, sir, ha'n't I been beating my own flesh and blood all this while? O, madam. *(To Oriana.)* I wish your ladyship joy of your new dignity. Here was a contrivance, indeed!*Oriana.* Pray, sir, don't insult the misfortunes of your own creating.*Dug.* My prudence will be counted cowardice, if I stand tamely now. *(Comes up between Young Mirabel and his sister.)* Well, sir.*Y. Mir.* Well, sir! Do you take me for one of your tenants, sir, that you put on your landlord's face at me? *[Thus? (Draws.)]**Dug.* On what presumption, sir, dare you assume *Old Mir.* What's that to you, sir? *(Draws.)**Petit.* Help! help! the lady faints! *(Oriana falls into her maid's arms.)**Y. Mir.* Vapours! vapours! she'll come to herself. If it be angry fit, a dram of assafoetida; if jealousy, hartshorn in water; if the mother, burnt feathers; if grief, ratafia; if it be strait stays, or corns, there's nothing like a dram of plain brandy.*[Exit.]**Oriana.* Hold off, give me air.—O, my brother, would you preserve my life, endanger not your own; would you defend my reputation, leave it to itself; 'tis a dear vindication that's purchased by the sword; for, though our champion proves victorious, yet our honour is wounded.*Old Mir.* Ay, and your liver may be wounded, that's another thing. But I think you are pretty brisk again, my child.*Oriana.* Ay, sir, my indisposition was only a pretence to divert the quarrel; the capricious taste of your sex, excuses this artifice in ours. *[Exit.]**Petit.* Come, Mr. Dugard, take courage; there is a way still left to fetch him again.*Old Mir.* Sir, I'll have no plot that has any relation to Spain.*Dug.* I scorn all artifice whatsoever; my sword shall do her justice.*Petit.* Pretty justice, truly! Suppose you run him through the body, you run her through the heart at the same time.*Old Mir.* And me through the head—rot your sword, sir, we'll have plots. Come, Petit, let's*mar.**Petit.* What if she pretended to go into a nunnery, and so bring him about to declare himself?*Dug.* That, I must confess, has a face.*Old Mir.* A face! a face like an angel, sir! Ad's my life, sir, 'tis the most beautiful plot in Christendom. We'll about it immediately, *[Exeunt.]*

of merit in dedicating a beautiful face and person to the service of religion.

Bis. Not half so much as devoting them to a pretty fellow. Come, come, mind your business. Mirabel loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to it; give fresh orders that he shan't see you. We get more by hiding our faces, sometimes, than by exposing them: a very unask, you see, whets desire; but a pair of keen eyes, through an iron grate, fire double upon them, with view and disguise. But I'm not begone upon my affairs; I have brought my captain about again.

Oriana. But why will you trouble yourself with that coxcomb?

Bis. Because he is a coxcomb. Had I not better have a lover like him, that I can make an ass of, than a lover like yours, to make a fool of me? *(Knocking below.)* A message from Mirabel, I'll lay my life! *(She runs to the door.)* Come hither! run, thou charming nun! come hither.

Oriana. What's the news? *(Runs to her.)*

Bis. Don't you see who's below?

Oriana. I see nobody but a friar.

Bis. Ah, thou poor blind Cupid! A friar! Don't you see a villainous genteel mien, under that cloak of hypocrisy?

Oriana. As I live, Mirabel turned friar! I hope, in heaven he's not in earnest.

Bis. In earnest? Ha, ha, ha! Are you in earnest? Remember what I say, if you would yield to advantage, and hold out the attack—to draw him on, keep him off, to be sure.

The cunning gamblers never gain too fast;

But lose at first, to win the more at last. [Exit.

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL, in a friar's habit.

Y. Mir. Save you, sister! Your brother, young lady, having a regard for your soul's health, has sent me to prepare you for the sacred habit, by confession.

Oriana. My brother's care I own; and to you, sacred sir, I confess, that the great crying sin, which I have long indulged, and now prepare to expiate, was love: my morning thoughts, my evening prayers, my daily musings, nightly cares, was love.

Y. Mir. She's downright stark mad in earnest. Death and confusion! I have lost her. *(Aside.)* You confess your fault, madam, in such moving terms, that I could almost be in love with the sin.

Oriana. Take care, sir; crimes, like virtues, are their own rewards. My chief delight became my only grief: he, in whose breast I thought my heart secure, turned robber, and despoiled the treasure that he kept.

Y. Mir. Perhaps that treasure he esteemed so much, that, like the miser, though afraid to use it, he reserves it safe.

Oriana. No, holy father; who can be miser in another's wealth, that's prodigal of his own? His heart was open, shared to all he knew; and what, alas! must then become of mine. But the same eyes that drew this passion in, shall send it out in tears; to which now hear my vow—

Y. Mir. *(Discovering himself.)* No, my fair angel! here, on my knees, behold the criminal that vows repentance his. *(Kneels.)* Ah! no concern upon her!

Enter OLD MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Where, where's this counterfeit nun?

Oriana. Madness! confusion! I'm ruined!

Y. Mir. What do I hear? *(Puts on his hood.)* What did you say, sir?

Old Mir. I say she's a counterfeit; and you may

be another, for aught I know, sir: I have lost my child by these tricks, sir?

Y. Mir. What tricks, sir?

Old Mir. By a pretended trick, sir; a contrivance to bring my son to reason; and it has made him stark mad; I have lost him, and a thousand pounds a year.

Y. Mir. *(Discovering himself.)* My dear father, I'm your most humble servant.

Old Mir. My dear boy! *(Runs and kisses him.)* Welcome, ex inferis, my dear boy. 'Tis all a trick; she's no more a nun than I am.

Y. Mir. No!

Old Mir. The devil a bit.

Y. Mir. Then kiss me again, my dear dad, for the most happy news. And now, most venerable, holy sister!

(Kneels.)

Your mercy and your pardon I implore,

For the offence of asking it before.

Lookye, my dear, counterfeit nun! take my advice; be a nun in good earnest. Women make the best nuns always, when they can't do otherwise.

Oriana. O, sir! how unhappily have you destroyed what was so near perfection: he is the counterfeit that has deceived you.

Old Mir. Ha! Lookye, sir, I recant; she is a nun.

Y. Mir. Sir, your humble servant; then I'm a friar this moment.

Old Mir. Was ever an old fool so bantered by a brace of young ones! Hang you both; you're both counterfeit; and my plot's spoiled, that's all.

Oriana. Shame and confusion, love, anger, and disappointment—will work my brain to madness!

(Takes off her habit; then exit.)

Y. Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the rags; they have served a turn for us both, and they shall even go off together.

(Takes off his habit; then exit, throwing away the habit.)

SCENE III.—Old Mirabel's House.

Enter DURETETE, with a letter.

Dur. *(Reads.)* "My rudeness was only a proof of your humour, which I have found so agreeable, that I am myself penitent, and willing to make any reparations upon your first appearance to—BISABRE."

Mirabel swears she loves me, and this confirms it; then farewell gallantry, and welcome revenge! 'Tis my turn now to be upon the sublime; I'll take her off, I warrant her!

Enter BISABRE.

Well, mistress, do you love me?

Bis. I hope, sir, you will pardon the modesty of—

Dur. Of what? of a dancing devil!—Do you love

Bis. Perhaps I— *(me, I say?)*

Dur. What?

Bis. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha! abused again! Dost, woman, I'll—

Bis. Hold, hold, sir! I do, I do!

Dur. Confirm it, then, by your obedience; stand there, and ogle me now, as if your heart, blood, and soul, were like to fly out at your eyes—First, the direct surprise. *(She looks full upon him.)* Right; next, the *deux yeux par oblique*, *(She glances from the side glance.)* Right; now depart and languish.

(She turns from him, and looks over her shoulder.) Very well; now sigh. *(She sighs.)* Now drop your fan on purpose. *(She drops her fan.)* Now take it up again. Come, now, confess your faults; are you not a proud—say after me.

Bis. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent—

Bis. Impudent.

Dur. Ridiculous—

Bis. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flirt?

Bis. Puppy!

Dur. Zounds! Woman, don't provoke me; we are alone, and you don't know but the devil may tempt me to do you a mischief; ask my pardon immediately.

Bis. I do, sir; I only mistook the word.

Dur. Cry, then. Have you got e'er a handker-

Bis. Yes, sir. [chief?

Dur. Cry, then, handsomely; cry like a queen in a tragedy. *(She pretends to cry, bursts out a laughing.)*

Enter Two Ladies, laughing.

Bis. Ha, ha, ha!

Both Ladies. Ha, ha, ha!

Dur. Hell broke loose upon me, and all the furies flattered about my ears! Betrayed again?

Bis. That you are, upon my word, my dear Captain; ha, ha, ha!

Dur. The Lord deliver me!

1 Lady. What! is this the mighty man, with the bull-face, that comes to frighten ladies?

Dur. Ah, madam, I'm the best natured fellow in the world.

Bis. A man! we're mistaken; a man has manners: the awkward creature is some tinker's trull, in a periwig. Come, ladies, let us examine him. *(They lay hold on him.)*

Dur. Examine; the devil you will!

Bis. I'll lay my life, some great dairy maid in man's clothes.

Dur. They will do't;—lookye, dear Christian women! pray hear me.

Bis. Will you ever attempt a lady's honour again?

Dur. If you please, to let me get away with my honour, I'll do anything in the world.

Bis. Will you persuade your friend to marry mine?

Dur. O yes, to be sure.

Bis. And will you do the same by me?

Dur. Burn me if I do, if the coast be clear. *(Runs out.)*

Bis. Ha, ha, ha! The visit, ladies, was critical for our diversions: We'll go make an end of our tea. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL and OLD MIRABEL.

Y. Mir. Your patience, sir. I tell you, I won't marry; and, though you send all the bishops in France to persuade me, I shall never believe their doctrines against their practice. You would compel me to that state, which I have heard you curse yourself; when my mother and you have battled it for a whole week together.

Old Mir. Never but once, you rogue, and that was when she longed for six Flanders mares: ay, sir, then she was breeding of you, which shewed what an expensive dog I should have of you.

Enter PETTIT.

Well Pettit, how does she now?

Pettit. Mad, sir, *con gompas*—Ay, Mr. Mirabel, you'll believe that I speak truth, now, when I confess that I have told you hitherto nothing but lies: our jesting is come to a sad earnest; she's downright distracted.

Enter BISABEE.

Bis. Where is this mighty victor? The great exploit is done. O, sir, *(To the old Gentleman)* your wretched ward has found a tender guardian of you, where her young innocence expected protection, here has she found her ruin.

Old Mir. Ay, the fault is mine; but I believe that rogue never marry, for fear of begetting such another disobedient son as his father did. I have

done all I can, madam, and now can do no more than run mad for company. *(Exit.)*

Enter DUGARD, with his sword drawn.

Dug. Away! Revenge! Revenge!

Old Mir. Patience! Patience, sir! *(Old Mirabel holds him.)* Bosh, draw. *(Aside.)*

Dug. Patience! the coward's virtue, and the brave man's failing, when thus provoked. Villain!

Y. Mir. Your sister's phrensy shall excuse your madness; and to shew my concern for what she suffers, I'll bear the villain from her brother. Put up your anger with your sword; I have a heart like yours, that swells at an affront received, but melts at an injury given; and, if the lovely Oriana's grief be such a moving scene, 'twill find a part within this breast, perhaps as tender as a brother's.

Dug. To prove that soft compassion for her grief, endeavour to remove it.—There, there, behold an object that's infective; I cannot view her but I am as mad as she.

Enter ORIANA, held by Two Maids, who put her in a chair.

A sister that my dying parents left, with their last words and blessing, to my care. Sister, dearest sister! *(Goes to her.)* [me?]

Old Mir. Ay, poor child, poor child, ye know Oriana. You! you are Amadis de Gaul, sir. Oh! oh, my heart. Were you never in love, fair lady? And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?

—I dream of walking free, and tall giant's sights. Take heed, it comes now—What's that? Pray stand away: I have seen that face, sure.—How light my head is! [In madness!]

Y. Mir. What piercing charms has beauty, even Oriana. I cannot; for I must be up to go to church, and I must dress me, put on my new gown, and be so fine, to meet my love. Heigho!—Will not you tell me where my heart lies buried?

Y. Mir. My very soul is touched—Your hand; my fair!

Oriana. How soft and gentle you feel. I'll tell you your fortune, friend.

Y. Mir. How she stares upon me!

Oriana. You have a flattering face; but 'tis a fine one. I warrant you have five hundred mistresses: ay, to be sure, a mistress for every guinea in his pocket—will you pray for me? I shall die to-morrow—and will you ring my passing bell?

Y. Mir. Do you know me, injured creature?

Oriana. No; but you shall be my intimate acquaintance—in the grave. *(Weeps.)*

Y. Mir. Oh, tears! I must believe you; sure there's a kind of sympathy in madness; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my soul so tossed with storms of passion, that I could cry for help as well as she. *(Wipes his eyes.)*

Oriana. What have you lost your lover? No, you mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Y. Mir. Stay, my fair innocence, and hear me own my love so loud, that I may call your senses to their place, restore them to their charming happy functions, and reinstate myself into your favour.

Bis. Let her alone, sir: 'tis all too late: she trembles; hold her, her fits grow stronger by her talking; don't trouble her; she don't know you, sir. *(To see him, for all that.)*

Old Mir. Not know him? What then? She loves

Enter DURETTE.

Dur. Where are you all? What the devil! Melancholy, and I here? Are you sad, and such a ridiculous subject, such a very good jest among you as I am?

Y. Mir. Away with this impertinence, this is no place for bagatelle; I have murdered my honour;

destroyed a lady, and my desire of reparation is come at length too late. See there!

Dur. What ails her?

Y. Mir. Alas, she's mad!

ur. Mad? dost wonder at that? By this light! they're all so; they're cozening mad; they're bawling mad, they're proud mad: I just now came from a whole world of mad women, that had almost—What, is she dead?

Y. Mir. Dead? Heavens forbid!

Dur. Heavens further it! for, till they be as cold as a key, there's no trusting them; you're never sure that a woman's in earnest, till she is nailed in her coffin. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, mistress?

Bis. What's that to you, sir?

Dur. Oona, madam! are you there?

Y. Mir. Away, thou wild huffoon! How poor and mean this humour now appears? His follies and my own I here disclaim; this lady's phrensy has restored my senses, and were she perfect now, as once she was, (before you all I speak it) she should be mine; and, as she is, my tears and prayers shall wed her.

Dug. How happy had this declaration been some

Bis. Sir, she beckons to you, and waves us to go off: come, come, let's leave them.

[*Exeunt all but Young Mirabel and Oriana.*]

Oriana. Oh, sir!

Y. Mir. Speak, my charming angel! if your dear senses have regained their order; speak, fair, and bless me with the news.

Oriana. First, let me bless the cunning of my sex, that happy counterfeited phrensy that has restored to my poor labouring breast the dearest, best beloved of men.

Y. Mir. Tune all, ye spheres, your instruments of joy, and carry round your spacious orbs the happy sound of Oriana's health; her soul, whose harmony was next to yours, is now in tune again; the counterfeiting fair has played the fool!

She was so mad, to counterfeit for me;

I was so mad, to pawn my liberty:

And now we both are well, and both are free.

Oriana. How, sir? Free?

Y. Mir. As air, my dear Bedlamite! What, marry a lunatic! Lookye, my dear, you have counterfeited madness so very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the fool all you life long. Here, gentlemen!

Oriana. Monster! you won't disgrace me?

Y. Mir. O' my faith, but I will! Here, come in, gentlemen. A miracle! a miracle! the woman's dispossessed! the devil's vanished!

Enter OLD MIRABEL and DUGARD.

Old Mir. Bless us! was she possessed?

Y. Mir. With the worst of demons, sir; a marriage devil! a horrid devil! Mr. Dugard, don't be surprised. I promised my endeavours to cure your sister; no mad-doctor in Christendom could have done it more effectually. Take her into your charge; and have a care she don't relapse. If she should, employ me not again, for I am no more infallible than others of the faculty; I do cure sometimes.

Oriana. Your remedy, most barbarous man, will prove the greatest poison to my health; for, though my former phrensy was but counterfeit, I now shall run into a real madness.

[*Exit; Old Mirabel after.*]

Y. Mir. What a dangerous precipice have I escaped! Was not I just now upon the brink of destruction?

Enter DURETTE.

Oh, my friend, let me run into thy bosom! No lark escaped from the devouring pounces of a hawk, quakes with more dismal apprehension.

Dur. The matter, man?

Y. Mir. Marriage! hanging! I was just at the gallows-foot, the running noose about my neck, and the cart wheeling from me. Oh, I shan't be myself this month again.

Dur. Did not I tell you so? They are all alike, saints or devils.

Y. Mir. Ay, ay: there's no living here with security; this house is so full of stratagem and design that I must abroad again.

Dur. With all my heart; I'll bear thee company, my lad: I'll meet you at the play; and we'll set out for Italy to-morrow morning.

Y. Mir. A match; I'll go pay my compliment of leave to my father presently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll stop you.

Y. Mir. What! pretend a command over me, after his settlement of a thousand a year upon me! No, no; he has passed away his authority with the conveyance; the will of the living father is chiefly obeyed for the sake of the dying one.

Dependence, e'en a father's sway secures,

For, though the son rebels, the heir is yours.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The street before the playhouse.*

MIRABEL and DURETTE, as coming fr. in the play.

Dur. How d'ye like this play?

Y. Mir. I liked the company; the lady, the rich beauty, in the front box, had my attention. These impudent poets bring the ladies together to support them, and to kill every body else.

For deaths upon the stage, the ladies cry;

But ne'er mind us, that in the audience die:

The poet's hero should not move their pain,

But they should weep for those their eyes have slain.

Dur. Hoyty; toyt! Did Phillis inspire you with all this?

Y. Mir. Ten times more; the playhouse is the element of poetry, because the region of beauty; the ladies, methinks, have a more inspiring, triumphant air in the boxes than anywhere else; they sit, commanding on their thrones, with all their subject slaves about them; their best clothes, best looks, shining jewels, sparkling eyes; the treasure of the world in a ring. I could wish that my whole life long, were the first night of a new play.

Dug. The fellow has quite forgot this journey: have you bespoken post-horses?

Y. Mir. Grant me but three days, dear Captain; one to discover the lady, one to unfold myself, and one to make me happy; and then I'm yours to the world's end.

Dur. Hast thou the impudence to promise thyself a lady of her figure, and quality in so short a time?

Y. Mir. Yes, sir; I have a confident address, no disagreeable person, and five hundred louis d'ors in my pocket.

Dur. Five hundred Louis-d'ors! You an't mad?

Y. Mir. I tell you, she's worth five thousand; one of her black, brilliant eyes is worth a diamond as big as her head.

Dur. But you have owned to me, that, abating Oriana's pretensions to marriage, you loved her passionately; then how can you wander at this rate?

Y. Mir. I longed for a partridge to-day, off the king's plate, but I've think, because I could not have it, I must eat nothing?

Enter ORIANA in boy's clothes, with a letter.

Oriana. Is your name Mirabel, sir?

Y. Mir. Yes, sir.

Oriana. A letter from your uncle, in Picardy (*Gives the letter.*)

Y. Mir. "The bearer is the son of a Protestant gentleman, who, flying for his religion, left me the charge of this youth."—A pretty boy! "He's fond of some handsome service, that may afford him opportunity of improvement: your care of him will oblige, yours." Hast a mind to travel, child?

Oriana. 'Tis my desire, sir: I should be pleased to serve a traveller in any capacity.

Y. Mir. A hopeful inclination; you shall along with me into Italy, as my page.

Dur. (*Noise without.*) Too handsome—the play's done, and some of the ladies come this way. (*Lamorce without, with her train borne up by a page.*)

Y. Mir. Duretete, the very dear, identical she?

Dur. And what then?

Y. Mir. Why, 'tis she!

Dur. And what then, sir?

Y. Mir. Then! Why, lookye, sirrah, the first piece of service I put upon you, is to follow that lady's coach, and bring me word where she lives. (*To Oriana.*)

Oriana. I don't know the town, sir, and am afraid of losing myself.

Y. Mir. Psha!

Enter LAMORCE and PAGE.

Lam. Page, what's become of all my people?

Page. I can't tell, madam; I can see no sign of your ladyship's coach.

Lam. That fellow has got into his old pranks, and fallen drunk somewhere, none of the footmen *Page.* Not one, madam. [*there?*]

Lam. These servants are the plague of our lives; what shall I do?

Y. Mir. By all my hopes, fortune pimps for me! now, Duretete, for a piece of gallantry!

Dur. Why, you won't, sure?

Y. Mir. Won't, brute! Let not your servants' neglect, madam, put your ladyship to any inconvenience; for you can't be disappointed of an equipage, whilst mine waits below: and, would you honour the master so far, he would be proud to pay his attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be sure. (*Aside.*)

Lam. Sir, I won't presume to be troublesome, for my habitation is a great way off.

Dur. Very true, madam, and he's a little engaged; besides, madam, a hackney coach will do as well, madam.

Lam. Rude beast, be quiet! (*To Duretete.*) The farther from home, madam, the more occasion you have for a guard! pray, madam—

Lam. Lard, sir—(*He seems to press, she to decline, in dumb show.*)

Dur. Ah! the devil's in his impudence! now he wheedles, she smiles; he falters, she simpers; he swears, she believes; he's a rogue, and she's a w— in a moment.

Y. Mir. Without there! my coach! Duretete, wish me joy! (*Hands the lady out.*)

Dur. Wish you a—! Here, your little Picard, go follow your master, and he'll lead you—

Oriana. Whither, sir?

Dur. To the Academy, child; 'tis the fashion with men of quality, to teach their pages their exercises—go.

Oriana. Won't you go with him too, sir? That woman may do him some harm; I don't like her.

Dur. Why, how now, Mr. Page, do you start up, to give laws of a sudden? Do you pretend to rise at court, and disapprove the pleasure of your betters? Lookye, sirrah, if ever you would rise by a great man, be sure to be with him in his little actions; and, as a step to your advancement, follow your master immediately, and make it your hope, that he goes to a bagnaio.

Oriana. Heavens forbid!

[*Exit.*]

Dur. Now would I sooner take a cart in company with the hangman, than a coach with that woman. What a strange antipathy have I taken against these creatures! a woman to me, is aversion upon aversion! a cheese, a cat, a breast of mutton, the squalling of children, the grinding of knives, and the snuff of a candle.

SCENE II.—*Lamorce's Lodgings.*

Enter MIRABEL and LAMORCE.

Lam. To convince me, sir, that your service was something more than good breeding, please to lay out an hour of your company upon my desire, as you have already upon my necessity.

Y. Mir. Your desire, madam, has only prevented my request. My hours! Make them yours, madam, eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and all that belong to those happy minutes.

Lam. But I must trouble you, sir, to dismiss your retinue, because an equipage at my door, at this time of night, will not be consistent with my reputation.

Y. Mir. By all means, madam, all but one little boy. Here, page!

Enter ORIANA.

Order my coach and servants home, and do you stay; 'tis a foolish country boy, that knows nothing but innocence.

Lam. Innocence, sir! I should be sorry if you made any sinister constructions of my freedom.

Y. Mir. O, madam, I must not pretend to remark upon any body's freedom, having so entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, sir, 'twere convenient towards our correspondence, that we entered into a free confidence of each other, by a mutual declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another. Now, sir, what are you?

Y. Mir. In three words, madam—I am a gentleman, and have five hundred pounds in my pocket.

Lam. And your name is—

Y. Mir. Mustapha. Now, madam, the inventory of your fortunes?

Lam. My name is Lamorce; my birth, noble; I was married young, to a proud, rude, sullen, impetuous fellow; the husband spoiled the gentleman; crying ruined my face, till at last, I took heart, leaped out of a window, got away to my friends, sued my tyrant, and recovered my fortune. I lived from fifteen to twenty, to please a husband, from twenty to forty, I'm resolved to please myself, and from thence, upwards, I'll humour the world.

Y. Mir. Ha, ha, ha! I rejoice in your good fortune, with all my heart!

Lam. O, now I think on't, Mr. Mustapha, you have got the finest ring there, I could scarcely believe it right; pray let me see it.

Y. Mir. Hum! Yes, madam, 'tis—'tis right; but—but—but—but—but it was given me by my mother, an old family ring, madam; an old-fashioned, family ring.

Lam. Ay, sir! If you can entertain yourself for a moment, I'll wait on you immediately.

Y. Mir. Certainly the stars have been in a strange, intriguing humour, when I was born. Ay, this night should I have had a bride in my arms, and that I should like well enough! But what should I have to-morrow night! The same. And what next night? The same. And what next night? The very same: Soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper, and soup for breakfast again. But here's variety.

*I love the fair, who freely gives her heart,
That's mine by ties of nature, not of art;
Who boldly owns what'er her thoughts indite,
And is too modest for a hypocrite.*

(Lamorce appears at the door; as he runs towards her, four braves step in before her. He starts back.) She comes, she comes. Hum, hum! Bitch! murdered, murdered, to be sure! The cursed strumpet! To make me send away my servants. Nobody near me! These out-throats always make sure work.—What shall I do? I have but one way. Are these gentlemen your relations, madam?

Lam. Yes, sir.

Y. Mir. Gentlemen, your most humble servant; sir, your most faithful; yours sir, with all my heart; your most obedient; come, gentlemen, *(Salutes all round)* please to sit; no ceremony; next the lady, pray, sir.

Lam. Well, sir, and how d'ye like my friends? *(They all sit.)*

Y. Mir. O, madam, the most finished gentlemen! I was never more happy in good company in my life; I suppose, sir, you have travelled?

1 Bra. Yes, sir.

Y. Mir. Which way, may I presume?

1 Bra. In a western barge, sir.

Y. Mir. Ha, ha, ha! very pretty! facetious pretty gentleman!

Lam. Ha, ha, ha! sir, you have got the prettiest ring upon your finger there—

Y. Mir. Ah! madam, 'tis at your service, with all my heart! *(Offering the ring.)*

Lam. By no means, sir, a family ring. *(Takes it.)*

Y. Mir. No matter, madam.—Seven hundred pound, by this light! *(Aside.)*

2 Bra. Pray, sir, what's o'clock?

Y. Mir. Hum! Sir, I have left my watch at home.

3 Bra. I thought I saw the string of it, just now.

Y. Mir. Ods my life, sir, I beg your pardon, here it is! but it don't go. *(Putting it up.)*

Lam. Odsam, sir, an English watch; Tompion's I presume?

Y. Mir. D'ye like it, madam? No ceremony; 'tis at your service with all my heart and soul!

Tompion's! Hang ye! (Aside.)

1 Bra. But, sir, above all things, I admire the fashion and make of your sword hilt!

Y. Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it, sir!

1 Bra. Will you part with it, sir?

Y. Mir. Sir, I won't sell it!

1 Bra. Not sell it, sir!

Y. Mir. No, gentlemen, but I'll bestow it with all my heart! *(Offering it.)*

1 Bra. O, sir, we shall rob you!

Y. Mir. That you do, I'll be sworn! *(Aside.)* I have another at home; pray, sir—gentlemen, you're too modest; have I anything else that you fancy? Sir, will you do me a favour? *(To the first Bravo.)* I am extremely in love with that hat which you wear, will you do me the favour to change with me?

1 Bra. Lookye, sir, this is a family hat, and I

would not part with it, but if you like it—*(They change hats.)* I want but a handsome pretence to quarrel with him, Some wine! Sir, your good health. *(Pulls Mirabel by the nose.)*

Y. Mir. Oh, sir, your most humble servant! a pleasant frolic enough, to drink a man's health, and pull him by the nose! Ha, ha, ha! the pleasantest, pretty-humoured gentleman—*(Drinks.)*

Lam. Help the gentleman to a glass. *(Mirabel.)*

1 Bra. How d'ye like the wine, sir?

Y. Mir. Very good o'the kind, sir; but I tell ye what, I find we're all inclined to be frolicsome, and 'egad, for my own part, I was never more disposed to be merry; let's make a night out, ha! This wine is pretty, but I have much burgundy at home! Lookye, gentlemen, let me send for half a dozen flasks of my burgundy, I defy France to match it; will make us all life, all air; pray gentlemen.

2 Bra. Eh! Shall we have his burgundy?

1 Bra. Yes, 'faith, we'll have all we can; here, call up the gentleman's servant. *(Exit Footman.)*

What think you, Lamorce?

Lam. Yes, yes. Your servant is a foolish country boy, sir, he understands nothing but innocence.

Y. Mir. Ay, ay, madam. Here, page—
Enter ORIANA.

Take this key, and go to my butler, order him to send half a dozen flasks of the red burgundy, marked a thousand; and be sure you make haste.

I long to entertain my friends here; my very good Omes. Ah, dear sir! *(Friends.)*

1 Bra. Here, child, take a glass of wine. Your master and I have changed hats, honey, in a frolic. Where had you this pretty boy, honest Mustapha?

Oriana. Mustapha;

Y. Mir. Out of Picardy; this is the first errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I will encourage him.

Oriana. The red burgundy, sir?

Y. Mir. The red, marked a thousand, and be sure you make haste. *(Exit.)*

Oriana. I shall, sir.

1 Bra. Sir, you were pleased to like my hat, have you any fancy for my coat? Lookye, sir, it has served a great many honest gentlemen very faithfully.

Y. Mir. The insolence of these dogs is beyond their cruelty. *(Aside.)*

Lam. You're melancholy, sir.

Y. Mir. Only concerned, madam, that I should have no servant here but this little boy; he'll make some confounded blunder, I'll lay my life on't: I would not be disappointed of my wine for the universe.

Lam. He'll do well enough, sir; but supper's ready; will you please to eat a bit, sir?

Y. Mir. O, madam, I never had a better stomach in my life.

Lam. Come, then, we have nothing but a plate of soup.

Y. Mir. Ah! the marriage soup I could dispense with now. *(Aside—Exit, handing the Lady.)*

2 Bra. Shall we despatch him?

3 Bra. To be sure; I think he knows me.

1 Bra. Ay, ay, dead men tell no tales; I han't the confidence to look a man in the face, after I have done him an injury, therefore we'll murder him. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE III.—Old Mirabel's House.

Enter DURETTE.

Dur. My friend has forsaken me, I have abandoned my mistress, my time lies heavy upon my

hands, and my money burns in my pocket. But now I think on't, my myrmidons are upon duty to-night; I'll fairly stroll down to the guard, and nod away the night with my honest lieutenant, over a flask of wine, a story, and a pipe of tobacco. — *(Going off. Bizarre meets him.)*

Biz. Who comes there? Stand!

Dur. Heyday, now she's turned dragoon!

Biz. Look ye, sir, I'm told ye intend to travel again. I design to wait on you as far as Italy.

Dur. Then I'll travel into Wales.

Biz. Wales! What country's that?

Dur. The land of mountains, child; where you're never out of the way, 'cause there's no such thing as a high road.

Biz. Hither, always in a high road, because you travel all upon hills: but be't as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to sail to the East Indies.

Biz. East, or West, 'tis all one to me: I'm tight and light, and the fitter for sailing.

Dur. But suppose we take through Germany, and drink hard?

Biz. Suppose I take through Germany and drink harder than you?

Dur. Suppose I go to a bawdy house?

Biz. Suppose I show you the way?

Dur. 'Sdeath, woman! will you go to the guard house with me, and smoke a pipe?

Biz. Alons done!

Dur. The devil's in the woman! Suppose I hang myself?

Biz. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance; the gallows is welcome.

Biz. Hold, hold, sir, *(Catches him by the arm, going.)* one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, madam, or I shall think that you're a man, and, perhaps, may examine you.

Biz. Stir if you dare; I have till spirits to attend me, and can raise such a muster of fairies, as shall punish you to death. Come, sir, stand there now, and ogle me: *(He frowns upon her.)* Now a languishing sigh: *(He groans.)* Now run, and take my fan, faster. *(He runs, and takes it up.)* Now play with it handsomely.

Dur. Ay, ay. *(He tears it all in pieces.)*

Biz. Hold, hold, dear humorous coxcomb! Captain, spare my fan, and I'll Why, you rude, inhuman monster! don't you expect to pay for this?

Dur. Yes, madam, there's twelvence; for that is the price on't.

Biz. Sir, it cost a guinea.

Dur. Well, madam, you shall have the sticks again. *(Throws them to her, and exits.)*

Biz. Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous, below my concern! I must follow him, however, to know if he can give me any news of Oriana. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*Lamorc's Lodgings.*

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL.

Y. Mir. Bloody hell-hounds! I overheard you: Was not I two hours ago, the happy, gay, rejoicing Mirabel? How did I plume my hopes in a fair, coming prospect, of a long scene of years! Life courted me with all the charms of vigour, youth, and fortune; and to be torn away from all my promised joys, is more than death; the manor too!—by villains! O my Oriana, this very moment a night have blessed me in thy arms! and my poor boy! the innocent boy! Confusion! But hush, they come. I must dissemble still. No news of my wine, gentlemen?

Enter the Four Bravoes.

1 Bra. No, sir, I believe your country booby has lost his self, and we can wait no longer for't: True, sir, you're a pleasant gentleman, but I suppose you understand our business?

Y. Mir. Sir, I may go near to guess at your employments; you, sir, are a lawyer, I presume; you a physician, you a scrivener, and a stock-jobber. All cut-throats, egad! *(Aside.)*

4 Bra. Sir, I am a broken officer; I was cashiered at the head of the army, for a coward, so I took up the trade of murder, to retrieve the reputation of my courage.

3 Bra. I am a soldier too, and would serve my king; but I don't like the quarrel, and I have a more honour than to fight in a bad cause.

2 Bra. I was bred a gentleman, and have no estate; but I must have my whore and my bottle, through the prejudice of education.

1 Bra. I am a ruffian too; by the prejudice of education, I was both a butcher. In short, sir, if your wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer. Come, sir, which sword will you fall by? mine, sir?

2 Bra. Or mine? *(Draws.)*

3 Bra. Or mine? *(Draws.)*

4 Bra. Or mine? *(Draws.)*

Y. Mir. I scorn to beg my life; but to be butchered thus! *(Knocking.)* O, there's the wine! this moment for my life or death.

Enter ORIANA.

Lost! for ever lost! Where's the wine, child? *(Faintly.)*

Oriana. Coming up, sir. *(Stamps.)*

Enter DURETETE with his sword drawn, and six of the grand Musqueteers, with their pieces presented; the ruffians drop their swords. Oriana goes off.

Y. Mir. The wine, the wine, the wine! Youth pleasure, fortune, days and years, are now my own again! Ah, my dear friends! did not I tell you, this wine would make me merry? Dear Captain, these gentlemen are the best-natured, facetious, witty creatures, that ever you knew.

Enter LAMORCE.

Lam. Is the wine come, sir?

Y. Mir. O yes, madam, the wine is come; see there! *(Pointing to the soldiers.)* Your ladyship has got a very fine ring upon your finger.

Lam. Sir, 'tis at your service.

Y. Mir. O ho! it is so! Thou dear seven hundred pounds, thou'rt welcome home again, with all my heart! Ad's my life, madam! you have got the finest built watch there. Tomplon's, I presume?

Lam. Sir you may wear it.

Y. Mir. O madam, by no means; 'tis too much Rob you of all! *(Taking it from her.)* Good, dear time, thou'rt a precious thing; I'm glad I have retrieved thee. *(Putting it up.)* What, my friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my complaisance to the lady. How now? is it civil to be so out of humour at my entertainment, and I so pleased with yours? Captain, you're surprised at all this; but we're in our frolics, you must know. Some wine here!

Enter Servant, with wine.

Come, Captain, this worthy gentleman's health. *(Takes the first Bravo by the nose; he roars.)* But now, where—where's my dear deliverer; my boy, my charming boy?

1 Bra. I hope some of our crew below stairs have despatched him.

Y. Mir. Villain, what say'st thou? Dispatched! I'll have ye all tortured, racked, torn to pieces, alive, if you have touched my boy. Here, page! page! page! (*Runs out.*)

Dur. Here, gentlemen, be sure you secure those fellows.

1 Bra. Yes, sir, we know you, and your guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Take them to justice. (*The guards carry off the braves.*) Now for you, madam: ha, he, he! I'm so pleased to think that I shall be revenged of one woman before I die. Well, Mrs. Snap-dragon, which of these honourable gentlemen is so happy to call you wife?

1 Bra. Sir, she should have been mine to-night, 'cause Sampsre, here, had her last night. Sir, she's very true to us all four.

Enter OLD MIRABEL, DUGARD, and BISARRE.

Old Mir. Robin, Robin! Where's Bob? where's my boy! What, is this the lady? a pretty creature, 'faith! Harkye, child, because my son was so civil as to oblige you with a coach, I'll treat you with a cart, indeed I will.

Dug. Ay, madam, and you shall have a swingeing equipage, three or four thousand footmen at your heels, at least.

Dur. No less becomes her quality.

Bis. Faugh! the monster!

Dur. Monster! ay, you're all a little monstrous, let me tell you.

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Ah, my dear Bob! art thou safe, man?

Y. Mir. No, no, sir, I am ruined: the savor of my life is lost!

Old Mir. No, he came and brought us the news.

Y. Mir. But where is he?

Enter ORIANA.

Ha! (*Runs and embraces her.*) My dear preserver, what shall I do to recompense your trust? Father, friends, gentlemen, behold the youth, that has relieved me from the most ignominious death!—Command me, child: before you all—before my late, so kind, indulgent stars, I swear to grant whatever you ask.

Oriana. To the same stars, indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the justice of my claim: I shall demand but what was mine before—the just per-

formance of your contract to Oriana. (*Discovering herself.*)

Oriana. Oriana!

Oriana. In this disguise I resolved to follow you abroad, counterfeited that letter, that brought me into your service; and so, by this strange turn of fate, I became the instrument of your preservation; few common servants would have had such cunning; my love inspired me with the meaning of your message, because my concern for your safety made me suspect your company.

Dur. Mirabel, you're caught.

Y. Mir. Caught! I scorn the thought of imposition.—Caught! no 'tis my voluntary act; this was no human stratagem, but by my providential stars, designed to shew the dangers wandering youth incurs, by the pursuit of an unlawful love; to plunge me headlong in the snares of vice, and then to free me by the hands of virtue; here, on my knees, I humbly beg my fair preserver's pardon; my thanks are needless, for myself I owe.—And now, for ever do protest me yours.

Old Mir. Tall, all di dalt! (*Sings.*) Kiss me, daughter—no, you shall kiss me first, (*To Lamorce.*) for you're the cause on't. Well, Bisarre, what say you to the captain?

Bis. I like the beast well enough, but I don't understand his paces so well as to venture him in a strange road.

Old Mir. But marriage is so beaten a path, that you can't go wrong.

Bis. Ay, 'tis so beaten that the way is spoiled.

Dur. There is but one thing should make me thy husband—I could marry thee to-day, for the privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

Old Mir. Come, come, you may agree for all this. Mr. Dugard, are not you pleased with this?

Dug. So pleased, that, if I thought it might secure your son's affection to my sister, I would double her fortune.

Y. Mir. Fortune! has she not given me mine? my life—estate—my all? and what is more, her virtuous self? Behold the foil (*pointing to Lamorce*), that sets this brightness off! (*To Oriana.*) Here view the pride, and scandal of the sex?

What liberty can be so tempting there,

(To Lamorce.)

As a soft virtuous, am'rous bondage here?

(To Oriana.)

THE REVENGE.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY EDWARD YOUNG.



Zanga.—"FALL'N CHRISTIAN, THOU MISTAK'ST MY CHARACTER."—*Act v, scene 2.*

Persons Represented.

DON ALONZO.
DON CARLOS.
DON ALVAREZ.

DON MANUEL.
ZANGA.
ATTENDANTS.

LEONORA.
ISABELLA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Battlements, with a Sea Prospect. A storm, with thunder and lightning.*

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Whether first nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me:

(Thunder.)

I like this rocking of the battlements.

Enter ISABELLA.

Rage on, ye winds; burst, clouds; and waters
Roar!

You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.

Who's there? my love!

Isa. Why have you left my bed?

Your absence more affrights me than the storm.

(Thunder.)

Zan. The dead alone in such a night can rest,

And I indulge my meditation here.

Woman, away! I choose to be alone. [you:

Isa. I know you do, and therefore will not leave
Excuse me, Zanga, therefore dare not leave you.

(Thunder.)

Is this a night for walks of contemplation?

Something unusual hangs upon your heart,

And I will know it; by our loves I will.

To you I sacrificed my virgin fame;

Ask I too much to share in your distress?

Zan. In tears? Thou fool! then hear me, and be

In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee. [plung'd

To strike thee with astonishment at once,

I hate Alonzo. First recover that,

And then thou shalt hear farther.

Isa. Hate Alonzo!

I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend,

And that he lost the master in that name.

Zan. Hear, then. 'Tis twice three years since
that great man

(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight.
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I, with pious rage, pursued revenge.
I then was young: he placed me near his person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.
One day, (may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse, of each succeeding year!)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me. (While I tell it, do I live?)
He smote me on the cheek.—I did not stab him,
For that were poor revenge.—'E'er since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindness, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thought! and like a second blow!
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.

Isa. But with more temper, Zanga, tell your
To see your strong emotion startles me. [story]

Zan. Yes, woman, with the tempo that befits it.
Has the dark addor venom? So have I, [me]
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have curs'd the rising sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame.
I from that day have bless'd the coming night,
Which promis'd to conceal it! but in vain;
The blow return'd for ever in my dream.
Yet on I toil'd, and grow'd for an occasion
Of ample vengeance; none is yet arriv'd.
Howe'er, at present, I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him sore in his ambition,
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.
By nightly march he purpos'd to surprise—
The Moorish camp; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Falling in this, a east of utmost moment,
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

Isa. Just as I enter'd, an express arriv'd.

Zan. To whom?

Isa. His friend, Don Carlos.

Zan. Be propitious,

O, Mahomet, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge!
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
Others' self-love into our own protection?
But see, the morning ray breaks in upon us;
I'll seek Don Carlos, and inquire my fate. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Palace.

Enter DON CARLOS and DON MANUEL.

Man. My lord Don Carlos, what brings your express?

Car. Alonzo's glory, and the Moor's defeat.
The field is strew'd with twice ten thousand slain,
Though he suspects his measures were betray'd.
He'll soon arrive. Oh, how I long to embrace
The first of heroes, and the best of friends!
I lov'd fair Leonora long before
The chance of battle gave me to the Moors;
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed
This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,
To be my gentle advocate in love.

Man. And what success?

Car. Alas! the cruel maid—
Indeed, her father, though high at court,
And powerful with the king, has weak'd at heart
To heal his devastation from the Moors;
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the east,
My fleet now sailing in the sight of Spain,
(Heav'n guard it safe through such a dreadful
Carasses me, and urges me to wed. [storm])

Man. Her aged father, see,

Leads her this way.

Car. She looks like radiant Truth,
Brought forward by the hand of Holy Time.
You to the port with speed; 'tis possible (It bring
Some vessel is arriv'd. [Exit Man.] Heav'n grant
Tidings which Carlos may receive with joy!

Enter DON ALVAREZ and LEONORA.

Alv. DON CARLOS, I am labouring in your favour
With all a parent's soft authority,
And earnest counsel.

Car. Angels second you!

For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

Alv. Daughter, the happiness of life depends
On our discretion, and a prudent choice:
Don Carlos is of ancient, noble, blood,
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune
For him the sun is labouring in the mines,
A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold.
His keels are freighted with that sacred power
By which even kings and emperors are made.

Sis. you have my good wishes, and I hope (To Car.)
My daughter is not indispos'd to hear you. [Exit Alv.]

Car. Oh, Leonora! why art thou in tears?

Because I am less wretched than I was?
Before your father said to leave to woo you,
Hush'd was your honour, and your eye serene.

Leon. Think you I am too indulgent to me,
That he claims no due share of my tears?

A daughter, sure, may not be so beautiful;
White tears alone are free from a restraint.

Car. Ah! my torn heart!

Leon. Regard not me, my lord;

I shall obey my father.

Car. Bless him,

Rather than come thus coldly, than come thus
With absent eyes and alienated mien,
Smiling address, the victim of my love.

Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty,
Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of,
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life;
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;
All these possess'd, are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

Leon. I pray, my lord, no more. [thus:]

Car. Must I despair, then? Do 'not shake me
Heav'n's! what a proof I gave, but two nights past,
Of matchless love! To fling me at thy feet,
I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame;
Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle:
But, darting headlong to thy arms, I left
The promis'd fight; I left Alonzo, too,
To stand the war, and quell a world alone.

[Drums and trumpets.]

Leon. The victor comes. My lord, I must with.

Car. And must you go? [draw-]

Leon. Why should you wish me stay?
Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,
My presence none; it pains you and myself;
For both our sakes, permit me to withdraw. [Exit.]

Enter DON ALONZO, with Attendants.

Car. Alonzo!

Alon. Carlos!—I am whole again;

Clasp'd in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

Car. Whom dare I thus embrace? The conqueror
Of Afric?

Alon. Yes, much more; Don Carlos' friend.
The conquest of the world would cost me dear,
Should it beget one thought of distance in thee.
I rise in virtues to come nearer thee.
'Twas Carlos conquer'd, 'twas his cruel chains
Inflam'd me to a rage unknown till then,
And threw my former actions far behind.

Car. I love fair Leonora. How I love her!

Yet still I find (I know not how it is)
Another heart, another soul for thee.
Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports;
Like music, pure the joy, without alloy,
Whose very rapture is tranquillity:
But love like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures;
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Manuel, my lord, returning from the port
On business both of moment and of haste,
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.
Car. In private! Ha! Alonzo, I'll return;
No business can detain me long from thee. [*Exit.*]

Zan. My lord Alonzo, I obey'd your orders.
Alon. Will the fair Leonora pass this way?

Zan. She will, my lord, and soon.
Alon. Come near me, Zanga;

For I dare open all my heart to thee,
Never was such a day of triumph known!
There's not a wounded captive in my train,
That slowly follow'd my proud chariot wheels,
With half a life, and beggary, and chains,
But is a god to me: I am most wretched.
In his captivity, thou know'st Don Carlos,
My friend, (and never was a friend more dear)
Deputed me his advocate in love;
What did I do?—I lov'd myself. Indeed,
One thing there is less guilty my offence,
(If such offence admits of being lessen'd)
I thought him dead; for (by what fate I know not)
His letters never reach'd me.

Zan. Thanks to Zanga, (*Aside.*)
Who thence contriv'd that evil which has happen'd.

Alon. Yes, curs'd of heaven! I lov'd myself; and
In a late action, rescu'd from the Moors, [now,
I have brought home my rival in my friend.

Zan. We hear, my lord, that in that action, too,
Your interposing arm preserv'd his life. [mine,
Alon. It did; with more than the expense of

For, O! this day is mention'd for their nuptials.
Zan. My lord, she comes.

Alon. I'll take my leave, and die. [*Exit.*]
Zan. Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death
would please me.

Unhappy fate! My country overcome!
My six years' hope of vengeance quite exclud'd!
Would nature were—I would not fall alone:
But others' groans shall tell the world my death.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Enter LEONORA and ALONZO.

Alon. When nature ends with anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,
And bid his light adieu. [*Weeps.*]

Leon. The mighty conqueror
Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe you sorrows.

Alon. O, cruel insult! are those tears your sport,
Which nothing but a love for you could draw?

Affric I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to sigh unscorn'd; but I complain not;
'Twas but a wound, and you are—Leonora.

Leon. That passion which you boast of, is your
A treason to your friend. [guilt,
Alon. O, Leonora!

What could I do? In duty to my friend,
I saw you: and to see is to admire.

For Carlos did I plead, and most sincerely;
You know I did. I sought but your esteem;

If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty. [*self,*
Leon. If, from your guilt, none suffer'd but your-
It might be so. Farewell. [*Going.*]

Alon. Who suffers with me? [*Takes her hand.*]
Leon. Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.

Alon. What mean these tears?

Leon. I weep by chance; nor have my tears a
But, O! when first I saw Alonzo's tears, [meaning.
I knew their meaning well.

Alon. Heavens! what is this?

Leon. Alonzo, pardon me the injury
Of loving you. I struggled with my passion,
And struggled long; let that be some excuse.

You well may wonder at such words as these;
I start at them myself, they fright my nature.

Great is my fault; but blame me not alone;
Give him a little blame, who took such pains
To make me guilty. [*blessing*

Alon. Blame you! you know I think your love a
Beyond all human blessings! 'tis the price
Of sighs and groans, and a whole year of dying:

But, O, the curse of curses!—O, my friend!—
Leon. Alas!

Alon. What says my love? Speak, Leonora.

Leon. Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick
In finding out objections to our love?

Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,
It was unsafe to leave that part to me?

Alon. Is not the day then fix'd for your espou-
sals? [*way:*

Leon. Indeed, my father once had thought that
But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,

Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolv'd,
Your counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the debate.

Alon. O, agony!

Must I not only lose her, but be made
Myself the instrument? Not only die,

But plunge the dagger in my heart myself? [mine?
Leon. What, do you tremble lest you should be
For what else can you tremble? Not for that

My father places in your power to alter. [friend!
Alon. What's in my power? O, yes; to stab my

Leon. To stab your friend were barbarous in-
Spare him; and murder me. [*deed:*

Alon. First perish all!

No, Leonora, I am thine for ever;
The groans of friendship shall be heard no more

For whatsoever crime I can commit,
I've felt the pangs already.

Leon. Hold, Alonzo!

And hear a maid, whom doubly thou hast con-
I love thy virtue as I love thy person, [*quer'd.*

And I adore thee for the pains it gave me;
But, as I felt the pains, I'll reap the fruit;

I'll shine out in my turn, and shew the world
Thy great example was not lost upon me.

Thus, then, I tear me from thy hopes for ever.
Shall I contribute to Alonzo's crimes?

No, though the life-blood gushes from my heart,
You shall not be ashamed of Leonora.

Nay, never shrink: I take back the bright example
You lately lent; O, take it while you may;

While I can give it you, and be immortal! [*Exit.*

Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that face no
But pine in absence, and till death adore. [more;

When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,
And my eyes darken, from my faltering tongue

Her name will tremble with a feeble moan,
And love with fate divide my dying groan. [*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.—The Palace.

Enter DON MANUEL and ZANGA.

Zan. If this be true, I cannot blame your pain
For wretched Carlos; 'tis but human in you.

But when arriv'd your dismal news?
Man. This hour.

Zan. What, not a vessel sav'd! And is Alvarez
Determin'd to deny his daughter to him?

That treasure was on shore; must that, too, join

The common wreck?

Man. Alvarez pleads, indeed,
That Leonora's heart is disinclined,
And pleads that only; so it was this morning,
When he concurr'd: the tempest broke the match,
And sunk his favour when it sunk the gold.
The love of gold is double in his heart,
The vice of age and of Alvarez too.

Zan. How does Don Carlos bear it?

Man. Like a man,
Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,
And reasons beat a human heart can reason.

Zan. But is he, then, in absolute despair?

Man. Never to see his Leonora more:
And, quite to quench all future hope, Alvarez
Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter
This very day; for he has learnt their loves.

Zan. Ha! was not that receiv'd with ecstasy
By Don Alonzo?

Man. Yes, at first; but soon

A damp came o'er him.— It would kill his friend.

Zan. Not if his friend consented; and since now
He can't himself espouse her —

Man. Yet to ask it,
Has something shocking to a generous mind:
At least Alonzo's spirit startles at it.

But I must leave you. Carlos wants support
In his severe affliction. [*Exit.*

Zan. Ha, it dawns! —
It rises to me like a new-found world
To mariners long time distress'd at sea,
Sore from a storm, and all their viands spent.
Ho, Isabella!

Enter ISABELLA.

I thought of dying: better things come forward;
Vengeance is still alive: from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view and fires me with her charms.
When, Isabella, arriv'd Don Carlos here?

Isa. Two nights ago.

Zan. That was the very night
Before the battle— Memory, set down that;
It has the essence of the crocodile,
Though yet but in the shell— I'll give it birth—
What time did he return?

Isa. At midnight.

Zan. So—

Say, did he see that night his Leonora?

Isa. No, my good lord.

Zan. No matter—

Go and fetch my tablets hither. [*Exit Isabella.*
Two nights ago my father's sacred shade
Thrice stalk'd round my bed and smiled upon me;
He smiled a joy then little understood.
It must be so; and if so, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

Enter ISABELLA with the tablets, Zanga writes.
Thus it stands—

The father's fix'd—Don Carlos cannot wed—
Alonzo may—but that will hurt his friend—
Nor can he ask his leave—or, if he did,
He might not gain it. It is hard to give
Our own consent to ills, though we must bear them.
Were it not, then, a masterpiece, worth all
The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade
Alonzo to request it of his friend;
His friend to grant; then, from that very grant,
The strongest proof of friendship man can give,
To work out a cause
Of jealousy, to rack Alonzo's peace!—
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of woes,
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.
It is the hydra of calamities,
The seven-fold death; the jealous are the damn'd.

Isa. Alonzo comes this way?

Zan. Most opportunely.

Withdraw. [*Exit Isabella.*] Ye subtle demons,
which reside

In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles,
That little enginery, more mischievous
Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
Teach me to look a lie; give me your maze
Of gloomy thought and intricate design,
To catch the man I hate, and then devour.

Enter DON ALONZO.

My lord, I give you joy.

Alon. Of what, good Zanga?

Zan. Is not the lovely Leonora yours?

Alon. What will become of Carlos?

Zan. He's your friend;

And since he can't espouse the fair himself,

Will take some comfort from Alonzo's fortune.

Alon. Alas! thou little know'st the force of love!

Love reigns a sultan with unrivall'd sway;

Puts all relations, friendship's self, to death,

If once he's jealous of it. I love Carlos;

Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning

At his intended nuptials. For myself

I then felt pains, which now for him I feel.

Zan. You will not wed her, then?

Alon. Not instantly.

Insult his broken heart the very moment!

Zan. I understand you: but you'll wed hereafter,
When your friend's gone, and his first pain
assuag'd.

Alon. Am I to blame in that?

Zan. My lord, I love

Your very errors; they are born from virtue.

Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims

The heart?) does lead you blindfold to your ruin.

Consider, wherefore did Alvarez break

Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge Alonzo's?

'Twas the same cause, the love of wealth. To-morrow

May see Alonzo in Don Carlos' fortune;

A higher bidder is a better friend,

And there are princes sigh for Leonora.

When your friend's gone you will wed; why, then
the cause

Which gives you Leonora now will cease.

Carlos has lost her; should you lose her, too,

Why, then, you heap new torments on your friend,

By that respect which labour'd to relieve him.

'Tis well; he is disturb'd; it makes him pause.

Alon. Think'st thou, my Zanga, should I ask (*Aside.*)
Don Carlos,

His goodness would consent that I should wed her?

Zan. I know it would.

Alon. But then the cruelty

To ask it; and for me to ask it of him!

Zan. Methinks you are severe upon your friend
Who was it gave him liberty and life?

Alon. That is the very reason which forbids it.

Were I a stranger, I could freely speak;

In me it so resembles a demand,

Exactng of a debt, it shocks my nature.

Zan. My lord you know the sad alternative.

Is Leonora worth one pang or not?

Warmly as you wish Don Carlos well;

But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend;

There all the difference lies between us two.

In me, my lord, you hear another self;

And, give me leave to add, a better too,

Clear'd from those errors, which, though caus'd
by virtue,

Are such as may hereafter give you pain.

Don Lopez of Castile, would not demur thus.

Alon. Perish the name! What, sacrifice the fair
To age and ugliness, because set in gold?
I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me.
I have not seen him since his sore affliction;
But abunn'd it, as too terrible to bear
How shall I bear it now? I am struck already.

[*Exit.*]

Zoa. Half of my work is done. I must secure
Don Carlos, ere Alonzo speak with him.

[*He gives a message to Manuel, who enters;
and exit Manuel.*]

Proud, hated Spain, off drench'd in Moorish blood!
Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee?
Shake not thy towers where'er I pass along,
Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer?
Shake to the centre if Alonzo's dear.
Look down, O holy prophet; see me torture
This Christian dog, this infidel, which dares
To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law;
And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
Which look as they were lighted up for thee!
Shall he enjoy thy paradise below? [charms!
Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her
But see, the melancholy lover comes.

Enter DON CARLOS.

Car. Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,

For more than twenty years; vile promiser!
None here are happy but the very fool,
Or very wise; and I wasn't fool enough
To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow;
Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
An artificial happiness from pains:
Even joys are pains, because they cannot last.
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile
Against their conscience? And this we know,
Yet knowing, disbelieve, and try again
What we have tried, and struggled with conviction.
Each new experience gives the former credit;
And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher,
That thirty told us true.

Zoa. My noble lord,

I mourn your fate: but are no hopes surviving?

Car. No hopes. Alvarez has a heart of steel;
'Tis fix'd—'tis past—'tis absolute despair!

Zoa. You wanted not to have your heart made
tender,

By your own pains, to feel a friend's distress.

Car. I understand you well. Alonzo loves;
I pity him.

Zoa. I dare be sworn you do;

Yet he has other thoughts.

Car. What can'st thou mean?

Zoa. Indeed he has; and fears to ask a favour
A stranger from a stranger might request;
What costs you nothing, yet is all to him:
Nay, what, indeed, will to your glory add,
For nothing more than wishing your friend well.

Car. I pray be plain; his happiness is mine.

Zoa. He loves to death; but so reveres his friend,
He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid
Without your leave, and that he fears to ask.
In perfect tenderness I urg'd him to it.

Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,
Your overflowing goodness to your friend,
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her,
I wrung a promise from him he would try;
And now I come, a mutual friend to both,
Without his privacy, to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

Car. Ha! if he weds, I am undone indeed;
Not Don Alvarez' self can then relieve me!

Zoa. Alas! my lord, you know his heart is steel;
'Tis fix'd, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.

Car. O cruel heaven! and is it not enough

That I must never, never see her more?

Ask my consent! Must I then give her to him?

Lead to his nuptial sheets the blushing maid?

Oh! Leonora! never, never, never!

Zoa. A storm of plagues upon him! he refuses.

[*Aside.*]

Car. What, wed her?—and to-day?

Zoa. To-day, or never.

To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,

And then Alonzo is thrown out like you;

Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune?

Carlos is an Alvarez to his love.

Car. O torment! whither shall I turn?

Zoa. To peace.

Car. Which is the way?

Zoa. His happiness is yours—

I dare not disbelieve you.

Car. Kill my friend!

Or worse—Alas! and can there be a worse?

A worse there is: nor can my nature bear it.

Zoa. You have convinc'd me 'tis a dreadful task.

I found Alonzo's quitting her this morning

For Carlos' sake, in tenderness to you,

Betray'd me to believe it less severe

Than I perceive it is.

Car. Thou dost upbraid me.

[*ply,*]

Zoa. No, my good lord, but since you can't com-

'Tis my misfortune that I mention'd it;

For had I not, Alonzo would indeed

Have died as now, but not by your decree.

Car. By my decree! Do I decree his death?

I do. Shall I then lead her to his arms?

O, which side shall I take! Be stabb'd, or—stab?

'Tis equal death! a choice of agonies!

Go, Zanga, go, defer the dreadful trial, [happen

Though but a day, something, perchance, may

To soften all to friendship and to love.

Go, stop my friendship, let me not see him now;

But save us from an interview of death.

Zoa. My Lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you—

If I not bring him, may Alonzo prosper!

[*Aside and exit.*]

Car. What is this world? Thy school, O misery!

Our only lesson is to learn to suffer!

And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.

Though deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,

My comfort is, each moment takes away

A grain, at least, from the dead load that's on me,

And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.

But put it most severely—should I live—

Live long—Alas! there is no length in time!

Not in thy time, O man!—What's fourscore years?

Nay, what, indeed, the age of time itself,

Since cut from out eternity's wide round?

Yet, Leonora—she can make time long,

Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine.

While in the lustre of her charms I lay,

Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away;

I years for days, and days for moments told,

And was surpris'd to hear that I grew old.

Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,

And every moment is on age of pain.

Enter ZANGA and DON ALONZO.

Zoa. [*Stops Don Carlos.*] Is this Don Carlos, this
the boasted friend!

How can you turn your back upon his sadness?

I look on him, and then leave him if you can.

Whose sorrows thus depress him? Not his own:

This moment he could wed without your leave.

Car. I cannot yield: nor can I bear his griefs.

Alonzo! [*Going to him, and taking his hand.*]

Alon. O, Carlos!

Car. Pray, forbear.

Alon. Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile?
Alonzo, who, perhaps, in some degree
Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate?
I was deputed guardian of thy love;
But, O, I lov'd, myself? Pour down afflictions
On this devoted head! Make me your mark!
And be the world, by my example, taught
How sacred it should hold the name of friend.

Car. You charge yourself unjustly;
The crime is mine,
Who plac'd thee there, where only thou couldst fall.

Alon. You cast in shades the failure of a friend,
And soften all; but think not you deceive me;
I know my guilt, and I implore your pardon,
As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.

Car. Pardon for him who but this morning threw
Fair Leonora from his heart, all bath'd
In ceaseless tears, and blushing for her love!
Yes, 'twas in thee, through fondness for thy friend,
To shut thy bosom against ecstasies;
For which, while this pulse beats, it beats to thee;
While this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo,
And every wish is levell'd at thy joy.

Alon. (To Alonzo.) My lord, my lord, this is your
time to speak.

Alon. (To Zanga.) Because he's kind? It there-
fore is the worst;

Do I not see him quite possess'd with anguish,
And shall I pour in new? No, fond desire!
No, love! one pang at parting, and farewell.
I have no other love but Carlos now. (Runs to Car.)

Car. Alas! my friend, why with such eager grasp
Dost press my hand?

Alon. If, after death, our forms
Shall be transparent, naked every thought, [hearts,
And friends meet friends, and read each other's
Thou'lt know one day, that thou wast held most
dear.

Farewell!

Car. Alonzo, stay—he cannot speak, (holds him)
Lest it should grieve me. Shall I be outdone,
And lose in glory, as I lose in love? (Aside.)
I take it much unkindly, my Alonzo,
You think so meanly of me, not to speak,
When well I know your heart is near to bursting.
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?
Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

Alon. There, there it is, my friend; it cuts me
How dreadful is it to a generous mind [there.
To ask, when sure he cannot be denied!

Car. How greatly thought! In all he towers
above me. (Aside.)

Then you confess you would ask something of me?

Alon. No, on my soul.

Zan. (To Alonzo.) Then lose her.

Car. Glorious spirit!

Why, what a pang has he run through for this!
Why heaven! I envy him his agonies.
Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,
Of starting at one action from below,
And flaming up into consummate greatness?
He; Angels strengthen me!—It shall be so.
My Alonzo!

Since thy great soul disdains to make request,
Receive with favour that I make to thee.

Alon. What means my Carlos?

Car. Pray, observe me well.

Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart,
And, plucking up my love, they had well nigh
Pluck'd my life too; for they were twin'd together.
Of that no more: What now does reason bid?
I cannot wed—Farewell, my happiness!
But, O my soul, with care provide for hers!
In life how weak, how helpless, sure, is woman!

So properly the object of affliction,
That heaven is pleas'd to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears.
Take, then, my heart in dowy with the fair,
Be thou her guardian and thou must be mine:
Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life
With thy surrounding arms: do this, and then
Set down the liberty and life thou gav'st me,
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,
And rudiments of friendship so divine.

Alon. There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,
Which, with thy face, would render thee ador'd.
And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora;

Car. I do not part with her; I give her thee.

Alon. Carlos!—

But think not words were ever made
For such occasion. Silence, tears, embraces,
Are languid eloquence: I'll seek relief
In absence, from the pain of so much goodness,
There thank the blest above, thy sole superiors,
Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee.

[Exit.]

Zan. Thus far success has crown'd my boldest
My next care is to hasten these new nuptials, [hope.
And then my master-works begin to play.

[Aside, and exit.]

Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone, and
I must unsluice my overburden'd heart, [now

And let it flow. I would not grieve my friend
With tears; nor interrupt my great design;
Great, sure, as ever human breast durst think of.
But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress'd,
Burst their confinement with impetuous sway.
O'erwell all bounds, and bear e'en life away:
So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd,
With anguish wore the arrow in his wound,
Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and died.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ZANGA and ISABELLA.

Zan. O joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now [years
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart.
My Isabella!

Isa. What commands my Moor?

Zan. My fair ally, my lovely minister!
'Twas well Alvarez, by my arts impell'd,
(To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair,
And so prevent all future molestation,)
Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;
This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.
Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,
When I, by sacred inspiration forg'd
That letter which I trusted to thy hand;
That letter, which in glowing terms conveys,
From happy Carlos to fair Leonora,
The most profound acknowledgment of heart,
For wondrous transports, which he never knew.
That is a good, subservient artifice,
To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

Isa. I quickly dropp'd it in the bride's apartment
As you commanded.

Zan. What a lucky hand;
For soon Alonzo found it; I observ'd him
Stand out my secret stand. He took it up;
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,
Started, and trembling, dropp'd it on the ground.
Pale and aguish awhile my victim stood,
Disguis'd a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;

Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.
At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;
But, check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus,
And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Isa. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him;
At least, not mortally.

Zan. At first I thought so;
But farther thought informs me otherwise,
And turns this disappointment to account.
He more shall credit it, because unseen,
(If 'tis unseen,) as thou anon may'st find. [Skill.]

Isa. That would indeed commend my Zanga's

Zan. This Isabella, is Don Carlos' picture!
Take it, and so dispose of it, that, found,
It may rise up a witness of her love;
Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our end.

Isa. I'll weigh it as its consequence requires.
Then do you my utmost to deserve your smile. [Exit.]

Zan. Is that Alonzo prostrate on the ground?
Now he starts up like flame from sleeping embers,
And wild distraction glares from either eye.
If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,
How will the fulness of the tempest tear him!

Enter DON ALONZO.

Alon. And yet it cannot be—I am deceiv'd—
I injure her, she wears the face of heaven.
Zan. He doubts. (Aside.)

Alon. I dare not look on this again.
If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,
Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,
'Tho' certainty would dash me all in pieces.
It cannot—Ha! it must, it must be true. (Starts.)

Zan. Hold there, and we succeed. He has des-
cried me.

I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure. (Aside.)
Alon. Hold, Zanga, turn.

Zan. My lord!
Alon. Shut close the doors,
That not a spirit find an entrance here.
My lord's obey'd.

Alon. I see that thou art frighted.
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart
With scorpions' stings.

Zan. If I do love, my lord?
Alon. Come near me, let me rest upon thy bosom,
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend!)
For I am sick at heart.

Zan. Speak, sir; O, speak,
And take me from the rack.

Alon. I am most happy: mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,
And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.
O curse of curses! in the lap of blessing
To be most curs'd!—My Leonora's false!

Zan. Save me, my lord!
Alon. My Leonora's false! (Gives him the letter.)

Zan. Then heaven has lost its image here on
earth.

Alon. Good-natured man! he makes my pains
I durst not read it; but I read it now (his own.
In thy concern.

Zan. Did you read it, then? [no more.]
Alon. Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear
Zan. Thus perish all that gives Alonzo pain!

(Tears the letter.)

Alon. Why didst thou tear it?

Zan. Think of it no more.

'Twas your mistake, and groundless are your fears.
Alon. And didst thou tremble, then, for my
mistake?

Or give the whole contents; or, by the pangs
That feed upon my heart, thy life is in danger.

Zan. Is this Alonzo's language to his Zanga?

Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here.
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this rage? Because I seek your peace.
I have no interest in suppressing it,
But what good-natured tenderness for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart
That will be rent in two. Not mine the fame
That will be damn'd though all the world should
know it. [past.]

Alon. Then my worst fears are true, and life is
Zan. What has the rashness of my passion
utter'd?

I know not what—but grant I did confess,
What is a letter? letters may be forg'd.
For heaven's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart.
Some foe to your repose—

Alon. So heaven look on me,
As I can't find the man I have offended. [shield:]

Zan. Indeed! (Aside.) Our innocence is not our
They take offence, who have not been offended;
They seek our ruin, too, who speak us fair,
And death is often ambush'd in their smiles.
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain
A letter may be forg'd; and, in a point
Of such a dreadful consequence as this,
One would rely on nought that might be false.
Think, have you any other cause to doubt her?
Away, you can find none. Resume your spirit!
All's well again.

Alon. O that it were!

Zan. It is:
For who would credit that, which, credited,
Makes hell superfluous by superior pains,
Without such proofs as cannot be understood?
Has she not ever been to virtue train'd?
Is not her fame as spotless as the sun,
Her sex's envy, and the boast of Spain?

Alon. O, Zanga! it is that confounds me most,
That full in opposition to appearance—
Zan. No more, my lord, for you condemn your-
What is absurdity, but to believe [self.]

Against appearance? You can't yet, I find,
Subdue your passion to your better sense;
And, truth to tell, it does not much displease me.
'Tis fit our indiscretions should be check'd
With some degree of pain.

Alon. What indiscretion? [from me.]

Zan. Come, you must bear to hear your faults
Had you not sent Don Carlos to the court
The night before the battle, that foul slave,
Who forg'd the senseless scroll which gives you
Had wanted footing for his villany. [pain,

Alon. I sent him not.
Zan. Not send him!—Ha!—That strikes me.

I thought he came on message to the king.
Is there another cause could justify

His shunning danger, and the promis'd fight?
But I, perhaps, may think too rigidly;
So long is absence, and impatient love—

Alon. In my confusion, that had quite escap'd me.
'Tis clear as day—for Carlos is so brave,

He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,
And is enamour'd of the face of death.

How then could he decline the next day's battle,
But for the transports—Oh, it must be so!

Inhuman! by the loss of his own honour,
To buy the ruin of his friend!

Zan. You wrong him;
He knew not of your love.

Alon. Ha!—
Zan. That stings home. (Aside.) [love:]

Alon. Indeed, he knew not of my treacherous
Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.
Th' eternal law of things declares it true,

Which calls for judgment on a distinguish'd guilt,
And loves to make our crime our punishment.
Love is my torture, love was first my crime:
For she was his, my friend's, and he (O, horror!)
Confided all in me. O, sacred faith!
How dearly I abide thy violation!

Zan. Were, then, their loves far gone?

Alon. The father's will

There bore a total sway; and he, as soon
As news arriv'd that Carlos' fleet was seen
From off our coast, fir'd with the love of gold,
Determin'd that the very sun which saw
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

Zan. Indeed, my lord? then you must pardon
If I presume to mitigate the crime. [me,

Consider, strong allurement softens guilt;
Long was his absence, ardent was his love,
At midnight his return, the next day destin'd,
For his espousals—'twas a strong temptation.

Alon. Temptation!

Zan. 'Twas but gaining of one night!

Alon. One night!

Zan. That crime could ne'er return again.

Alon. Again! by heaven thou dost insult thy
lord. [death!

Temptation! One night gain'd! O stings and
And am I then undone? Alas! my Zanga!
And dost thou own it, too? Deny it still,
And rescue me one moment from distraction.

Zan. My lord, I hope the best.

Alon. False, foolish hope,
And insolent to me! thou know'st it false;
It is as glaring as the noontide sun.

Devil!—This morning, after three years' coldness,
To rush at once into a passion for me!
'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,
When her first fool was sated with her beauties.

Zan. What says my lord? Did Leonora, then,
Never before disclose her passion for you?

Alon. Never.

Zan. Throughout the whole three years?
Alon. O, never! never!

Why, Zanga, shouldst thou strive? 'Tis all in vain:
Though thy soul labours, it can find no need
For hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down
Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.

Zan. Hold, sir, I'll break your fall—Waive ev'ry
And be a man again—Had he enjoy'd her, [fear,
Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you
With less reluctance.

Alon. Ha! Resign her to me!—
Resign her!—Who resign'd her?—Double death!
How could I doubt so long? My heart is broke.
First love her to distraction! then resign her!

Zan. But was it not with utmost agony?

Alon. Grant that; he still resigns her; that's
enough.

Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?
Tear out his heart? She was his heart no more;
Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her:
By heaven! he ask'd, he courted me to wed.
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.

Zan. Was't his request? Are you right sure of
I fear the letter was not all a tale. [that?

Alon. A tale! There's proof equivalent to sight.

Zan. I should distrust my sight on this occasion.
Alon. And so should I; by heaven: I think I
should.

What! Leonora, the divine, by whom
We guess'd at angels! Oh! I'm all confusion!

Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think
clearly.

Since bliss and horror, life and death hang on it,
Go to your chamber, there maturely weigh

Each circumstance; consider, above all,
That it is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

Alon. Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all
To be deceiv'd. I fear 'tis doom'd with me.
But yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought heaven
Borrow'd her form for Virtue's self to wear,
To gain her lovers with the sons of men.
O Leonora! Leonora! [Exit.

Enter ISABELLA.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient
Thrives underneath my hand in misery.
He's gone to think; that is, to be distracted.

Isa. I overheard your conference, and saw you,
To my amazement, tear the letter.

Zan. There,

There, Isabella, I outdid myself.

For, tearing it, I not secure it only
In its first force, but superadd a new.
For after tearing it, as loath to shew
The foul contents, if I should swear it now
A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me;
Nay, more, would disbelieve the more I swore.
But is the picture happily dispos'd of?

Isa. It is.

Zan. That's well! [Exit Isabella.] Ah! what is
well? O pang to think!

O dire necessity; is this my province?
Whither, my soul! ah! whither art thou sunk
Beneath thy sphere?

Does this become a soldier? This become
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd?
My martial glory withers at the thought.
But great my end, and since there are no other,
These means are just, they shine with borrow'd
light.

Illustrious from the purposes they pursue.
And greater, sure, my merit, who, to gain
A point sublime, can such a task sustain:
To wade through ways obscene, my honour bend,
And shock my nature, to attain my end.
Late time shall wonder; that my joys will raise,
For wonder is involuntary praise. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter DON ALONZO and ZANGA.

Alon. Oh! what a pain to think, when every
thought,

Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,
And reason knits th' inextricable toll,
In which herself is taken!

No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,
This inward anarchy; but find my wife,
And to her trembling heart presenting death,
Force all the secret from her,

Zan. O, forbear!

You totter on the very brink of ruin.

Alon. What dost thou mean?

Zan. That will discover all,
And kill my hopes, What can I think or do?

[Aside.]

Alon. What dost thou murmur?

Zan. Force the secret from her?

What's perjury to such a crime as this?
Will she confess it, then? O, groundless hope!
But rest assur'd, she'll make this accusation,
Or false or true, your ruin with the king;
Such is her father's power.

Alon. No more, I care not;

Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.

Zan. But for what better will you change this
 load?

Grant you should know it, would not that be worse?

Alon. No; it would cure me of my mortal pangs:
 By hatred and contempt I should despise her,
 But all my love-bred agonies would vanish.

Zan. Ah! were I sure of that, my lord—

Alon. What then? [secret.

Zan. You should not hazard life to gain the
 Alon. What dost thou mean? Thou know'st I'm
 on the rack.

I'll not be play'd with: speak, if thou hast aught,
 Or I this instant fly to Leonora.

Zan. That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet
 Quite so far gone in guilt, to suffer it,
 Tho' gone too far, heaven knows. 'Tis I am guilty—
 I have ta'en pains, as you, I know, observ'd,
 To hinder you from diving in the secret,
 And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.

Alon. Thou dost confound me.

Zan. I confound myself,
 And frankly own it, though to my shame I own it:
 Nought but your life in danger could have torn
 The secret out, and made me own my crime.

Alon. Speak quickly; Zanga, speak.

Zan. Not yet, dread sir:
 First, I must be convinc'd, that, if you find
 The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assur'd me,
 Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.

Alon. O 'twill, by heaven!

Zan. Alas! I fear it much,
 And scarce can hope so far; but f of this
 Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain
 From all self-violence, and save my lord.

Zan. I trebly swear.

Zan. You'll bear it like a man?

Alon. A god.

[confess it,
 Zan. Such have you been to me; these tears
 And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me:
 And what amends is now within my power,
 But to confess, expose myself to justice,
 And, as a blessing, claim my punishment?
 Know, then, Don Carlos—

Alon. Oh!

Zan. You cannot bear it.

Alon. Go on, I'll have it, though it blast mankind;
 I'll have it all, and instantly. Go on.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night—

Enter LEONORA.

Leon. My lord Alonzo, you are absent from us,
 And quite undo our joy.

Alon. I'll come, my love:
 Be not our friends deserted by us both;
 I'll follow you this moment.

Leon. My good lord,
 I do observe severity of thought
 Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the Moors?
 Alon. No, my delight.

Leon. What then employ'd your mind?

Alon. Thou, love, and only thou; so heaven be-
 friend me!

As other thought can find no entrance here.

Leon. How good in you, my lord, whom nations
 Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,
 To drop one thought on me!

Alon. Know, then, to thy comfort,
 Thou hast me all, my throbbing heart is full
 With thee alone; I've thought of nothing else;
 Nor shall, I from my soul believe, till death.
 My life, our friends expect thee.

Leon. I obey.

Alon. Is that the face of curs'd hypocrisy? [Exit.
 If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,
 And beauty shall no more belong to heaven.—

Don Carlos did return at dead of night—
 Proceed, good Zanga; so thy tale began.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night;
 That night, by chance (ill chance for me) did I
 Command the watch that guards the palace-gate.
 He told me he had letters for the king,
 Despatch'd from you.

Alon. The villain lied!

Zan. My lord,

I pray, forbear. Transported at his sight,
 After so long a bondage, and your friend,
 (Who could suspect him of an artifice?)
 No farther I inquir'd, but let him pass,
 False to my trust, at least imprudent in it.
 Our watch reliev'd, I went into the garden,
 As is my custom when the night's serene,
 And took a moonlight walk; when soon I heard
 A rustling in an arbour that was near me.
 I saw two lovers in each other's arms,
 Embracing and embrac'd. Anon the man
 Arose, and, falling back some paces from her,
 Gaz'd ardently awhile, then rush'd at once,
 And throwing all himself into her bosom,
 There softly sigh'd, "O, night of ecstasy!
 When sha'! we meet again?"—Don Carlos then
 Led Leonora forth.

Alon. Oh! Oh! my heart! (He sinks into a chair.)

Zan. Groan on, and with the sound refresh my
 soul!

[Aside.)
 'Tis through his brain; his eyeballs roll in anguish.
 My lord, my lord, why will you rack me thus?
 Speak to me, let me know that you still live.

I'm your own Zanga,
 So lov'd, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you—
 Rise, sir, for honour's sake. Why should the Moors,
 Why should the vanquish'd triumph?

Alon. Oh, she was all!—

My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,
 All stoop'd to her; my blood was her possession.
 Deep in the secret foldings of my heart
 She liv'd with life, and far the dearer she.
 To think on't is the torment of the damn'd;
 And not to think on't is impossible.

How fair the cheek, that first alarm'd my soul!
 How bright the eye that set it in a flame!
 How soft the breast, on which I laid my peace
 For years to slumber, unawak'd by care!
 How fierce the transport! how sublime the bliss!
 How deep, how black, the horror and despair!

Zan. You said you'd bear it like a man.

Alon. I do.

Am I not most distracted?

Zan. Pray, be calm.

Alon. As hurricanes;—he thou assur'd of that.

Zan. Is this the wise Alonzo?

Alon. Villain, no!

He died in the arbour; he was murder'd there!
 I am his demon though—My wife! my wife!

Zan. He weeps—he weeps! [Aside.)

Alon. O villain, villain, most accurs'd!

If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?

Zan. Hear me, my lord, your anger will abate.

I knew it not;—I saw them in the garden;
 But saw no more than you might well expect
 To see in lovers destin'd for each other.
 Who could suspect fair Leonora's virtue,
 Till after proofs conspired to blacken it?
 Sad proofs, which came too late, which broke not
 (Eternal curses on Alvarez' haste!) [out,
 Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;

And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,
 In duty and compassion to your peace. [then.

Alon. Live now, be damn'd hereafter—for I wan'
 "O night of ecstasy!"—Ha! was't not so?

I will enjoy this murder. Let me think—
The jasmine bower—'tis secret and remote;
Ge wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.

[Exit Zanga.]

How the sweet sound still slings within my ear!
"When shall we meet again?"—To-night, in hail.

Enter LEONORA.

Ha! I'm surpris'd! I stagger at her charms!

Leon. My lord, excuse me; see, a second time

I come in embassy from all your friends,

Whose joys are languid, uninspir'd by you.

Alon. This moment, Leonora, I was coming

To thee, and all—but sure, or I mistake,

Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy. Oh!

Leon. Why sighs my lord?

Alon. I sigh'd not, Leonora.

Leon. I thought you did; your sighs are mine,

And I shall feel them all. [my lord,

Alon. Dost flatter me?

Leon. If my regards for you are flattery,

Full far, indeed, I stretch'd the compliment.

In this day's solemn rite.

Alon. What rite?

Leon. You sport me.

Alon. Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.

Leon. And so is mine—I look on cheerfulness,
As on the health of virtue.

Alon. Virtue! Damn—

Leon. What says my lord?

Alon. Thou art exceeding fair.

Leon. Beauty alone is but of little worth;

But when the soul and body of a piece

Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,

And are a fit reward for gallant actions;

Heaven's pay on earth for such great souls as

If fair and innocent, I am your due. [your;

Alon. Innocent! [Aside.]

Leon. How—my lord, I interrupt you.

Alon. No, my best life, I must not part with thee;

This hand is mine—O, what a hand is here!

So soft, souls sink into it and are lost!

Leon. In tears, my lord?

Alon. What less can speak my joy!

Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,

And drink in all my being from thine eyes:

And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,

And hurl destruction—

Leon. My lord, you fright me.

Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?

Why, when I woo your hand, is it denied me?

Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?

Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,

That heart which I have purchas'd with my own!

Lay it before me, then, it is my due.

Unkind Alonzo! though I might demand it,

Behold I kneel! See, Leonora kneels!

The bride foregoes the homage of her day,

And deigns to be a beggar for her own!

Speak, then, I charge you speak, or I expire,

And lead you with my death. My lord—[my lord!

Alon. Ha, ha, ha! [ceiv'd?]

Leon. Are these the joys which fondly I con-

And is it thus a wedded life begins?

What did I part with, when I gave my heart?

The maid, that loves,

Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,

And puts her trust in miracles for safety.

Where shall I sigh?—where pour out my com-

plaints? [dress;]

He that should hear, should succour, should re-

He is the source of all.

Alon. Go to thy chamber;

I soon will follow; that, which now disturbs thee,

Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.

[Exit Leon.]

O, how like innocence she looks!—What, stab her!

And rush into her blood!—I never can!

Mine is the guilt—mine—to supplant my friend.

How then? Why thus—no more: it is determin'd.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. I fear his heart has fail'd him. She must die.
Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom.

To sting our human nature, and affect it? [Aside.]

Alon. This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies through which it rolls, must all have end.

What then is man? the smallest part of nothing.

Day buries day, month month, and year the year,

Our life is but a chain of many deaths;

Can then death's self be fear'd? our life much

Life is the desert, life the solitude, [rather.

Death joins us to the great majority:

'Tis to be borne to Platos, and to Cæsars;

'Tis to be great for ever;

'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition then to die.

Zan. I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

Alon. I did.

Zan. I give you joy, then Leonora's dead.

Alon. No, Zanga, the greatest guilt is mine,

Who might have mark'd his tameness to resign her,

Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of love;

These, and a thousand tokens more; and yet—

For which the saints absolve my soul—did woe!

Zan. Whither tends this?

Alon. To shed a woman's blood [rious

Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious.

But just resentment to myself, bears in it

A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds.

He, who, superior to the checks of nature,

Dares make his life the victim of his reason,

Does in some sort that reason defy,

And take a flight at heaven.

Zan. Alas! my lord,

'Tis not your reason, but her beauty finds

Those arguments, and throws you on your sword.

You cannot close an eye that is so bright,

You cannot strike a breast that is so soft,

That has ten thousand ecstasies in store

For Carlos—No, my lord, I mean for you.

Alon. O, through my heart and marrow! Pry-

thee spare me;

Nor more upbraid the weakness of thy lord.

I own, I tried, I quarrel'd with my heart,

And push'd it on, and bid it give her death;

But, oh! her eyes struck first and murder'd me.

Zan. I know not what to answer to my lord.

Men are but men.

Farewell, then, my best lord, since you must die!

Oh, that I were to share your monument,

And in eternal darkness close those eyes,

Against those scenes which I am doom'd to suffer!

Alon. What dost thou mean?

Zan. And is it then unknown?

Oh, grief of heart, to think that you should ask it!

Sure you distrust that strict love I bear you,

Else could you doubt, when you are laid in dust—

But it will cut my poor heart through and through,

To see those revel on your sacred tomb,

Who brought you thither by their lawless loves.

For there they'll revel, and exult and feed

Him sleep so fast, who else might mar their joys.

Alon. Distraction!—But, Don Carlos, well thou

know'st

Is sheath'd in steel, and bent on other thoughts.

Zan. Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,

While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek.

But when he finds Alonzo is no more,
How will he rush like lightning to her arms!
There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul
But not in grief—sad obsequies to thee!
But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear
The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstasy.
Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another:
Thank heaven, these torments will be all my own.
Alon. I'll ease thee of that pain. Let Carlos die,
O'ertake him on the road, and see it done.
'Tis my command. *(Gives his signet.)*

Zan. I dare not disobey.

Alon. My Zanga, now I have thy leave to die.

Zan. Ah, sir! think, think again. Are all men buried

In Carlos' grave? You know not womankind.

When once the throbbing of the heart has broke
The modest zone, with which it was first tied,
Each man she meets will be a Carlos to her.

Alon. That thought has more of hell than had the
Another, and another, and another! *(former);*
And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb.
I am convinc'd: I must not, will not die.

Zan. You can't die; nor can you murder her.
What then remains? In nature no third way,
But to forget, and so to love again.

Alon. Oh!

Zan. If you forgive, the world will call you good;
If you forget, the world will call you wise;
If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you very, very kind.

Alon. Zanga, I understand thee well. She dies;
Though my arm trembles at the stroke, she dies.

Zan. That's truly great. What think you 'twas
set up

The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right, in stern despite to Nature;
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd?
At Aulis, one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;
Another slew a sister in just rage;
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son.

Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,
As he at Carthage, an immortal name!
Yet there is one step left above them all,
Above their history, above their fable,
A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd—do that,
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

Alon. 'Tis done!—Again new transports fire my
I had forgot it, 'tis my bridal night. *(brain:)*
Friend, give me joy, we must be gay together;
See that the festival be duly honour'd,
And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,
And music gives the elevating sound,
And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,
And a new day the blazing tapers pour,
Thou, Zanga, thou my solemn friends invite,
From the dark realms of everlasting night;
Call vengeance, call the Furies, call Despair,
And Death, our chief-invited guest, be there;
He, with pale hand, shall lead the bride, and spread
Eternal curtains round her nuptial bed. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another Apartment in the palace.

Enter ZANGA and ALONZO.

Alon. Is Carlos murder'd?

Zan. I obey'd your order.

Six ruffians overtook him on the road!
He fought as he was wont, and four he slew

Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds to death.
His last breath blest Alonzo, and desir'd
His bones might rest near yours.

Alon. O Zanga, Zanga!

But I'll not think:

It is a day of darkness,
Of contradictions, and of many deaths.
Where's Leonora, then? Quick, answer me:
I'm deep in horrors, I'll be deeper still.
I find thy artifice did take effect,
And she forgives my late deportment to her.

Zan. I told her, from your childhood you were
On any great surprise, but chiefly then, *[wont]*
When cause of sorrow bore it company,
To have your passion shake the seat of reason;
A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er.
Then did I tell her of Don Carlos' death,
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)
And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted;
But such the honest artifice I used,
That she, at length, was fully satisfied.
But what design you, sir, and how?

Alon. I'll tell thee.

Thus I've ordain'd it. In the jasmine bower,
The place which she dishonour'd with her guilt,
There will I meet her; the appointment's made;
And calmly spread *(for I can do it now)*
The blackness of her crime before her sight,
And then with all the cool solemnity
Of public justice, give her to the grave. *(Exit.)*

Zan. Why, get thee gone! horror and night go
Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand; *[with thee]*
Go dance around the bower, and close them in;
And tell them, that I sent you to salute them.
Profane the ground, and for the ambrosial roso,
And breath of jasmine, let hemlock blacken,
And deadly nightshade poison all the air;
For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,
Toads pant, and adders rustle through the leaves;
May serpents, winding through the trees, let fall
Their hissing necks upon them, from above,
And mingle kisses—such as I should give them!

(Exit.)

SCENE II.—The Bower. Leonora sleeping.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Ye amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
Are ye not blasted as I enter in?
Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower!
Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receivest
A murderer!—*(He advances.)* Ha! she sleeps—
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.
Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.
Oh, what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!
Who would not think that being innocent?
Oh, my distracted heart!—Oh, cruel Heaven!
To give such charms as these, and then call man,
Mere man, to be your executioner!
But see, she smiles! I never shall smile more.
It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss.

(Going, he starts back.)

Ha! smile again? She dreams of him she loves.
Curse on her charms! I'll stab her through them
all. *(As he is going to strike, she wakes.)*

Leon. My lord, your stay was long, and yonder
Of falling waters tempted me to rest, *(hall)*
Dispirited with noon's excessive heat. *[the day!]*

Alon. Ye powers! with what an eye she mends
While those were clos'd I should have given the
blow. *(Aside.)*

Leon. What says my lord?

Alon. Why, this Alonzo says:
If love were endless, men were gods; 'tis that

Does counterbalance travel, danger, pain—
 'Tis heaven's expedient to make mortals bear
 The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.
Leon. Alas, my lord! why talk you of the grave?
 Your friend is dead! in friendship you sustain
 A mighty loss; repair it with my love.

Alon. Thy love, thou piece of witchcraft! I
 would say,

Thou brightest angel! I could gaze for ever.
 Where hadst thou this? enchantress, tell me where,
 Which with a touch works miracles, boils up
 My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain?
 But, oh, those eyes! those murderers! Oh, whence,
 Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs? From
 heaven?

Thou didst: and 'tis religion to adore them.

Leon. My best Alonzo, moderate your thoughts.
 Extremes still fright me, though of love itself.

Alon. Extremes indeed! it hurried me away;
 But I come home again—and now for justice—
 And now for death—it is impossible—

(*Draws his dagger.*)

I leave her to just heaven.

(*Drops the dagger, and exits.*)

Leon. Ha! a dagger!

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. With his hand, that held the steel in vain!
 That dagger found will cause her to enquire—
 What can be done? That's something still. If not,
 'Tis all I can; it shall be so. (*Aside.*)

Leon. O, Zanga, I am sinking in my fears!
 Alonzo dropp'd this dagger as he left me,
 And left me in a strange disorder, too.
 What can this mean? Angels preserve his life!

Zan. Yours, madam, yours.

Leon. What, Zanga, dost thou say?

Zan. Carry your goodness, then, to such ex-
 So blinded to the faults of him you love, (*tremes,*
 That you perceive not he is jealous?

Leon. Heav'n!

And yet a thousand things recur that swear it
 Jealous! it sickens at my heart. Unkind,
 Ungen'rous, groundless, weak, and insolent!
 Why? wherefore? on what shadow of occasion?
 O how the great man lessens to my thought!
 How could so mean a vice as jealousy
 Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?
 I scorn, and hate; yet love him, and adore.
 I cannot, will not, dare not, think it true,
 Till from himself I know it. (*Exit.*)

Zan. This succeeds

Just to my wish. Now she with violence
 Upbraids him; he, not doubting she is guilty,
 Rages no less; and if, on either side,
 The waves run high, there still lives hope of ruin.

Enter ALONZO.

My lord—

Alon. O, Zanga, hold thy peace! I am no coward,
 But heaven itself did hold my hand; I felt it,
 By the well-being of my soul, I did.
 I'll think of vengeance at another season.

Zan. My lord, her guilt—

Alon. Perdition on thee, Moor,

For that one word!

I love her to distraction.

If 'tis my shame, why, be it so—I love her;
 Nor can I help it; 'tis impos'd upon me
 By some superior and resistless power.
 I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;
 'Til sheeks my nature like a stroke from heaven.
 But see, my Leonora comes. Begone. (*Exit Zan.*)

Enter LEONORA.

O, seen for ever, yet for ever new!
 The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again.
 Inflicting wound on wound.

Leon. Alas! my lord!

What need of this to me?

Alon. Ah! dost thou weep?

Leon. Have I no cause?

Alon. If love is thy concern,
 Thou hast no cause: none ever lov'd like me.

Oh, that this one embrace might last for ever!
Leon. These tears declare how much I taste the
 Of being folded in your arms and heart; [joy
 My universe does lie within the space.
 This dagger bore false witness.

Alon. Ha! my dagger!

It rouses horrid images. Away.

Away with it; and let us talk of love.

Leon. It touches you.

Alon. Let's talk of love.

Leon. Of death!

Alon. As thou lovest happiness—

Leon. Of murder!

Alon. Then must I fly for thy sake and my own.

Leon. Nay, by my injuries, you first must bear
 me.

Alon. Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in flames.

Leon. Who has most cause, you or myself? What
 Of my whole life encourag'd you to this? ^{act}
 Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?
 You find me kind, and think me kind to all:
 The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.
 He, that can stoop to harbour such a thought,
 Deserves to find it true.

Alon. Oh, sex, sex, sex!

The language of you all. Ill-fated woman!

Why wilt thou force me back into the gulf
 Of agonies I had block'd up with thought?
 But since thou hast replung'd me in my torture,
 I will be satisfied. Confess, confess—
 Where did I find this picture?

Leon. Ha, Don Carlos!

By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

Alon. I know it: but is vice so very rank,
 That thou shouldst dare to dash it in my face?
 Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman!

Leon. Repent.

Alon. Is that for me?

Leon. Fall; ask my pardon.

Alon. Astonishment!

Leon. Darest thou persist to think I am dishonest?

Alon. I know thee so.

Leon. This blow, then, to thy heart.

(*She stabs herself, he endeavouring to prevent her.*)

Alon. Ho, Zanga! Isabella! ho! she bleeds!
 Descend, ye blessed angels, to assist her!

Leon. This the only way I would wound thee,
 Though most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

Enter ISABELLA.

Alon. Bear her to instant help. The world to
 save her! [tremble:

Leon. Unhappy man! well may'st thou gaze and
 But fix thy terror and amazement right;

Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.

What hast thou done? Whom censur'd? Leonora?
 When thou hadst censur'd, thou wouldst save her
 O, inconsistent! Should I live in shame; [life:
 Or stoop to any other means but this
 To assert my virtue? No; she, who disputes,
 Admits it possible she might be guilty.

While sought but truth could be my inducement to
While it might look like an excuse to thee, [It
I scorn'd to vindicate my innocence;
But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound,
Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.

(Isabella leads out Leonora.)

Alon. Ha! was this woman guilty? And if not—
How my thoughts darken that way! Grant, kind
That she prove guilty; or my being end. [heaven,
Is that my hope, then?

Is it in man the sore distress to bear,
When hope itself is blacken'd to despair;
When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain
In hell, a refuge from severer pain? [Exit.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. How stands the great account 'twixt me and
vengeance?

Though much is paid, yet still it owes me much,
And I will not abate a single groan.
Ha! that were well—but that were fatal, too—
Why, be it so. Revenge, so truly great, [life.
Would come too cheap, if bought with less than
Come, death; come, hell; then! 'tis resolv'd, 'tis
done.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Ah, Zanga, see me tremble! Has not yet
Thy cruel heart its fill? Poor Leonora—

Zan. Weilers in blood, and gasps for her last
What then? We all must die. [breath.

Isa. Alonso raves;
And, in the tempest of his grief, has thrice
Attempted on his life. At length disarm'd,
He calls his friends that save him, his worst foes,
And importunes the skies for swift perdition.

After a pause,
He started up, and call'd aloud for Zanga,
For Zanga rav'd; and see, he seeks you here,
To learn that truth, which most he dreads to know.

Zan. Begone. Now, now, my soul, consummate
all. [Exit Isabella.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Oh, Zanga!

Zan. Do not tremble so, but speak.

Alon. I dare not. (Falls on him.)

Zan. You will drown me with your tears.

Alon. Have I not cause?

Zan. As yet you have no cause

Alon. Dost thou, too, rave?

Zan. Your anguish is to come:
You much have been abus'd.

Alon. Abus'd! by whom?

Zan. To know, were little comfort,

Alon. O, 'twere much!

Zan. Indeed!

Alon. By heaven! Oh, give him to my fury!

Zan. Born for your use, I live but to oblige you.

Know, then, 'twas—I.

Alon. Am I awake?

Zan. For ever.

Thy wife is guiltless—that's one transport to me;

And I, I let thee know it—that's another.

I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress;

I forg'd the letter; I dispos'd the picture;—

I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.

Alon. Oh!

Zan. Why, this is well—why, this is blow for

blow! [laurels,

Where are you? Crown me, shadow me with

Ye spirits, which delight in just revenge!

Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep;

Let Afric and her hundred thrones rejoice:

O, my dear countrymen, look down and see
How I bestride your prostrate conqueror!
I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings.
But this is mercy, this is my indulgence;
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from my indignation.
I must awake him into horrors. Ho!
Alonzo, ho! the Moor is at the gate!
Awake, invincible, omnipotent!
Thou, who dost all subdus.

Alon. Inhuman slave!

[racter.

Zan. Fall'n Christian, thou mistak'st my cha-
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou say'st,
The Moor, a slave, an abject, beaten slave:
(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)

But look again. Has six years' cruel bondage
Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought
Shines here to give an awe of one above thee?
When the great Moorish king, Abdallah, fell:
Fell by thy hand accus'd, I fought fast by him,
His son; though, through his fondness, in disguise.
Less to expose me to th' ambitious foe.—
Ha! does it wake thee?—O'er my father's corse
I stood astride, till I had o'love thy crest;
And then was made the captive of a squadron,
And sunk into thy servant—But, oh! what,
What were my wages! Hear, nor heaven nor
earth!

My wages were a blow! by heaven, a blow!

And from a mortal hand!

Alon. Oh, villain, villain!

Zan. All strife is vain. (Shewing a dagger.)

Alon. Is thus my love return'd?

Is this my recompense? Make friends of tigers
Lay not your young, O, mothers, on the breast,
For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,
And pay you for their nourishment with death.
Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying!
Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.
Oh, shame! Oh, guilt! Oh, horror! Oh, remorse!
Oh, punishment! Had Satan never fall'n,
Hell had been made for me.—Oh, Leonora! Leo-
nora! Leonora! [thee?

Zan. Must I despise thee, too, as well as hate
Complain of grief! complain thou art a man.
Prism from fortune's lofty summit fell;
Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourn'd;
Heroes and demigods have known their sorrows;
Caesars have wept; and I have had my blow:
But 'tis reveng'd, and now my work is done.
Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance
To make ev'n thee confess that I am just.
Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
Whose sacred person, oh! thou hast profan'd!
Whose reign extinguish'd: What was left to me,
So highly born? No kingdom, but revenge;
No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans.
If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun.
With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well—
Now, fully satisfy'd, I should take leave;
But one thing grieves me, since thy death is near,
I leave thee my example how to die.

As he is going to stab himself, Alonzo rushes
upon him, and prevents him. Enter DON
ALVAREZ, with Attendants. They seize
Zanga. Alonzo puts the dagger in his
bosom.

Alon. No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death.
My father!

Alc. O, Alonzo—Isabella,

Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress'—

Told all the dreadful tale.

Alon. What groan was that?

Zan. As I have been a vulture to my heart,
So will I be a raven to thine ear.

Enter MANUEL, who whispers Alvarez.

And true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,
As ever flapp'd its heavy wing against
The window of the sick, and croak'd despair.
Thy wife is dead.

Alv. The dreadful news is true.

Alon. Prepare the rack; invent new tortures for him.

Zan. This, too, is well. The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage;
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.

Were I not thus reduced, thou wouldst not know
That, thus reduced, I dare defy thee still.
Torture thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er de-
spise me.

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain.
But those are foreign to the soul; not mine
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;
They disobey me: on the rack I scorn thee,
As when my falchion clove thy helm in battle.

Alv. Peace, villain!

Zan. While I live, old man, I'll speak:
And well I know thou dar'st not kill me yet;

For that would rob thy bloodhounds of their prey

Alon. Who call'd Alonzo?

Again! 'Tis Carlos' voice, and I obey.
Oh, how I laugh at all that this can do!

(Stabs himself.)

The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd
me,

Were given before; I was already dead;

This only marks my body for the grave.

Afric, thou art reveng'd—O, Leonora! *(Dies.)*

Zan. Good ruffians, give me leave; my blood is
yours.

The wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all;

Let me but look one moment on the dead,

And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.

(He goes to Alonzo's body.)

Is this Alonzo? Where's the haughty mien?

Is that the hand which smote me? Heavens, how
pale

And art thou dead? So is my enmity.

I war not with the dust. The great, the proud,

The conqueror of Afric was my foe.

A lion preys not upon carcases.

This was the only method to subdue me.

Terror and doubt fall on me; all thy good

Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.

Never had man such funeral applause;

If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.

O vengeance, I have followed thee too far,

And to receive me, hell blows all her fires. *Exeunt.*

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY GEORGE COLMAN.



Mrs. O.—"So! so!"—Act III, Scene 2.

Persons Represented

LORD TRINKET.
SIR HARRY BEAGLE.
MAJOR OAKLY.
OAKLY.

CHARLES.
CAPTAIN O'GUTHRIE.
BUSSET.
PARIS.

LADY FREELOVE.
MRS. OAKLY.
HARRIOT.
SERVANTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in Oakly's House.—Noise heard within.

Mrs. O. (Within.) Don't tell me: I know it is so: it's monstrous, and I will not bear it.

Oak. (Within.) But, my dear!

Mrs. O. Nay, nay.—(Squabbling within.)

Enter MRS. OAKLY, with a letter, followed by OAKLY.

Mrs. O. Say what you will, Mr. Oakly, you shall never persuade me but this is some filthy intrigue of yours.

Oak. I can assure you, my love—

Mrs. O. Your love! Don't I know your—Tell me, I say, this instant, every circumstance relating to this letter.

Oak. How can I tell you, when you will not so much as let me see it?

Mrs. O. Lookye, Mr. Oakly, this usage is not to

be borne. You take a pleasure in abusing my tenderness and soft disposition. To be perpetually running over the whole town, nay, the whole kingdom, too, in pursuit of your amours! Did not I discover that you was great with mademoiselle, my own woman? Did not you contract a shameful familiarity with Mrs. Freeman? Did not I detect your intrigue with Lady Wealthy? Was not you—

Oak. Oons! madam, the Grand Turk himself has not half so many mistresses. You throw me out of all patience! Do I know anybody but our common friends? Am I visited by anybody that does not visit you? Do I ever go out, unless you go with me? And am I not as constantly by your side, as if I were tied to your apron-strings?

Mrs. O. Go, go! you are a false man. Have not I found you out a thousand times? And have not I this moment a letter in my hand, which convinces me of your baseness? Let me know the whole affair, or I will—

Out. Let you know! Let me know what you would have of me? You stop my letter before it comes to my hands, and then expect that I should know the contents of it!

Mrs. O. Heaven be praised! I stopped it. I suspected some of these doings for some time past! But the letter informs me who she is, and I'll be revenged on her sufficiently. Oh, you base man, you!

Oak. I beg, my dear, that you would moderate your passion. Shew me the letter, and I'll convince you of my innocence.

Mrs. O. Innocence! abominable. Innocence! But I am not to be made such a fool;—I am convinced of your perfidy, and very sure that—

Oak. 'Sdeath and fire! your passion hurries you out of your senses. Will you hear me?

Mrs. O. No; you are a base man; and I will not hear you.

Oak. Why, then, my dear, since you will neither talk reasonably yourself, nor listen to reason from me, I shall take my leave till you are in a better humour. So, your servant! *(Going.)*

Mrs. O. Ay, go, you cruel man! Go to your mistresses, and leave your poor wife to her miseries. How unfortunate a woman am I! I could die with vexation. *(Throwing herself into a chair.)*

Oak. There it is! Now dare not I stir a step further: if I offer to go, she is in one of her fits in an instant. Never sure was a woman at once of so violent and so delicate a constitution! What shall I say to soothe her? *(Aside.)* Nay, never make thyself so uneasy, my dear. Come, come, you know I love you.

Mrs. O. I know you hate me; and that your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me. *(Whining.)*

Oak. Do not vex yourself at this rate; I love you most passionately—indeed I do. This must be some mistake.

Mrs. O. Oh! I am an unhappy woman.

Oak. Dry up thy tears, my love, and be comforted. You will find that I am not to blame in this matter. Come, let me see this letter; nay, you shall not deny me. *(Takes the letter.)* *(sure.)*

Mrs. O. There! take it; you know the hand I am *Oak. (Reads.) To Charles Oakly, Esq.—Hand! 'Tis a clerk-like hand, a good round text; and was certainly never penned by a fair lady.*

Mrs. O. Ay, laugh at me, do!

Oak. Forgive me, my love, I did not mean to laugh at thee. But what says the letter? *(Reads.) "Dishonour eloped—you must be privy to it—scandalous—dis honourable—satisfaction—revenge—um, um, um, um, injured father, HENRY RUSSET."*

Mrs. O. (Rising.) Well, sir, you see I detected you; tell me this instant where she is concealed.

Oak. So—so—so—This hurts me: I'm shocked. *(To himself.)*

Mrs. O. What! are you confounded with your gulf? Have I caught you at last?

Oak. O! that wicked Charles; to decoy a young lady from her parents in the country! The profligacy of the young fellows of this age is abominable. *(To himself.)*

Mrs. O. (Half aside, and muting.) Charles!—Let me see. Charles!—No; impossible! This is all a trick. *(himself.)*

Oak. He has certainly ruined this poor lady. *(To Mrs. O.)* Art, art; all art! There's a sudden turn now! You have ready wit for an intrigue, I find.

Oak. Such an abandoned action! I wish I had never had the care of him.

Mrs. O. Mighty fine, Mr. Oakly! Go on, sir, go on! I see what you mean. Your assurance provokes me beyond your very falsehood itself. So, you imagine, sir, that this affected concern, this flimsy pretence about Charles, is to bring you off. Matchless confidence! but I am armed against every thing—I am prepared for all your dark schemes—I am aware of all your low stratagems.

Oak. See there now! Was ever anything so provoking? To persevere in your ridiculous. For heaven's sake, my dear, don't distract me. When you see my mind thus agitated and uneasy, that a young fellow, whom his dying father, my own brother, committed to my care, should be guilty of such enormous wickedness; I say, when you are witness of my distress on this occasion, how can you be weak enough and cruel enough to—

Mrs. O. Prodigious well, sir! You do it very well. Nay, keep it up, carry it on! there's nothing like going through with it. O, you artful creature! But, sir, I am not to be so easily satisfied. I do not believe a syllable of all this. Give me the letter—*(Snatches the letter.)*—You shall sorely repent this vile business, for I am resolved that I will know the bottom of it. *(Exit.)*

Oak. This is beyond all patience. Provoking woman! Her absurd suspicions interpret every thing the wrong way. But this ungracious boy! in how many troubles will he involve his own and this lady's family! I never imagined that he was of such abandoned principles.

Enter MAJOR OAKLY and CHARLES.

Charles. Good-morrow, sir!

Maj. O. Good-morrow, brother, good-morrow. What; you have been at the old work, I find. I heard you—ding dong! 'Faith, she has rung a noble peal in your ears. But now, now? Why sure you've had a remarkable warm bout on't: you seem more ruffled than usual.

Oak. I am, indeed, brother! thanks to that young gentleman there. Have a care, Charles! you may be called to a severe account for this. The honour of a family, sir, is no such light matter.

Charles. Sir!

Maj. O. Heyday! What, has a curtain lecture produced a lecture of morality? What is all this?

Oak. To a profligate mind, perhaps, these things may appear agreeable in the beginning; but don't you tremble at the consequences?

Charles. I see, sir, that you are displeased with me; but I am quite at a loss to guess at the occasion. *(set?)*

Oak. Tell me, sir!—where is Miss Harriot Russet. Miss Harriot Russet;—Sir, explain.

Oak. Have you not decoyed her from her father? *Charles.* I!—Decoyed her—decoyed my Harriot! I would sooner die than do her the least injury. What can this mean? *(after all.)*

Maj. O. I believe the young dog has been at her. *Oak.* I was in hope, Charles, you had better principles. But there's a letter just come from her father—

Charles. A letter!—What letter? Dear sir, give it me. Some intelligence of my Harriot, Major! The letter, sir, the letter this moment, for heaven's sake! *(Innocence—)*

Oak. If this warmth, Charles, tends to prove your Charles, Dear sir, excuse me; I'll prove anything: let me but see this letter, and I'll—

Oak. Let you see it! I could hardly get a sight of it myself, Mrs. Oakley has it.

Charles. Has she got it? Major, I'll be with you again directly. *(Exit hastily.)*

Maj. O. Heyday! The devil's in the boy! What

a fiery set of people! By my truth, I think the whole family is made of nothing but combustibles.

Oak. I like this emotion; it looks well: it may serve, too, to convince my wife of the folly of her suspicions. Would to heaven I could quiet them for ever!

Maj. O. Why, pray now, my dear naughty brother, what heinous offence have you committed this morning? what new cause of suspicion? You have been asking one of the maids to mend your ruffie, I suppose; or have been hanging your head out at the window, when a pretty young woman has passed by; or—

Oak. How can you trifle with my mistresses, Major? Did I not tell you it was about a letter?

Maj. O. A letter!—hum—A suspicious circumstance to be sure! What! and the seal a true lover's knot now, eh? or a heart transfixed with darts; or possibly the wax bore the industrious impression of a thimble; or perhaps the folds were lovingly connected by a wafer, pricked with a pin, and the direction written in a vile scrawl, and not a word spelt as it should be! Ha, ha, ha!

Oak. Pooh! brother—Whatever it was, the letter, you find, was for Charles, not for me. This outrageous jealousy is the devil.

Maj. O. Mere matrimonial blessings and domestic comfort, brother! Jealousy is a certain sign of love.

Oak. Love! it is this very love that hath made us both so miserable. Her love for me has confined me to my house, like a state pensioner, without the liberty of my friends, or the use of pen, ink, or paper; while my love for her has made such a fool of me, that I never had the spirit to contradict her.

Maj. O. Ay, ay, there you've hit it; Mrs. Oakly would make an excellent wife, if you did but know how to manage her.

Oak. You are a rare fellow indeed to talk of managing a wife. A debauched bachelor; a rattle-brained, rioting fellow—who have picked up your commonplace notions of women in bagnios, taverns, and the camp; whose most refined commerce with the sex has been in order to delude country girls at your quarters, or to besiege the virtue of abigails, milliners, or mantua-makers' apprentices.

Maj. O. So much the better!—so much the better! Women are all alike in the main, brother; high or low, married or single, quality or no quality. I have found them so, from a duchess down to a milk-maid; every woman is a tyrant at the bottom. But they could never make a fool of me. No, no; no woman should ever domineer over me, let her be mistress or wife.

Oak. Single men can be no judges in these cases. They must happen in all families. But when things are driven to extremities; to see a woman in uneasiness—a woman one loves too—one's wife, who can withstand it? You neither speak nor think like a man that has loved and been married, Major.

Maj. O. I wish I could hear a married man speak my language. I'm a bachelor, it's true; but I am no bad judge of your case for all that. I know yours and Mrs. Oakly's disposition to a hair. She is all impetuosity and fire—a very magazine of touchwood and gunpowder. You are hot enough, too, upon occasion; but then it's over in an instant. In comes love and conjugal affection, as you call it; that is, mere folly and weakness—and you draw off your forces, just when you should pursue the

attack, and follow ~~our~~ ^{your} own, bro~~ss~~ ^{ss} at her with spirit, and the day ~~we~~ ^{you} ~~will~~ ^{shall} have me do?

Maj. O. Do as you please for one month, whether she likes it or not; and I'll answer ~~for~~ ^{it} she will consent you shall do as you please all her life after. In short, do but shew yourself a man of spirit, leave off whining about love and tenderness, and nonsense, and the business is done, brother.

Oak. I believe you are in the right, Major! I see you are in the right. I'll do it—I'll certainly do it. But then it hurts me to the soul, to think what uneasiness I shall give her. The first opening of my design will throw her into fits; and the pursuit of it, perhaps, may be fatal.

Maj. O. Fits! ha, ha, ha! I'll engage to cure her of her fits. Nobody understands hysterical cases better than I do; besides, my sister's symptoms are not very dangerous. Did you ever hear of her falling into a fit when you were not by? Was she ever found in convulsions in her closet? No no; these fits, the more care you take of them, the more you will increase the distemper; let them alone, and they will wear themselves out, I warrant you.

Oak. True, very true; you are certainly in the right; I'll follow your advice. Where do you dine to-day? I'll order the coach, and go with you.

Maj. O. O brave! keep up this spirit, and you are made for ever.

Oak. You shall see now, Major! Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Order the coach directly. I shall dine out to-day.

Serv. The coach, sir? Now, sir?

Oak. Ay, now, immediately.

Serv. Now, sir?—the—the—coach, sir?—that is—my mistress—

Maj. O. Sirrah! do as you are bid. Bid them put to this instant.

Serv. Yes—yes, sir—yes, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Oak. Well, where shall we dine?

Maj. O. At the St. Albans, or where you will. This is excellent, if you will but hold it.

Oak. I will have my own way, I am determined.

Maj. O. That's right.

Oak. I am steel.

Maj. O. Bravo!

Oak. Admant!

Maj. O. Bravissimo!

Oak. Just what you'd have me.

[*It?*]

Maj. O. Why that's well said. But will you do *Oak.* I will.

Maj. O. You won't.

Oak. I will. I'll be a fool to her no longer. But harkye! Major, my hat and gloves lie in my study. I'll go and steal them out, while she is busy talking with Charles.

Maj. O. Steal them! for shame! Prythee take them boldly; call for them; make them bring them to you here; and go out with spirit, in the face of your whole family.

Oak. No, no;—you are wrong;—let her rave after I am gone; and when I return, you know, I shall exert myself with more propriety, after this open affront to her authority.

Maj. O. Well, take your own way.

Oak. Ay, ay: let me manage it, let me manage it.

[*Exit.*]

Maj. O. Manage it! ay, to be sure, you are a rare manager! It is dangerous, they say, to meddle between man and wife. I am no great favourite of Mrs. Oakly's already; and, in a week's time, I expect to have the door shut in my teeth.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Ruined and ruined! She's gone, uncle; my Harriot's lost for ever!

Maj. O. Gone off with a man? I thought so; they are all alike.

Charles. Oh, no! Fled to avoid the hateful match with Sir Harry Beagle.

Maj. O. Faith, a girl of spirit: but whence comes all this intelligence?

Charles. In an angry letter from her father. How miserable I am! If I had not offended my Harriot, much offended her, by that foolish riot and drinking at your house in the country, she would certainly, at such a time, have taken refuge in my arms.

Maj. O. A very agreeable refuge for a young lady, to be sure; and extremely decent!

Charles. What a heap of extravagancies was I guilty of!

Maj. O. Extravagancies with a witness! Ah! you silly young dog, you would ruin yourself with her father, in spite of all I could do. There you sat, as drunk as a lord, telling the old gentleman the whole affair, and swearing you would drive Sir Harry Beagle out of the country, though I kept winking and nodding, pulling you by the sleeve, and kicking your shins under the table, in hopes of stopping you; but all to no purpose.

Charles. What distress may she be in at this instant! Alone and defenceless! Where, where can she be?

Maj. O. What relations or friends has she in town?

Charles. Relations! let me see—Faith, I have it! If she is in town, ten to one but she is at her aunt's, Lady Freelove's. I'll go thither immediately.

Maj. O. Lady Freelove's! Hold, hold, Charles! Do you know her ladyship?

Charles. Not much; but I'll break through all, to get to my Harriot.

Maj. O. I do know her ladyship.

Charles. Well, and what do you know of her?

Maj. O. O, nothing! Her ladyship is a woman of the world, that's all.

Charles. What do you mean?

Maj. O. That Lady Freelove is an arrant—By-the-by, did not she, last summer, make formal proposals to Harriot's father from Lord Triquet?

Charles. Yes; but they were received with the utmost contempt. The old gentleman, it seems, hates a lord, and he told her so in plain terms.

Maj. O. Such an aversion to the nobility may not run in the blood; the girl, I warrant you, has no objection. However, if she's there, watch her narrowly, Charles. Lady Freelove is as mischievous as a monkey, and as cunning, too. Have a care of her, I say, have a care of her!

Charles. If she's there, I'll have her out of the house within this half hour, or set fire to it.

Maj. O. Nay, now you are too violent; stay a moment, and we'll consider what's best to be done.

Enter OAKLY.

Oak. Come, is the coach ready? Let us be gone. Does Charles go with us?

Charles. I go with you!—What can I do? I am so vexed and distracted, and so many thoughts crowd in upon me, I don't know which way to turn myself.

Mrs. O. (Within). The coach!—dines out!—Where is your master?

Oak. Sounds! brother, here she is.

Re-enter MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. O. Pray, Mr. Oakly, what is the matter that you cannot dine at home to-day?

Oak. Don't be uneasy, my dear!—I have a little business to settle with my brother; so I am only just going to dinner with him and Charles, to the tavern.

Mrs. O. Why cannot you settle your business here, as well as at a tavern? But it is some of your lack's business, I suppose, and so you must get rid of my company. This is chiefly your fault, Major Oakly.

Maj. O. Lord! sister, what signifies it, whether a man dines at home or abroad?

Mrs. O. It signifies a great deal, sir! and I don't choose—

Maj. O. Phoo! let him go, my dear sister, let him go; he will be ten times better company when he comes back. I tell you what, sister—you sit at home till you are quite tired of one another, and then you grow cross, and fall out: if you would but part a little now and then, you might meet again in humour.

Mrs. O. I beg, Major Oakly, that you would trouble yourself about your own affairs: and let me tell you, sir, that I—

Oak. Nay, do not put thyself into a passion with the Major, my dear! It was not his fault; and I shall come back to thee very soon.

Mrs. O. Come back! why need you go out? I know well enough when you mean to deceive me; for then there is always a pretence of dining with Sir John, or my lord, or somebody; but when you tell me you are going to a tavern, it's such a bare-faced affront—

Oak. This is so strange now! Why, my dear, I shall only just—

Mrs. O. Only just go after the lady in the letter, I suppose.

Oak. Well, well, I won't go, then. Will that convince you? I'll stay with you, my dear. Will that satisfy you?

Maj. O. For shame! hold out, if you are a man. (Apart.)

Oak. She has been so much vexed this morning already, I must humour her a little now. (Apart.)

Maj. O. Fie, fie! go out, or you are undone. (Apart.)

Oak. You see it's impossible. I'll dine at home with thee, my love. (Apart to Mrs. Oakly.)

Mrs. O. Ay, ay, pray do, sir. Dine at a tavern, indeed! (Going.)

Oak. (Returning.) You may depend on me another time, Major.

Maj. O. Steel and adamant! Ah!

Mrs. O. (Returning). Mr. Oakly!

Oak. O, my dear! (Exit with Mrs. Oakly.)

Maj. O. Ha, ha, ha! there's a picture of resolution! there goes a philosopher for you! Ha, Charles!

Charles. O, uncle! I have no spirits to laugh now.

Maj. O. So! I have a fine time on't between you and my brother. Will you meet me to dinner at the St. Alban's by four? We'll drink her health, and think of this affair.

Charles. Don't depend on me. I shall be running all over the town, in pursuit of my Harriot; at all events, I'll go directly to Lady Freelove's: if I find her not there, which way I shall direct myself, heaven knows!

Maj. O. Harkye, Charles! If you meet with her, you may be at a loss. Bring her to my house; I have a snug room, and—

Charles. Phoo! Prythee, uncle, don't trifle with me now.

Mrs. O. Well, seriously, then, my house is at your service.

Charles. I thank you; but I must be gone.

Mrs. O. Ay, ay, bring her to my house, and we'll settle the whole affair for you. You shall clap her into a post-chaise, take the chaplain of our regiment along with you, wheel her down to Scotland, and when you come back, send to settle her fortune with her father; that's the modern art of making love, Charles! [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Bull and Gate Inn.

Enter SIR HARRY BEAGLE and TOM.

Sir H. Ten guineas a mare, and a crown the man? eh, Tom.

Tom. Yes, your honour.

Sir H. And are you sure, Tom, that there is no flaw in his blood?

Tom. He's a good thing, sir, and as little beholden to the ground, as any horse that ever went over the surf upon four legs. Why, here's his whole pedigree, your honour.

Sir H. Is it attested?

Tom. Very well attested; it is signed by Jack Spur and my Lord Startall. (Giving the pedigree.)

Sir H. Let me see. (Reads.) "Tom-comes-tickle-me was out of the famous Tantivy mare, by Sir Aaron Driver's chestnut horse, White Stockings. White Stockings, his dam, was got by Lord Budge's South Bard, full sister to the Proserpine Filly, and his sire Tom Jones; his granddam was the Irish Duchess, and his grandsire, Squire Sportley's Trojan; his great and great grand-dam, Mrs. Newmarket Peggy and Black Moll; and his great grand-sire and great great grand-sire, were Sir Ralph Whiff's Regulus, and the famous Prince Ananaboo."

JOHN M. SPUR:
his mark.
STARTALL."

Tom. All fine horses, and won every thing! A foal out of your honour's maid-faced Venus, by this horse, would beat the world.

Sir H. Well, then, we'll think on't. But plague on't, Tom, I have certainly knocked up my little roan gelding in this d—d wild-geese chase of threescore miles an end.

Tom. He's deadly blown, to be sure, your honour; and I am afraid we are upon a wrong scent after all. Madam Harriot certainly took across the country, instead of coming on to London.

Sir H. No; no; we traced her all the way up. But d'ye hear? Tom, look out among the stables and repositories here in town, for a smart, road nag, and a strong horse to carry a portmanteau.

Tom. Sir Roger Turf's horses are to be sold: I'll see if there's ever a tight thing there. But I suppose, sir, you would have one somewhat stronger than Snip; I don't think he's quite enough of a horse for your honour.

Sir H. Not enough of a horse! Snip's a powerful gelding; master of two stone more than my weight. If Snip stands sound, I would not take a hundred guineas for him. Poor Snip! go into the stable, Tom, see they give him a warm mash, and look at his heels and his eyes. But where's Mr. Russet all this while?

Tom. I left the squire at breakfast on a cold pigeon-pie; and enquiring after madam Harriot, in the kitchen. I'll let him know your honour would be glad to see him here.

Sir H. Ay, do; but, harkye! Tom be sure you take care of Snip.

Tom. I'll warrant your honour.

Sir H. I'll be down in the stables myself by-and-by. [Exit Tom.] Let me see—out of the famous Tantivy by White Stockings. White Stockings, his dam, full sister to the Proserpine Filly; and his sire—plague on't! how unlucky it is that this d—d accident should happen in the Newmarket week! Ten to one I lose my match with Lord Chokejade, by not riding myself; and I shall have no opportunity to hedge my bets neither. What a d—d piece of work have I made on't!—I have knocked up poor Snip, shall lose my match; and as to Harriot, why the odds are that I lose my match there too: a skittish young tit! If I once get her tight in hand, I'll make her wince for it. Her estate, joined to my own, I would have the finest stud and the noblest kennel in the whole country. But here comes her father, puffing and blowing, like a broken-winded horse up hill.

Enter RUSSET.

Rus. Well, Sir Harry, have you heard anything of her?

Sir H. Yes, I have been asking Tom about her, and he says you may have her for five hundred guineas.

Rus. Five hundred guineas: how d'ye mean? Where is she? which way did she take?

Sir H. Why, first she went to Epsom, then to Lincoln, then to Nottingham, and now she is at York.

Rus. Impossible! she could not go over half the ground in the time. What the devil are you talking of?

[You wanted to buy.]

Sir H. Of the mare you was just now saying

Rus. The devil take the mare! who would think of her, when I am mad about an affair of so much more consequence?

Sir H. You seemed mad about her a little while ago. She's a fine mare, and a thing of shape and blood.

Rus. D— her blood! Harriot! my dear, provoking Harriot! Where can she be? Have you got any intelligence of her?

Sir H. No, faith, not I: we seem to be quite thrown out here; but, however, I have ordered Tom to try if he can hear anything of her among the ostlers.

Rus. Why don't you inquire after her yourself? why don't you run up and down the whole town after her? To other young rascal knows where she is, I warrant you. What a plague it is to have a daughter! When one loves her to distraction, and has toiled and laboured to make her happy, the ungrateful slut will sooner go to hell her own way. But she shall have him—I will make her happy, if I break her heart for it. A provoking gipsy! to run away, and torment her poor father, that dotes on her! I'll never see her face again. Sir Harry, how can we get any intelligence of her? Why don't you speak? why don't you tell me? Zounds! you seem as indifferent as if you did not care a farthing about her.

Sir H. Indifferent! you may well call me indifferent!—this d—d chase after her will cost me a thousand. If it had not been for her, I would not have been off the course this week to have saved the lives of my whole family. I'll hold you six to two that—

Rus. Zounds! hold your tongue, or talk more to the purpose. I swear she is too good for you—you don't deserve such a wife—a fine, dear, sweet, lovely, charming girl! She'll break my heart. How shall I find her out?—Do, prythee, Sir Harry

my dear honest friend! consider, how we may discover where she is fled to.

Sir H. Suppose you put an advertisement into the newspapers, describing her marks, her age, her height, and where she strayed from. I recovered a bay mare once by that method.

Rus. Advertise her!—What! describe my daughter, and expose her, in the public papers, with a reward for bringing her home, like horses stolen or strayed! Recovered a bay mare!—the devil's in the fellow!—he thinks of nothing but racers, and bay mares, and stallions. 'Sdeath, I wish you—

Sir H. I wish Harriot was fairly pounded; it would save us both a deal of trouble.

Rus. Which way shall I turn myself? I am half distracted. If I go to that young dog's house, he has certainly conveyed her somewhere out of my reach: if she does not send to me to-day, I'll give her up for ever: perhaps, though, she may have met with some accident, and has nobody to assist her. No, she is certainly with that young rascal. I wish she was dead, and I was dead. I'll blow young Oakly's brains out.

Re-enter TOM.

Sir H. Well, Tom, how is poor Snip?

Tom. A little better, sir, after his warm mash: but Lady, the pointing-bitch, that followed you all the way, is deadly foot-sore.

Rus. D—n Snip and Lady! Have you heard anything of Harriot?

Tom. Why, I came on purpose to let my master and your honour know, that John Ostler says as how, just such a lady as I told him Madam Harriot was, came here in a four-wheel chaise, and was fetched away soon after by a fine lady in a chariot.

Rus. Did she come alone? [your honour.]

Tom. Quite alone; only a servant maid, please

Rus. And what part of the town did they go to?

Tom. John Ostler says as how they hid the coachman drive to Grosvenor-square.

Sir H. Soho! pussa. Yoics!

Rus. She is certainly gone to that young rogue: he has got his aunt to fetch her from hence: or else she is with her own aunt, Lady Freelove; they both live in that part of the town. I'll go to the house; and, in the meanwhile, Sir Harry, you shall step to Lady Freelove's. We'll find her, I warrant you. I'll teach my young mistress to be gadding. She shall marry you to-night. Come along, Sir Harry, come along; we won't lose a minute. Come along.

Sir H. Soho! hark forward! wind 'em and cross 'em! hark forward! Yoics! Yoics! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Oakly's House.

Enter MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. O. After all, that letter was certainly intended for my husband. I see plain enough they are all in a plot against me. My husband intriguing, the Major working him up to affront me, Charles owning his letters, and so playing into each other's hands. They think me a fool, I find; but I'll be too much for them yet. I have desired to speak with Mr. Oakly, and expect him here immediately. His temper is naturally open; and if he thinks my anger abated and my suspicions laid asleep, he will certainly betray himself by his behaviour. I'll assume an air of good humour; pretend to believe the fine story they have trumped up, throw him off his guard, and so draw the secret out of him. Here he comes. How hard it is to dissemble one's anger! Oh! I could rate him soundly; but I'll keep down my indignation at present, though it chokes me.

Enter OAKLY.

O, my dear! I am very glad to see you. Pray sit down. [They sit.] I longed to see you. It seemed an age till I had an opportunity of talking over the silly affair that happened this morning. [Mildly.]

Oak. Why, really, my dear—

Mrs. O. Nay, don't look so grave now. Come, it's all over. Charles and you have cleared up matters. I am satisfied.

Oak. Indeed! I rejoice to hear it! You make me happy beyond my expectation. This disposition will ensure our felicity. Do but lay aside your cruel, unjust suspicion, and we should never have the least difference.

Mrs. O. Indeed I begin to think so. I'll endeavour to get the better of it. And, really, sometimes it is very ridiculous. My uneasiness this morning, for instance; ha, ha, ha! To be so much alarmed about the idle letter, which turned out quite another thing at last. Was not I very angry with you? ha, ha, ha! [Affecting a laugh.]

Oak. Don't mention it. Let us both forget it. Your present cheerfulness makes amends for every thing.

Mrs. O. I am apt to be too violent; I love you too well to be quite easy about you. [Fondly.] Well! no matter: what is become of Charles?

Oak. Poor fellow! he is on the wing, rembling all over the town, in pursuit of this young lady.

Mrs. O. Where is he gone, pray?

Oak. First of all, I believe, to some of her relations. [they live.]

Mrs. O. Relations! Who are they? Where do *Oak.* There is an aunt of hers lives just in the neighbourhood; Lady Freelove.

Mrs. O. Lady Freelove! Oh! come to Lady Freelove's is he? And do you think he will hear anything of her. [soul.]

Oak. I don't know; but I hope so, with all my

Mrs. O. Hope! with all your soul! Do you hope so? [Alarmed.]

Oak. Hope so! Ye—yes—why, don't you hope so? [Surprised.]

Mrs. O. Why—yes—[Recovering.] O, ay, to be sure. I hope it of all things. You know, my dear, it must give me great satisfaction, as well as yourself, to see Charles well settled.

Oak. I should think so; and really I don't know where he can be settled so well. She is a most deserving young woman, I assure you.

Mrs. O. You are well acquainted with her, then?

Oak. To be sure, my dear; after seeing her so often last summer, at the Major's house in the country, and at her father's.

Mrs. O. So often?

Oak. Ay; very often: Charles took care of that—almost every day.

Mrs. O. Indeed! But pray—a—a—I say—a—a—[Confused.]

Oak. What do you say, my dear? [some?]

Mrs. O. I say—a—a—[Stammering.] Is she hand-

Oak. Prodigious handsome, indeed!

Mrs. O. Prodigious handsome! And is she reckoned a sensible girl?

Oak. A very sensible, modest, agreeable, young lady as ever I knew. You would be extremely fond of her, I am sure. You can't imagine how happy I was in her company. Poor Charles! she soon made a conquest of him; and no wonder, she has so many elegant accomplishments; such an infinite fund of cheerfulness and good-humour. Why, she's the darling of the whole country. [her!]

Mrs. O. Lord! you seem quite in raptures about

Oak. Raptures! not at all. I was only telling you

the young lady's character. I thought you would be glad to find that Charles had made so sensible a choice, and was so likely to be happy.

Mrs. O. Oh, Charles! true, as you say, Charles will be mighty happy.

Oak. Don't you think so?

Mrs. O. I am convinced of it. Poor Charles! I am much concerned for him. He must be very uneasy about her. I was thinking whether we could be of any service to him in this affair.

Oak. Was you, my love? that is very good of you. Why to be sure, we must endeavour to assist him. Let me see: how can we manage it? 'Gad! I have hit it. The luckiest thought! and it will be of great service to Charles.

Mrs. O. Well, what is it? (*Exasperated.*) You know I would do anything to serve Charles, and oblige you. (*Mildly.*)

Oak. That is so kind! Lord! my dear, if you would but always consider things in this proper light, and continue this amiable temper, we should be the happiest people—

Mrs. O. I believe so: but what's your proposal?

Oak. I'm sure you'll like it. Charles, you know, may, perhaps, be so lucky as to meet with this lady.

Mrs. O. True.

Oak. Now I was thinking, that he might, with

Mrs. O. Well! [your leave, my dear—

Oak. Bring her home here.

Mrs. O. How?

Oak. Yes, bring her home here, my dear: it will make poor Charles's mind quite easy; and you may take her under your protection till her father comes to town. [pectation.

Mrs. O. Amazing! this is even beyond my expectation. Why!—What?

Mrs. O. Was there ever such assurance! (*Rises.*) Take her under my protection; What! would you keep her under my nose?

Oak. Nay, I never conceived—I thought you would have approved—

Mrs. O. What! make me your convenient woman?—No place but my own house to serve your purposes! [sion—I am quite astonished.

Oak. Lord! This is the strangest misapprehension. *Mrs. O.* Astonished! yes—confused, detected, betrayed, by your vain confidence of imposing on me. Why sure you imagine me an idiot, a driveller. Charles, indeed! yes Charles is a fine excuse for you. The letter this morning; the letter, Mr.

Pak. The letter! why sure that— [Oakly!

Mrs. O. Is sufficiently explained. You have made it very clear to me. Now I am convinced. I have no doubt of your perfidy. But I thank you for some hints you have given me, and you may be sure I shall make use of them: nor will I rest till I have full conviction, and overwhelm you with the strongest proof of your baseness towards me.

Oak. Nay, but—

Mrs. O. No, go! I have no doubt of your falsehood: away! [Exit.

Oak. Was there ever anything like this? Such unaccountable behaviour! Angry, I don't know why! jealous of I know not what! Hints!—hints I have given her! What can she mean?

TOILET crosses the stage.

Toilet, where are you going?

Toil. To order the porter to let in no company to my lady to-day. She won't see a single soul, sir. [Exit.

Oak. What an unhappy woman! Now will she sit all day feeding on her suspicions, till she has convinced herself of the truth of them.

JOHN crosses the stage.

Well, sir, what's your business?

John. Going to order the chariot, sir; my lady's going out immediately. [Exit.

Oak. Going out! what is all this? But every way she makes me miserable. Wild and ungovernable as the sea or the wind! made up of storms and tempests! I can't bear it: and one way or other I will put an end to it. [Exit

SCENE III.—*Lady FreeLove's House.*

Enter LADY FREELOVE, with a card; a Servant following.

Lady F. (*Reading as she enters.*) "And with take the liberty of waiting on her ladyship en cavalier, as he comes from the manage." Does anybody wait, that brought this card? [mad m.

Serv. Lord Trinket's servant is in the hall.

Lady F. My compliments, and I shall be glad to see his lordship. Where is Miss Russel?

Serv. In her own chamber, madam.

Lady F. What is she doing?

Serv. Writing, I believe, madam.

Lady F. Oh! ridiculous: scribbling to that Oakly I suppose. (*Apert.*) Let her know, I should be glad of her company here. [Exit Serv.] It is a mighty troublesome thing to manage a simple girl, that knows nothing of the world. Harriot, like all other girls, is foolishly fond of this young fellow of her own choosing—her first love; that is to say, the first man that is particularly civil; and the first air of consequence which a young lady gives herself. Poor, silly soul! But Oakly must not have her, positively. A match with Lord Trinket will add to the dignity of the family. I must bring her into it. But here she comes.

Enter HARRIOT.

Well, Harriot, still in the pouts! Nay, pr'ythee, my dear little runaway girl, be more cheerful; your everlasting melancholy puts me into the vapours.

Har. Dear madam, excuse me. How can I be cheerful in my present situation? I know my father's temper so well, that I am sure this step of mine must almost distract him. I sometimes wish that I had remained in the country, let what would have been the consequence.

Lady F. Why, it is a naughty child, that's certain; but it need not be so uneasy about papa, as you know that I wrote by last night's post, to acquaint him that his little, lost sheep was safe; and that you were ready to obey his commands in every particular, except marrying that oak, Sir Harry Beagle. Lord! lord! what a difference there is between a country and a town education! Why, a London lass would have jumped out of a window into a gallant's arms; and, without thinking of her father, unless it were to have drawn a few bills on him, been a hundred miles off in nine or ten hours or perhaps out of the kingdom in twenty-four.

Har. I fear I have already been too precipitate: I tremble for the consequences.

Lady F. I swear, child, you are a downright prude. Your way of talking gives me the spleen; so full of affection, and duty, and virtue; 'tis just like a funeral sermon. And yet, pretty soul! it can love. Well, I wonder at your taste; a sneaking, simple gentleman, without a title! and when, to my knowledge, you might have a man of quality to-morrow.

Har. Perhaps so. Your ladyship must excuse me, but many a man of quality would make me miserable.

Lady F. Indeed, my dear, these antediluvial

Sir H. Stole away! plague on't—stole away!

[*Exeunt Sir Harry and Lord Trinket*]

Lady F. Before I follow the company, give me leave to tell you, sir, that your behaviour here has been so extraordinary—

Charles. My treatment here, madam, has indeed been very extraordinary.

Lady F. Indeed! Well, no matter: permit me to acquaint you, sir, that there lies your way out; and that the greatest favour you can do me, is to leave the house immediately.

Charles. That your ladyship may depend upon. Since you have put Miss Russet to flight, you may be sure of not being troubled with my company, I'll after her immediately.

Lady F. If she has any regard for her reputation, she'll never put herself into such hands as yours.

Charles. O! madam, there can be no doubt of her regard for that, by her leaving your ladyship.

Lady F. Leave my house.

Charles. Directly—a charming house; and a charming lady of the house too! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. Vulgar fellow!

Charles. Fine lady! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Lady Freelove's House.*

Enter LADY FREELOVE and LORD TRINKET.

Lord T. *Doucement, doucement*, my dear Lady Freelove! Excuse me, I meant no harm, 'pon honour!

Lady F. Indeed, indeed, my Lord Trinket, this is absolutely intolerable. What to offer rudeness to a young lady in my house. What will the world say of it.

Lord T. Just what the world pleases. It does not signify a doil what they say. However, I ask pardon; but, egad! I thought it was the best way.

Lady F. For shame, for shame, my lord. I am quite hurt at your want of discretion; and as this is rather an ugly affair in regard to me as well as your lordship, and may make some noise, I think it absolutely necessary, merely to save appearances, that you should wait on her father, palliate matters as well as you can, and make a formal repetition of your proposal of marriage.

Lord T. Your ladyship is perfectly in the right. You are quite *au fait* of the affair. It shall be done immediately, and then your reputation will be safe, and my conduct justified to all the world. But should the old rustic continue as stubborn as his daughter, your ladyship, I hope, has no objection to my being a little *rusé*; for I must have her, 'pon honour.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain O'Cutter, to wait on your ladyship.

Lady F. O, the hideous fellow! the Irish sailor-man, for whom I prevailed on your lordship to get the post of regulating captain. I suppose he is come to load me with his odious thanks. I won't be troubled with him now.

Lord T. Let him in, by all means. He is the best creature to laugh at in nature. He is a perfect sea-monster, and always looks and talks as if he were upon deck. Besides, a thought strikes me—he may be of use.

Lady F. Well, send the creature up, then. [*Exit Servant.*] But what fine thought is this?

Lord T. A *coup de maître*, 'pon honour. I intend—But, hush! here the porpus comes.

Enter CAPTAIN O'CUTTER.

Lady F. Captain, your humble servant. I am very glad to see you.

O'Cut. I am much obliged to you, my lady. Upon my conscience, the wind favours me at all points. I had no sooner got under weigh, to tank your ladyship, but I have borne down upon my noble friend his lordship too. I hope your lordship's well?

Lord T. Very well. I thank you, Captain. But you seem to be hurt in the service, what is the meaning of that patch over your right eye?

O'Cut. Some advanced wages from my new post, my lord. This presssing is hot work, though it entitles us to smart money.

Lady F. And pray in what perilous adventure did you get that scar, Captain?

O'Cut. Quite out of my element, indeed, my lady. I got it in an engagement by land. A day or two ago, I spied three stout fellows, belonging to a merchantman. They made down Wapping. I immediately gave my lady the signal to chase, and we bore down right upon them. They tacked, and lay to; we gave them a thundering broadside, which they reaved like men: and one of them made use of small arms, which carried off the weathermost corner of Ned Gage's hat; so I immediately stood in with him, and raked him, but reaved a wound on my starboard eye, from the stock of the pistol. However, we took them all, and they now lie under the hatches, with fifty more, aboard a tender off the Tower.

Lord T. Well done, noble Captain! But, however, you will soon have better employment, for I think the next step to your present post, is commonly a ship.

O'Cut. The sooner the better, my lord! Honest Terence O'Cutter shall never flinch, I warrant you; and has had as much sea-service as any man in the navy.

Lord T. You may depend on my good offices, Captain. But, in the meantime, it is in your power to do me a favour.

O'Cut. A favour, my lord!—your lordship does me honour. I would go round the world, from one end to the other, by day or by night, to serve your lordship, or my good lady here.

Lord T. Dear madam, the luckiest thought in nature! [*Apart to Lady F.*] The favour I have to ask of you, Captain, need not carry you so far out of your way. The whole affair is, that there are a couple of impudent fellows at an inn in Holborn, who have affronted me, and you will oblige me infinitely, by pressing them into his majesty's service.

Lady F. Now I understand. Admirable! [*Apart.*]

O'Cut. With all my heart, my lord, and tank you, too, 'fait. But, by-the-by, I hope they are not house-keepers, or freemen of the city. There's the devil to pay in meddling with them. They boder one so about liberty, and property, and stuff. It was but t'other day, that Jack Trouser was carried before my lord mayor, and lost above a twelvemonth's pay for nothing at all at all.

Lord T. I'll take care you shall be brought into no trouble. These fellows were formerly my grooms. If you'll call on me in the morning, I'll go with you to the place.

O'Cut. I'll be with your lordship, and bring with me four or five as pretty boys as you'll wish to clap your two loking eyes upon of a summer's day.

Lord T. I am much obliged to you,—But, Captain, I have another little favour to beg of you.

O'Cut. Upon my shoul I'll do it.

Lord T. What, before you know it?

O'Cut. Fore and aft, my lord!

Lord T. A gentleman has offended me in a point of honour—

O'Cut. Cut his throat!

Lord T. Will you carry him a letter for me?

O'Cut. Indeed and I will; and I'll take you in tow, to; and you shall engage him yard-arm and yard-arm.

Lord T. Why, then, Captain, you'll come a little earlier to-morrow morning than you proposed, that you may attend him with my billet, before you proceed on the other affair.

O'Cut. Never fear it, my lord. Your servant! My ladyship, your humble servant!

Lord T. Captain, yours. Pray give my service to my friend, Mrs. O'Cutter. How does she do?

O'Cut. I thank your ladyship's axing;—the dear creature is purely tight and well.

Lord T. How many children have you, Captain?

O'Cut. Four, and please your lordship, and another upon the stocks.

Lord T. When it is launched, I hope to be at the christening. I'll stand godfather, Captain.

O'Cut. Your lordship's very good.

Lord T. Well, you'll come to-morrow.

O'Cut. Ay, my lord, and every day next week. Little Terence O'Cutter never falls, fait, when a trout is to be cut. *(Exit.)*

Lady F. Ha, ha, ha! But sure you don't intend to ship off both her father and her country lover for the Indies?

Lord T. O no! Only let them contemplate the inside of a ship, for a day or two; and, in the meanwhile, measures may be concerted to carry off the girl.

Re-enter Servant.

Srv. Mrs. Oakly, madam, is at the door, in her chariot, and desires to have the honour of speaking to your ladyship on particular business.

Lord T. Mrs. Oakly! what can the jealous-pated woman want with you?

Lady F. No matter what; I hate her mortally. Let her in. *(Exit Servant.)*

Lord T. What wind blows her hither?

Lady F. A wind that must blow us some good.

Lord T. How? I was amazed you chose to see her.

Lady F. How can you be so slow of apprehension! She comes, you may be sure, on some occasion relating to this girl; in order to assist young Oakly, perhaps, to soothe me, and gain intelligence, and so forward the match; but I'll forbid the banns, I warrant you. Whatever she wants, I'll draw some sweet mischief out of it.—But away, away! I think I hear her; slip down the back stairs—or—stay, now I think on't, go out this way—meet her—and be sure to make her a very respectful bow as you go out.

Lord T. Hush! here she is!

Enter MRS. OAKLY. *[Lord Trinket bows, and exits.]*
Mrs. O. I beg pardon, for giving your ladyship this trouble.

Lady F. I am always glad of the honour of seeing Mrs. Oakly.

Mrs. O. There is a letter, madam, just come from the country, which has occasioned some alarm in our family. It comes from Mr. Russet.

Lady F. Mr. Russet?

Mrs. O. Yes, from Mr. Russet, madam; and is chiefly concerning his daughter. As she has the honour of being related to your ladyship, I took the liberty of waiting on you.

Lady F. She is, indeed, as you say, madam, a

relation of mine; but, after what has happened, I scarce know how to acknowledge her.

Mrs. O. Has she been so much to blame, then?

Lady F. So much, madam!—only judge for yourself. Though she has been so indiscreet, not to say indecent in her conduct, as to elope from her father, I was in hopes to have hushed up that matter, for the honour of our family; but she has run away from me, too, madam—went off in the most abrupt manner, not an hour ago.

Mrs. O. You surprise me. Indeed, her father, by his letter, seems apprehensive of the worst consequences. But does your ladyship imagine any harm has happened?

Lady F. I can't tell: I hope not. But, indeed, she's a strange girl. You know, madam, young women can't be too cautious in their conduct. She is, I am sorry to declare it, a very dangerous person to take into a family.

Mrs. O. Indeed! *(Alarmed.)*

Lady F. If I was to say all I know—

Mrs. O. Why sure your ladyship knows of nothing that has been carried on clandestinely between her and Mr. Oakly? *(In disorder.)*

Lady F. Mr. Oakly?

Mrs. O. Mr. Oakly—no, not Mr. Oakly—that is, not my husband—I don't mean him—not him, but his nephew—young Mr. Oakly.

Lady F. Jealous of her husband! So, so! now I know my game. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. O. But, pray, madam, give me leave to ask, was there anything very particular in her conduct while she was in your ladyship's house?

Lady F. Why, really, considering she was here scarce a week, her behaviour was rather mysterious; letters and messages, to and fro, between her and I don't know who. I suppose you know that Mr. Oakly's nephew has been here, madam?

Mrs. O. I was not sure of it. Has he been to wait on your ladyship on this occasion?

Lady F. To wait on me!—the expression is much too polite for the nature of the visit. My Lord Trinket, the nobleman whom you met as you came in, had, you must know, madam, some thoughts of my niece; and, as it would be an advantageous match, I was glad of it; but, I believe, after what he has been witness to this morning, he will drop all thoughts of it.

Mrs. O. I am sorry that any relation of mine should so far forget himself—

Lady F. It's no matter: his behaviour, indeed, as well as the young lady's, was pretty extraordinary; and yet, after all, I don't believe he is the object of her affections.

Mrs. O. Ha! *(Much alarmed.)*

Lady F. She has certainly an attachment somewhere, a strong one. But his lordship, who was present all the time, was convinced, as well as myself, that Mr. Oakly's nephew was rather a convenient friend, a kind of go-between, that the lover. Bless me! madam, you change colour!—you seem uneasy! What's the matter?

Mrs. O. Nothing, madam—nothing; a little shocked that my husband should behave so.

Lady F. Your husband, madam?

Mrs. O. His nephew, I mean. His unpardonable rudeness—But I am not well. I am sorry I have given your ladyship so much trouble: I'll take my leave.

Lady F. I declare, madam, you frighten me. Your being so visibly affected makes me quite uneasy. I hope I have not said anything; I really don't believe your husband is in fault. Men, to sure, allow themselves strange liberties; but

think, may, I am sure, it cannot be so—it is impossible! Don't let what I have said have any effect on you.

Mrs. O. No, it has not; I have no idea of such a thing. Your ladyship's most obedient. *(Going, returns.)* But sure, madam, you have not heard—or don't know anything.

Lady F. Come, come, Mrs. Oakly; I see how it is, and it would not be kind to say all I know. I dare not tell you what I have heard. Only be on your guard; there can be no harm in that. Do you be vigilant giving the girl any countenance, and see what effect it has.

Mrs. O. I will. I am much obliged. But does it appear to your ladyship, then, that Mr. Oakly—

Lady F. No, not at all: nothing in't I dare say. I would not create uneasiness in a family; but I am a woman myself, have been married, and can't help feeling for you.—But don't be uneasy; there's nothing in't, I dare say. *(servant.)*

Mrs. O. I think so. Your ladyship's humble
Lady F. Your servant, madam. Pray don't be alarmed: I must insist on your not making yourself uneasy.

Mrs. O. No! at all alarmed—not in the least uneasy. Your most obedient. *(Exit.)*

Lady F. Ha, ha, ha! There she goes; brimful of anger and jealousy, to vent it all on her husband. Mercy on the poor man!

Re-enter LORD TRINKET.

Bless me! my lord, I thought you was gone!

Lord T. Only into the next room. My curiosity would not let me stir a step further. I heard it all; and was never more diverted in my life, 'pon honour. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. How the silly creature took it.—Ha, ha, ha!

Lord T. Ha, ha, ha!—My dear Lady Free love, you have a deal of ingenuity—a deal of *esprit*, 'pon honour.

Lady F. A little shell thrown into the enemy's works, that's all.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. But I must leave you: I have twenty visits to pay. You'll let me know how you succeed in your secret expedition.

Lord T. That you may depend on.

Lady F. Remember, then, that to-morrow morning I expect to see you. At present, your lordship will excuse me. *(Exit.)*

SCENE II.—*Mr. Oakly's House.*

Enter HARRIOT following WILLIAM.

Har. Not at home! Are you sure that Mrs. Oakly is not at home, sir?

Will. She is just gone out, madam.

Har. I have something of consequence—if you will give me leave, sir, I will wait till she returns.

Will. You would not see her, if you did, madam. She has given positive orders not to be interrupted with any company to-day.

Har. Sure, sir, if you was to let her know that I had particular business—

Will. I should not dare to trouble her, indeed, madam.

Har. How unfortunate this is! What can I do? Pray, sir, can I see Mr. Oakly, then?

Will. Yes, madam: I'll acquaint my master, if you please.

Har. Pray do, sir.

Will. Will you favour me with your name, madam?
Har. Be pleased, sir, to let him know that a lady desires to speak with him.

Will. I shall, madam.

Har. I wish I could have seen Mrs. Oakly. *(Exit.)*

What an unhappy situation am I reduced to by my father's obstinate perseverance, to force me into a marriage which my soul abhors.

Enter OAKLY.

Oak. (At entering.) Where is the lady? *(Seeing her.)* Bless me! Miss Russel, is it you?—Was ever anything so unlucky? *(Aside.)* Is it possible, madam, that I see you here?

Har. It is too true, sir; and the occasion on which I am now to trouble you, is so much in need of an apology, that—

Oak. Pray make none, madam. If my wife should return before I get her out of the house again! *(Aside.)*

Har. I dare say, sir, you are not quite a stranger to the attachment your nephew has professed to me.

Oak. I am not, madam. I hope Charles has not been guilty of any baseness towards you. If he has, I'll never see his face again.

Har. I have no cause to accuse him; but—

Oak. But what, madam? Pray be quick. The very person in the world I would not have seen! *(Aside.)*

Har. You seem uneasy, sir!

Oak. No, nothing at all. Pray go on, madam.

Har. I am at present, sir, through a concurrence of strange accidents, in a very unfortunate situation; and do not know what will become of me without your assistance.

Oak. I'll do every thing in my power to serve you; I know of your leaving your father, by a letter we have had from him. Pray let me know the rest of your story.

Har. My story, sir, is very short. When I left my father's, I came immediately to London, and took refuge with a relation; where, instead of meeting with the protection I expected, I was alarmed with the most infamous designs upon my honour. It is not an hour ago since your nephew rescued me from the attempts of a villain; I tremble to think that I left him actually engaged in a duel.

Oak. He is very safe. He has just sent home the chariot, from the St. Alban's tavern, where he dines to-day. But what are your commands for me, madam?

Har. The favour, sir, I would now request of you is, that you would suffer me to remain, for a few days, in your house.

Oak. Madam!

Har. And that, in the meantime, you will use your utmost endeavours to reconcile me to my father, without his forcing me into a marriage with Sir Harry Beagle.

Oak. This is the most perplexing situation! Why did not Charles take care to bestow you properly?

Har. It is most probable, sir, that I should not have consented to such a measure myself. The world is but too apt to censure, even without a cause, and if you are so kind as to admit me into your house, I must desire not to consider Mr. Oakly in any other light than as your nephew.

Oak. What an unlucky circumstance! Upon my soul, madam, I would do anything to serve you; but being at my house creates a difficulty, that—

Har. I hope, sir, you do not doubt the truth of what I have told you?

Oak. I religiously believe every tittle of it, madam; but I have particular family considerations, that—

Har. Sure, sir, you cannot suspect me to be base enough to form any connections in your family

contrary to your inclinations, while I am living in your house?

Oak. Such connexions, madam, would do me and all my family great honour. I never dreamt of any scruples on that account. What can I do? Let me see—let me see. Suppose—*(Pausing.)*

Enter MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. O. I am sure I heard the voice of a woman, conversing with my husband. Ha! *(Seeing Harriot.)* It is so indeed! Let me contain myself: I'll listen *(Aside.)*

Har. I see, sir, you are not inclined to serve me. Good heaven! what am I reserved to? Why, why did I leave my father's house, to expose myself to greater distresses?

Oak. I would do anything for your sake, indeed I would. So pray be comforted, and I'll think of some proper place to bestow you in.

Mrs. O. So! so!

Har. What place can be so proper as your own house?

Oak. My dear madam, I—I—

Mrs. O. My dear madam! Mighty well!

(Aside.)

Oak. Hush!—hark! What noise?—No—nothing. But I'll be plain with you, madam; we may be interrupted. The family consideration I hinted at is nothing else than my wife. She is a little unhappy in her temper, madam; and if you were to be admitted into the house, I don't know what would be the consequence.

Mrs. O. Very fine! *(Aside.)*

Har. My behaviour, sir—

Oak. My dear life, it would be impossible for you to behave in such a manner as not to give her suspicion.

Har. But if your nephew, sir, took every thing upon himself—

Oak. Still that would not do, madam. Why, this very morning, when the letter came from your father, though I positively denied any knowledge of it, and Charles owned it, yet it was almost impossible to pacify her.

Har. What shall I do? What will become of me?

Oak. Why, lookye, my dear madam; since my wife is so strong an objection, it is absolutely impossible for me to take you into the house. Nay, if I had not known she was gone out, just before you came, I should be uneasy at your being here, even now. So we must manage as well as we can. I'll take a private lodging for you, a little way off, unknown to Charles, or my wife, or anybody; and if Mrs. Oakly should discover it at last, why, the whole matter will light upon Charles, you know.

Mrs. O. Upon Charles! *(Aside.)*

Har. How unhappy is my situation! *(weeping)* I am ruined for ever.

Oak. Ruined! not at all. Such a thing as this has happened to many a young lady before you, and all has been well again. Keep up your spirits! I'll contrive, if I possibly can, to visit you every day.

Mrs. O. *(Advances.)* Will you so? O, Mr. Oakly! have I discovered you at last? I'll visit you, indeed! And you, my dear madam, I'll—

Har. Madam, I don't understand—

Mrs. O. I understand the whole affair, and have understood it for some time past. You shall have a private lodging, miss! It is the fittest place for you, I believe. How dare you look me in the face?

Oak. For heaven's sake! my love, don't be so violent. You are quite wrong in this affair—you don't know who you are talking to. This lady is a person of fashion.

Mrs. O. Fine fashion, indeed, to seduce other women's husbands!

Har. Dear Madam, how can you imagine—

Oak. I tell you, my dear, this is the young lady that Charles—

Mrs. O. Mighty well! but that won't do, sir; did not I hear you lay the whole intrigue together? Did not I hear your fine plot of throwing all the blame upon Charles—

Oak. Nay, be cool, a moment. You must know, my dear, that the letter which came this morning related to this lady—

Mrs. O. I know it

Oak. And since that, it seems, Charles has been so fortunate as to—

Mrs. O. O, you deceitful man! That trick is too stale to pass again with me. It is plain now what you meant by your proposing to take her into the house this morning. But the gentlewoman could introduce herself, I see.

Oak. Fie! fie! my dear, she came on purpose to inquire for you.

Mrs. O. For me!—better and better! Did not she watch her opportunity, and come to you just as I went out? But I am obliged to you for your visit, madam. It is sufficiently paid. Pray don't let me detain you.

Oak. For shame, for shame, Mrs. Oakly! How can you be so absurd? Is this proper behaviour to a lady of her character?

Mrs. O. I have heard her character. Go, my fine runaway madam! Now you have eloped from your family, and runaway from your aunt! Go! you shan't stay here, I promise you.

Oak. Praythe be quiet. You don't know what you are doing. She shall stay.

Mrs. O. She shan't stay a minute.

Oak. She shall stay a minute, an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year! 'Sdeath! madam, she shall stay for ever, if I choose.

Mrs. O. How!

Har. For heaven's sake, sir, let me go. I am frightened to death.

Oak. Don't be afraid, madam. She shall stay, I insist upon it.

Rus. *(Within.)* I tell you, sir, I will go up. I am sure the lady is here, and nothing shall hinder me.

Har. O, my father! my father! *(Faints.)*

Oak. See, she faints; *(Catches her.)* Ring the bell! Who's there?

Mrs. O. What! take her into your arms, too! I have no patience.

Enter BUSSET.

Rus. Where is this?—Ha! fainting! *(Runs to her.)* O, my dear Harriot! my child, my child!

Oak. Your coming so abruptly shocked her spirits: but she revives. How do you do, madam?

Har. *(To Russet.)* O, sir!

Rus. O, my dear girl, how could you run away from your father, that loves you with such fondness? But I was sure I should find you here.

Mrs. O. There—there! Sure he should find her here! Did I not tell you so?—Are not you a wicked man to carry on such base, underhand doings with a gentleman's daughter?

Rus. Let me tell you, sir, whatever you may think of the matter, I shall not easily put up with this behaviour. How durst you encourage my daughter to an elopement, and receive her in your house?

Mrs. O. There—mind that! The thing is as plain as the light.

Oak. I tell you, you misunderstand—

Rus. Lookye, Mr. Oakly, I shall expect satisfac-

tion from your family for so gross an affront. Zounds! sir, I am not to be used ill by any man in England.

Har. My dear sir, I can assure you—

Rus. Hold your tongue, girl! You'll put me in a passion.

Oak. Sir, this is all a mistake.

Rus. A mistake! Did not I find her in your house?

Oak. Upon my soul, she has not been in my house above—

Mrs. O. Did I not hear you say, you would take her a lodging—a private lodging?

Oak. Yes, but that—

Rus. Has not this affair been carried on a long time, in spite of my teeth?

Oak. Sir, I never troubled myself—

Mrs. O. Never troubled yourself! Did not you insist on her staying in the house, whether I would

Oak. No. [or no?]

Rus. Did not you send to meet her, when she

Oak. No. [came to town?]

Mrs. O. Did not you deceive me about the letter this morning?

Oak. No—no—no; I tell you, no.

Mrs. O. Yes—yes—yes; I tell you, yes.

Rus. She's not I believe my own eyes?

Mrs. O. She's not I believe my own ears?

Oak. I tell you, you are deceived.

Rus. Zounds, sir, I'll have satisfaction.

Mrs. O. I'll stop these fine doings, I warrant you.

Oak. 'Sdeath! you will not let me speak; and you are both alike, I think. I wish you were married to one another with all my heart.

Mrs. O. Mighty well! mighty well!

Rus. I shall soon find a time to talk with you.

Oak. Find a time to talk! you have talked enough now for all your lives.

Mrs. O. Very fine! Come along, sir! Leave that lady with her father. Now she is in the properest hands. [*Exit.*]

Oak. I wish I could leave you in his hands.—*(Going, returns.)* One word with you, sir! The height of your passion, and Mrs. Oakley's strange misapprehension of this whole affair, makes it impossible to explain matters to you at present. I will do it when you please, and how you please. [*Exit.*]

Rus. Yes, yes; I'll have satisfaction. So, madam, I have found you at last. You have made a fine confusion here.

Har. I have, indeed, been the innocent cause of a great deal of confusion.

Rus. Innocent! What business had you to be running hither, after—

Har. My dear sir, you misunderstand the whole affair. I have not been in this house half an hour.

Rus. Zounds! girl, don't put me in a passion! You know I love you; but a lie puts me in a passion. But, come along: we'll leave this house directly. *(Charles sings without.)* Heyday! what now?

Enter CHARLES, drunk.

Charles. *(Sings.)* But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,

And a big bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

What's here? a woman? Harriot! impossible! My dearest, sweetest Harriot! I have been looking all over the town for you; and at last, when I was tired, and weary, and disappointed, why then, the honest Major and I sat down together to drink your health in pint bumpers. *(Running to her.)*

Rus. Stand off! How dare you take any liberty with my daughter before me? Zounds! sir, I'll be the death of you!

Charles. Ha! 'Squire Russet, too! You jolly old

cock, how do you do? But, Harriot! my dear girl! *(Taking hold of her.)* My life, my soul, my—

Rus. Let her go, sir; come away, Harriot! Leave him this instant, or I'll tear you asunder. *(Pulling her.)*

Har. There needs no violence to tear me from a man who could disguise himself in such a gross manner, at a time when he knew I was in the utmost distress. *(Disengages herself and exits with Rus.)*

Charles. Only hear me, sir! madam! my dear Harriot. Mr. Russet—gone! she's gone! and, egad, in a very ill humour, and in very bad company. I'll go after her; but hold! I shall only make it worse, as I did, now I recollect, once before. How the devil came they here? Who would have thought of finding her in my own house? My head turns round with conjectures. I believe I am drunk, very drunk; so, egad, I'll e'en go and sleep myself sober, and then inquire the meaning of all this. For

"I love Sue, and Sue loves me," &c.

[Exit, singing.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Oakley's House.

Enter CHARLES and MAJOR OAKLEY.

Maj. O. Poor Charles! What a scene of confusion! I would give the world to have been there.

Charles. And I would give the world to have been anywhere else. May wine be my poison, if ever I am drunk again!

[Ing.]

Maj. O. Ay, ay, so every man says the next morning. *Charles.* Where, where can she be? Her father would hardly carry her back to Lady Freelove's, and he has no house in town himself, nor Sir Harry. I don't know what to think. I'll go in search of her, though I don't know where to direct myself.

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. A gentleman, sir, that calls himself Captain O'Cutter, desires to speak with you.

Charles. Don't trouble me. I'll see nobody. I'm not at home.

Wil. The gentleman says he has very particular business, and he must see you.

Charles. What's his name! Who did you say?

Wil. Captain O'Cutter, sir.

Charles. Captain O'Cutter! I never heard of him before. Do you know anything of him, Major?

Maj. O. Not I. But you hear he has particular business. I'll leave the room.

Charles. He can have no business that need be a secret to you. Desire the captain to walk up.

[Exit William.]

Enter CAPTAIN O'CUTTER.

O'Cut. Jontlemen, your servant. Is either of you names Charles Oakley, Esq.?

Charles. Charles Oakley, sir, is my name, if you have any business with it.

O'Cut. Avast, avast, my dear! I have a little business with your name; but as I was to let nobody know it, I can't mention it till you clear the decks, falk. *(Pointing to the Major.)*

Charles. This gentleman, sir, is my most intimate friend, and anything that concerns me may be mentioned before him.

O'Cut. O, if he's your friend, my dear, we may do all above board. It's only about your deciding a deference with my Lord Trinket. He wants to shew you a little warm work; and, as I was steering this way, he desired me to fetch you this letter. *(Gives a letter.)*

Maj. O. How, sir, a challenge?

O'Cut. Yes, fait, a challenge I am to be his lordship's second; and if you are fond of a hot berth, and will come along with that gentleman, we'll all go to it together, and make a little line of battle a-head of our own, my dear.

Charles. (Reads.) Ha! what's this? This may be useful. *(Aside.)*

Maj. O. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you. A rare fellow this! *(Aside.)* Yes, yes, I'll meet all the good company. I'll be there in my waistcoat and pumps, and take a morning's breathing with you. Are you fond of fighting, sir? *[Grog.]*

O'Cut. Indeed, and I am; I love it better than *Mai. O.* But pray, sir, how are you interested in this difference? Do you know what it is about?

O'Cut. O! the devil burn me, not I. What signifies what it's about, you know, so we do but tilt a little?

Maj. O. What, fight, and not know for what?

O'Cut. When the signal's out for engaging, what signifies talking?

Maj. O. I fancy, sir, a duel's a common breakfast with you. I'll warrant, now, you have been engaged in many such affairs.

O'Cut. Upon my soul, and I have: sea or land, it's all one to little Terence O'Cutler. When I was last in Dublin, I fought one gentleman for cheating me out of a thousand pounds; I fought two of the Mermald's crew about Sally Macgure; three about politics, and one about the playhouse in Smock Alley. But, upon my faith, since I am in England, I have done nothing at all, at all.

Charles. This is lucky; but my transport will discover me. *(Aside.)* Will you be so kind, sir, *(to O'Cutler)* as to make my compliments to his lordship, and assure him, that I shall do myself the honour of waiting on him.

O'Cut. Indeed, and I will. Arrah! my dear, won't you come too? *(To Major Oakley.)*

Maj. O. Depend upon it, Captain. A very extraordinary fellow! *(Aside.)*

Charles. Now, to get my intelligence. *(Aside.)* I think the time, sir, his lordship appoints in his letter, is—

O'Cut. You say right. Six o'clock.

Charles. And the place—a—a—is—I think, behind Montague House?

O'Cut. No, my dear! Avast! by the ring in Hyde-park, 'fait. I settled it there myself, for fear of interruption.

Charles. True, as you say, the ring in Hyde-park. I had forgot. Very well, I'll not fail you, sir.

O'Cut. Devil burn me, nor I. Upon my soul, little Terence O'Cutler will see fair play, or he'll know the reason. And so, my dear, your servant. You'll not forget to come, my dear? *[Exit.]*

Maj. O. Ha, ha, ha! What a fellow! He loves fighting like a game cock.

Charles. O uncle, the luckiest thing in the world!

Maj. O. What! to have the chance of being run through the body? I desire no such good fortune.

Charles. Wish me joy, wish me joy! I have found her, my dear girl, my Harriot! She is at an inn in Holborn, Major!

Maj. O. Ay! how do you know?

Charles. Why, this dear, delightful, charming, blundering Captain, has delivered me a wrong

Maj. O. A wrong letter? *[Letter.]*

Charles. Yes, a letter from Lord Trinket to Lady Freelove.

Maj. O. The devil! What are the contents?

Charles. The news I told you just now, that she's at an inn in Holborn; and, besides, an excuse from

my lord, for not waiting on her ladyship this morning according to his promise, as he shall be entirely taken up with his design upon Harriot.

Maj. O. So! so! A plot between this lord and the lady.

Charles. There! read, read, man! *(Gives the letter.)*

Maj. O. (Reading.) Um—um—um. Very fine! What do you propose doing?

Charles. To go thither immediately.

Maj. O. Then you shall take me with you. Who knows what his lordship's designs may be? I begin to suspect foul play.

Charles. No, no; pray mind your own business. If I find there is any need of your assistance, I'll send for you.

Maj. O. You'll manage this affair like a boy, now. Go on rashly, with noise, and bustle, and fury, and get yourself into another scrape.

Charles. No, no. Let me alone; I'll go incog. Leave my chariot at some distance; proceed prudently, and take care of myself, I warrant you. I did not imagine that I should ever rejoice at receiving a challenge; but this is a most fortunate accident that could possibly have happened. Bye, b'ye, uncle! *[Exit hastily.]*

Maj. O. I don't half approve of this; and yet I can hardly suspect his lordship of any very deep designs neither. Charles may easily outwit him, Harkye, William! *(At seeing William at some distance.)*

Re-enter WILLIAM.

Wil. Sir!

Maj. O. Where's my brother?

Wil. In his study, sir.

Maj. O. Is he alone?

Wil. Yes, sir.

Maj. O. And how is he, William?

Wil. Pretty well, I believe, sir.

Maj. O. Ay, ay; but is he in good humour, or—

Wil. I never meddle in family affairs, not I, sir. *[Exit.]*

Maj. O. Well said, William! No bad hint for me, perhaps! What a strange world we live in! no two people in it love one another better than my brother and sister, and yet the bitterest enemies could not torment each other more heartily. However, yesterday, to give him his due, he behaved like a man. Keep it up, brother! keep it up! or it's all over with you. Since mischief is on foot, I'll even set it forward on all sides. I'll in to him directly, read him one of my morning lectures, and persuade him, if I possibly can, to go out with me immediately; or work him to some open act of rebellion against the sovereign authority of his lady wife. Zounds, brother! rant, and roar, and rave, and turn the house out of the window. If I was a husband!—Sdeath, what a pity it is that nobody knows how to manage a wife but a bachelor. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—The Bull and Gate Inn.

Enter HARRIOT.

Har. What will become of me? Among all my distresses, I must confess that Charles's behaviour yesterday is not the least. So wild! so given up to excesses! And yet—I am ashamed to own it even to myself.—I love him: and death itself shall not prevail on me to give my hand to Sir Harry. But here he comes! But what shall I do with him?

Enter SIR HARRY BEAGLE.

Sir H. Your servant, miss. What! not speak! Bashful, mayhap. Why then I will. Lookye, miss, I am a man of few words. What signifies haggling? it looks just like a dealer. What d'ye think of me

for a husband? I am a tight young fellow; sound wind and limb; free from all natural blemishes. Run all over, d—e.

Har. Sir, I don't understand you. Speak English, and I'll give you an answer.

Sir H. English! Why so I do; and good plain English, too. What d'ye think of me for a husband? That's English—eh? I know none of your French lingo, none of your parlyvoos, not I. What d'ye think of me for a husband? The squire says you shall marry me.

Har. What shall I say to him? I had best be civil. (*Aside.*) I think, sir, you deserve a much better wife, and beg—

Sir H. Better! No, no, though you're so knowing, I'm not to be taken in so. You're a fine thing; your points are all good.

Har. Sir Harry, sincerity is above all ceremony. Excuse me, if I declare I never will be your wife.

Sir H. Eh! how! what! be off! Why, it's a match, miss! It's done and done on both sides.

Har. For heaven's sake! sir, withdraw your claim to me. I never can be prevailed on; indeed I can't—

Sir H. What, make a match, and then draw stakes! That's doing of nothing. Play or pay all the world over.

Har. I am determined not to marry you, at all events.

Sir H. But your father's determined you shall, miss; so the odds are on my side. I am not quite sure of my horse, but I have the rider hollow.

Har. Your horse! sir, d'ye take me for—but I forgive you. I beseech you, come into my proposal; it will be better for us both in the end.

Sir H. I can't be off.

Har. Let me intreat you!

Sir H. I tell you, it's impossible!

Har. Pray, pray do, sir!

Sir H. I can't, d—e.

Har. I beseech you! (*Sir Harry whistles.*) How! laughed at?

Sir H. Will you marry me, dear Ally, Ally Croker? (*Singing.*)

Har. Marry you! I had rather be married to a slave—a wretch! You! (*Walks about.*)

Sir H. A fine going thing; she has a deal of foot; treads well upon her pasterns; goes above her ground—

Har. Peace, wretch! Do you talk to me as if I were your horse?

Sir H. Horse! Why not speak of my horse? If you fine ladies had half as many good qualities, they would be much better bargains.

Har. And if their wretches of husbands liked them half so well as they do their horses, they would lead better lives.

Sir H. Mayhap so. But what signifies talking to you? The squire shall know your tricks! he'll doctor you; I'll go and talk to him.

Har. Go anywhere, so that you go from me.

Sir H. He'll break you in; if you won't go in a snaffle, you must be put in a curb. He'll break you, d—e. (*Exit.*)

Har. A wretch! But I was to blame to suffer his brutal behaviour to ruffle my temper. I could expect nothing else from him, and he is below my anger.

Enter RUSSET.

Rus. Are not you a sad girl? a perverse, stubborn, obstinate—

Har. My dear sir—

Rus. Lookye, Harriot, don't speak; you'll put

me in a passion. Will you have him? Answer me that. Why don't the girl speak? Will you have him? [*Exit.*]

Har. Dearest sir, there is nothing in the world. *Rus.* Why there—there—lookye there! Zounds! you shall have him—hussy, you shall have him; you shall marry him to-night. Did not you promise to receive him civilly? How came you to affront him?

Har. Sir, I did receive him very civilly; but his behaviour was so insolent and insupportable—

Rus. Insolent! Zounds I'll blow his brains out! Insolent to my dear Harriot. A rogue a villain, a scoundrel! I'll—but it's a lie. I know it's a lie—he durst not behave insolent; Will you have him? Answer me that. Will you have him? Zounds! you shall have him.

Har. If you have any love for me, sir—

Rus. Love for you! You know I love you; you know your poor, fond father dotes on you to madness: I would not force you if I did not love you! Don't I want you to be happy? But I know what you would have. You want young Oakly, a rake-helly, drunken—

Har. Release me from Sir Harry; and if I ever marry against your consent, renounce me for ever.

Rus. I will renounce you unless you'll have Sir Harry.

Har. Consider, my dear sir, you'll make me miserable. Absolve me from this hard command, and in every thing else it will be happiness to obey you.

Rus. You'll break my heart, Harriot, you'll break my heart. Make you miserable! Don't I want to make you happy? Is not he the richest man in the county? That will make you happy. Don't all the pale-faced girls in the country long to get him? And yet you are so perverse and wayward, stubborn. Zounds! you shall have him!

Har. For heaven's sake, sir—

Rus. Hold your tongue, Harriot! I'll hear none of your nonsense. You shall have him, I tell you, you shall have him; he shall marry you this very night. I'll go for a licence and a parson immediately. Zounds! why do I stand arguing with you? A'n't I your father? Have not I a right to dispose of you? You shall have him.

Har. Sir—

Rus. I won't hear a word. You shall have him. [*Exit.*]

Har. Sir, hear me; but one word! He will not hear me, and is gone to prepare for this odious marriage. I will die before I consent to it.

Enter CHARLES, in a frock, &c.

Ha! What do I see? (*Screaming.*)

Charles. Peace, my love! My dear life, make no noise! I have been hovering about the house this hour. I just now saw your father and Sir Harry go out, and have seized this precious opportunity to throw myself at your feet.

Har. You have given yourself, sir, a great deal of needless trouble. I did not expect or hope for the favour of such a visit.

Charles.—O! my Harriot, upbraid me, reproach me; do anything but look and talk with that air of coldness and indifference. Let me, while their absence allows it, convey you from the brutal violence of a constrained marriage.

Har. No, I will wait the event, be it what it may. O! Charles, I am too much inclined; they shan't force me to marry Sir Harry. But your behaviour—not half an hour ago, my father reproached me with the looseness of your character. (*Weeping.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Lady's Freeloze's House.*

Enter LORD TRINKET, LADY FREELOZE, *with a letter*, and CAPTAIN O'UTTER.

Lord T. Was ever anything so unfortunate? Plague on't Captain, how could you make such a strange blunder?

O'Cut I never thought of a blunder. I was to deliver two letters; and if I gave them one a-piece, I thought it would do.

Lady F. And so, my lord, the ingenious Captain gave the letter intended for me to young Oakly, and here has brought me a challenge.

Lord T. Ridiculous! Never was anything so *mal-apropos*. Did you read the direction, Captain?

O'Cut. Who, me? Devil burn me, not I. I never read at all.

Lord T. 'Sdeath! how provoking! When I had secured the servants, and got all the people out of the way! when every thing was *en train*.

Lady F. Nay, never despair, my lord. I've hit upon a method to set every thing to rights.

Lord T. How! how, my dear Lady Freeloze, how?

Lady F. Suppose, then, your lordship was to go and deliver these country gentlemen from their confinement; make them believe it was a plot of young Oakly's, to carry off my niece; and so make a merit of your own services with the father.

Lord T. Admirable! I'll about it immediately.

O'Cut. Has your lordship any occasion for my service in this expedition?

Lord T. O, no. Only release me these people, and then keep out of the way, dear Captain.

O'Cut. With all my heart, faith. But you are all wrong: this will not signify a brass farthing. If you would let me alone. I would give him a salt eel, I warrant you. But, upon my credit, there's nothing to be done without a little tilting.

[*Exit.*]

Lord T. But where shall I carry them, when I have delivered them?

Lady F. To Mr. Oakly's, by all means; you may be sure my niece is there.

Lord T. To Mr. Oakly's! Why, does your ladyship consider? 'Tis going directly in the fire of the enemy; throwing the *dementi* full in their teeth.

Lady F. So much the better, face your enemies; nay, you shall outface them too. I'll certainly meet you there. It's hard indeed, if two persons of condition can't bear themselves out against such trumpet-folks as the family of the Oaklys.

Lord T. Odious low people! But I lose time. I must after the Captain; and so, till we meet at Mr. Oakly's, I kiss your ladyship's hands: you won't fall me?

Lady F. You may depend on me. [*Exit Lord Trinket.*] So, here is fine work! this artful, little hussy has been too much for us all. Well, what's to be done? Why, when a woman of fashion gets into a scrape, nothing but a fashionable assurance can get her out of it again. I'll e'en go boldly to Mr. Oakly's as I have promised; and if it appears practicable, I will forward Lord Trinket's match; but if I find that matters have taken another turn, his lordship must excuse me. In that case, I'll fairly drop him, seem a perfect stranger to all his intentions, and give my visit an air of congratulation to my niece, and any other husband which fortune, her wise father, or her ridiculous self, has provided for her.

[*Exit.*]

Charles. I see my folly, and am ashamed of it: You have reclaimed me, Harriot; on my soul, you have. If all women were as attentive as yourself to the morals of their lovers, a libertine would be an uncommon character. But let me persuade you to leave this place while you may; Major Oakly will receive us at his house with pleasure. I am shocked at the thoughts of what your stay here may reserve you to.

Har. No, I am determined to remain. To leave my father again, to go off openly with a man of whose libertine character he has himself so lately been a witness, would justify his anger, and impeach my reputation.

Enter Chambermaid.

Chamb. O la, ma'am! Such a terrible accident! As sure as I am here, there's a press-gang has seized the two gemmen, and is carrying them away, tho' so be as one on 'em says as how he's a knight and baronight, and that t'other's a squire, and a house-keeper.

Har. Seized by a press-gang; impossible!

Charles. Oh! now the design comes out; but I'll balk his lordship.

Chamb. Lack-a-daisy, ma'am, what can we do? There is master, and John Ostler, and Bootcatcher, all gone a'ter 'em. There is such an uproar as never was.

[*Exit.*]

Har. If I thought this was your contrivance, sir, I would never speak to you again.

Charles. I would sooner die than be guilty of it! This is Lord Trinket's doing, I am sure. I knew he had some scheme in agitation, by a letter I intercepted this morning. [*Harriot screams.*] Ha! here he comes. Nay, then, it's plain enough. Don't be frightened, my love! I'll protect you; But now I must desire you to follow my directions.

Enter LORD TRINKET.

Lord T. Now, madam. Plague on't, he here again! Nay, then—(*draws*)—come, sir. You're unarmed I see. Give up the lady: give her up, I say, or I am through you in a twinkling. (*Going to make a pass at Charles.*)

Charles. Keep your distance, my lord. I have arms. (*Produces a pistol.*) If you come a foot nearer, you have a brace of balls through your lordship's head.

Lord T. How? what's this? pistols!

Charles. At your lordship's service. Sword and pistol, my lord. These, you know, are our weapons. If this misses, I have the fellow to it in my pocket. Don't be frightened, madam; his lordship has removed your friends and relations, but he will take great care of you. Shall I leave you with him?

Har. Cruel Charles! you know I must go with you now.

Charles. A little way from the door, if your lordship pleases. (*Waves his hand.*)

Lord T. Sir! 'Sdeath! Madam!—

Charles. A little more round, my lord. (*Waves.*)

Lord T. But sir! Mr. Oakly!

Charles. I have no leisure to talk with your lordship now. A little more that way, if you please. (*Waves.*) You know where I live. If you have any commands for Miss Russet, you will hear of her, too, at my house. Nay, keep back, my lord. (*Presents.*) Your lordship's most obedient, humble servant.

[*Exit, with Harriot.*]

Lord T. (*Looks at them, and pauses for a short time.*) I cut a mighty ridiculous figure here, 'pon honour.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Mrs. Oakly's Dressing-Room.

MRS. OAKLY *discovers*.

Mrs. O. This is worse and worse! He never held me so much in contempt before. To go out without speaking to me, or taking the least notice. I am obliged to the Major for this. How could he take him out! and how could Mr. Oakly go with him!—

Enter TOILET.

Well, Toilet.

Toil. My master is not come back yet, ma'am.

Mrs. O. Where is he gone?

Toil. I don't know, I can assure your ladyship.

Mrs. O. Why don't you know? You know nothing. But I warrant you know well enough, if you would tell. You shall never persuade me, but you knew of Mr. Oakly's going out to-day.

Toil. I wish I may die, ma'am, upon my honour, and I protest to your ladyship, I knew nothing in the world of the matter, no more than the child unborn. There is Mr. Paris, my master's gentleman, knows—

Mrs. O. What does he know?

Toil. That I knew nothing at all of the matter.

Mrs. O. Where is Paris? What is he doing?

Toil. He is in my master's room, ma'am.

Mrs. O. Bid him come here.

Toil. Yes, ma'am.

[Exit.]

Mrs. O. He is certainly gone after this young flirt. His confidence, and the Major's insolence, provoke me beyond expression.

Re-enter TOILET with PARIS.

Where's your master?

Par. Il est sorti. He is gone out.

Mrs. O. Where is he gone?

Par. Ah! madame, je ne s'en sçai rien. I know nothing of it.

Mrs. O. Nobody knows anything. Why did not you tell me he was going out?

Par. I dress him—Je ne m'en soucie pas du plus—He go where he will—I have no business with it.

Mrs. O. Yes, you should have told me; that was your business; and if you don't mind your business better, you shan't stay here, I can tell you, sir.

Par. Voilà! quelque chose d'extraordinaire?

Mrs. O. Don't stand jabbering and shrugging your shoulders; but go and inquire, go and bring me word where he is gone.

Par. I don't know what I am to do.

Mrs. O. Bid John come to me.

Par. De tout mon cœur. Jean—ici—Jean! speak my lady.

[Exit.]

Mrs. O. Impudent fellow! His insolent gravity and indifference is insupportable. Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am.

Mrs. O. Where's John? Why don't he come? Why do you stand with your hands before you? Why don't you fetch him?

Toil. Yes, ma'am, I'll go this minute. O, here, John! my lady wants you.

Enter JOHN.

Mrs. O. Where's your master?

John. Gone out madam.

Mrs. O. Why did not you go with him?

John. Because he went out in the Major's chariot, madam.

Mrs. O. Where did they go to?

John. To the Major's, I suppose, madam.

Mrs. O. Suppose! Don't you know?

John. I believe so; but can't tell for certain, indeed, madam.

Mrs. O. Believe and suppose—and don't know, and can't tell! You are all fools! Go about your business. *(John going.)* Come here! *(Returns.)* Go to the Major's—no—it does not signify; go along! *(John going.)* Yes, harkye! *(Returns.)* go to the Major's, and see if your master is there.

John. Give your compliments, madam?

Mrs. O. My compliments, blockhead! Get along. *(John going.)* Come hither! *(Returns.)* Can't you go to the Major's, and bring me word if Mr. Oakly is there, without taking any further notice?

John. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. O. Well, why don't you go, then? And make haste back; and, d'ye hear, John! *(John going, returns.)*

John. Madam!

Mrs. O. Nothing at all—go along. *(John goes.)* How uneasy Mr. Oakly makes me; Harkye, John! *(John returns.)*

John. Madam!

Mrs. O. Send the porter here.

John. Yes, madam.

[Exit.]

Toil. So, she's in a rare humour! I shall have a fine time on't. *(Aside.)* Will your ladyship choose to dress?

Mrs. O. Pr'ythee, creature, don't tease me with your fiddle-faddle stuff—I have a thousand things to think of. Where is the porter? Why has not that booby sent him? What is the meaning—

Re-enter JOHN.

John. Madam, my master is this moment returned, with Major Oakly, and my young master, and the young lady that was here yesterday.

Mrs. O. Very well. *[Exit John.]* Returned? yes, truly, he is returned, and in a very extraordinary manner. This is setting me at open defiance. But I'll go down, and shew them that I have too much spirit to endure such usage. *(Going.)* Or, stay—I'll not go amongst his company—I'll go out, Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am.

Mrs. O. Order the coach; I'll go out. *(Toilet going.)* Toilet, stay—I'll e'en go down to them.

Toil. Ma'am.

[No—Toilet!]

Mrs. O. Order me a boiled chicken, I'll not go down to dinner: I'll dine in my own room, and sup there: I'll not see his face these three days.

[Exeunt.]

Enter OAKLY, MAJOR OAKLY, CHARLES, and HARRIOT.

Charles. My dear Harriot, do not make yourself so uneasy.

Har. Alas! I have too much cause for my uneasiness. Who knows what that vile lord has done with my father!

Oak. Be comforted, madam; we shall soon hear of Mr. Russet; and all will be well, I dare say.

Har. You are too good to me, sir; I shall never forgive myself for having disturbed the peace of such a worthy family.

Maj. Don't mind that, madam; they'll be very good friends again. This is nothing among married people. 'Sdeath, here she is! No; it's only Mrs. Toilet.

Re-enter TOILET.

Oak. Well, Toilet, what now? *(Toilet whispers him.)* Not well? Can't come down to dinner? Wants to see me above? Harkye, brother, what shall I do?

Maj. If you go, you are undone.

Har. Go, sir, go to Mrs. Oakly; indeed you had better.

Maj. O. 'Sdeath! brother, don't budge a foot. This is all fractiousness and ill-humour.

Oak. No, I'll not go. Tell her I have company, and we shall be glad to see her here. [Exit Toil.

Maj. O. That's right.

Oak. Suppose I go and watch how she proceeds?

Maj. O. What d'ye mean? You would not go to her? Are you mad?

Oak. By no means go to her—I only want to know how she takes it. I'll lie perdue in my study, and observe her motions.

Maj. O. I don't like this pitiful ambuscade work, this bush-fighting. Why can't you stay here? Ay, ay! I know how it will be. She'll come bounce in upon you with a torrent of anger and passion; or, if necessary, a whole flood of tears, and carry all before her at once.

Oak. You shall find that you are mistaken, Major. Now I am convinced I'm in the right, I'll support that right, with ten times your steadiness.

Maj. O. You talk this well, brother.

Oak. I'll do it well, brother.

Maj. O. If you don't, you are undone.

Oak. Never fear, never fear.

[Exit.

Maj. O. Well, Charles.

Charles. I can't bear to see my Harriot so uneasy. I'll go immediately in quest of Mr. Russet. Perhaps I may learn at the inn where his lordship's ruffians have carried him.

Rus. (Without.) Here! Yes, yes, I know she's here well enough. Come along, sir Harry, come along.

Har. He's here! My father! I know his voice. Where is Mr. Oakly? O, now, good sir, *(To the Major)* do but pacify him, and you'll be a friend indeed.

Enter RUSSET, LORD TRINKET, and SIR HARRY BEAGLE.

Lord T. There, sir, I told you it was so!

Rus. Ay, ay, it is too plain. O, you provoking slut! Elopement after elopement! And, at last, to have your father carried off by violence! to endanger my life! Zounds! I am so angry, I dare not trust myself within reach of you.

Charles. I can assure you, sir, that your daughter is entirely—

Rus. You assure me! You are the fellow that has perverted her mind, that has set my own child against me—

Charles. If you will but hear me, sir—

Rus. I won't hear a word you say. I'll have my daughter—I won't hear a word.

Maj. O. Nay, Mr. Russet, hear reason. If you will but have patience—

Rus. I'll have no patience, I'll have my daughter; and she shall marry Sir Harry to-night.

Lord T. That is dealing rather too much on *ca-à-hier* with me, Mr. Russet, 'pon honour. You take no notice of my pretensions, though my rank and family—

Rus. What care I for rank and family? I don't want to make my daughter a rantipole woman of quality. I'll give her to whom I please. Take her away, Sir Harry; she shall marry you to-night.

Maj. O. Only three words, Mr. Russet—

Rus. Why don't the booby take her?

Sir H. Hold hard! hold hard! You are all on a wrong scent. Hold hard! I say, hold hard! Harkye, Squire Russet!

Rus. Well, what now?

Sir H. It was proposed, you know, to match me with Miss Harriot; but she can't take kindly to me. When one has made a bad bet, it is best to hedge off, you know; and so I have e'en swapped her with Lord Trinket here, for his brown horse, Nabob.

Rus. Swapped her! Swapped my daughter for a horse! Zounds, sir, what d'ye mean?

Sir H. Mean? Why I mean to be off, to be sure! It won't do, I tell you it won't do. First of all I knocked up myself and my horses, when they took for London: and now I have been stew'd aboard a tender, I have wasted three stone at least. If I could have rid my match it would not have grieved me; and so, as I said before, I have swapped her for Nabob.

Rus. The devil take Nabob, and yourself, and Lord Trinket, and—

Lord T. Pardon! *je vous demande pardon*, Monsieur Russet, 'pon honour.

Rus. Death and the devil! I shall go distracted! My daughter plotting against me—the—

Maj. O. Come, come, Mr. Russet, I am your man after all. Give me but a moment's hearing, and I'll engage to make peace between you and your daughter, and throw the blame where it ought to fall most deservedly.

Sir H. Ay, ay, that's right. Put the saddle on the right horse, my buck.

Rus. Well, sir—What d'ye say? Speak—I don't know what to do.

Maj. O. I'll speak the truth, let who will be offended by it. I have proof presumptive and positive for you, Mr. Russet. From his lordship's behaviour at Lady Freelove's, when my nephew rescued her, we may fairly conclude that he would stick at no measures to carry his point; there's proof presumptive. But, sir, we can give you proof positive, too—proof under his lordship's own hand, that he likewise was the contriver of the gross affront that has just been offered you.

Rus. Eh! how?

Lord T. Every syllable romance, 'pon honour.

Maj. O. Gospel, every word on't.

Charles. This letter will convince you, sir. In consequence of what happened at Lady Freelove's, his lordship thought fit to send me a challenge; but the messenger blundered, and gave me this letter instead of it. *(Giving a letter.)* I have the case which enclosed it in my pocket.

Lord T. Forgery from beginning to end, 'pon honour.

Maj. O. Truth, upon my honour. But read, read, Mr. Russet; read and be convinced.

Rus. Let me see, let me see. *(Reads.)* Um—um—um—um—so, so, um—um—um—damnation! *Wish me success, obedient slave, TRINKET. Fire and fury!* How dare you do this?

Lord T. When you are cool, Mr. Russet, I will explain this matter to you.

Rus. Cool! 'Sdeath and hell! I'll never be cool again; I'll be revenged. So, my Harriot, my dear girl, is innocent at last. Say s, my Harriot; tell me you are innocent. *(Embraces.)*

Har. I am indeed, sir, and happy beyond expression at your being convinced of it.

Rus. I am glad on't; I am glad on't; I believe you Harriot! You was always a good girl.

Maj. O. So she is, an excellent girl! Worth a regiment of such lords and baronets. Come, sir, finish every thing handsomely at once. Come, Charles will have a handsome fortune.

Rus. marry! she durst not do it.

Maj. O. Consider, sir, they have long been fond

of each other, old acquaintance, faithful lovers, turtles, and may be very happy.

Rus. Well, well, since things are so, I love my girl, Harkye! young Oakly, if you don't make her a good husband, you'll break my heart, you rogue.

Major. O. I'll cut his throat if he don't.

Charles. Do not doubt it, sir; my Harriot has reformed me altogether.

Rus. Has she? Why then—there, heaven bless you both; there, now there's an end on't.

Sir H. So, my lord, you and I are both danced; a hollow thing, d—e.

Lord T. N'importe.

Sir H. Now this stake is drawn, my lord may be for hedging off, mayhap. Eood! I'll go to Jack Speed's, secure Nabob, and be out of town in an hour.

(*Aside, and exit.*)

Enter LADY FREELOVE.

Lady F. My dear Miss Russet, you'll excuse—

Charles. Mrs. Oakly, at your ladyship's service.

Lady F. Married?

Har. Not yet, madam; but my father has been so good as to give his consent.

Lady F. I protest I am prodigiously glad of it. My dear, I give you joy—and you, Mr. Oakly. I wish you joy, Mr. Russet, and all the good company; for I think the most of them are parties concerned.

Major. O. How easy, impudent, and familiar! (*Aside.*)

Lady F. Lord Trinket here too! I vow I did not see your lordship before.

Lord T. Your ladyship's most obedient slave. (*Bowing.*)

Lady F. You seem grave, my lord! Come, come, I know there has been some difference between you and Mr. Oakly; you must give me leave to be a mediator in this affair.

Lord T. There has been a small *fracas*, to be sure, madam! We are all blown, 'pon honour.

Lady F. Blown! what do you mean, my lord?

Lord T. Nay, your ladyship knows that I never mind these things, and I know that they never discompose your ladyship: but things have happened a little on *frasers*. The little billet I sent your ladyship has fallen into the hands of that gentleman (*pointing to Charles*) and so there has been a little *brouillerie* about it, that's all.

Lady F. You talk to me, my lord, in a very extraordinary style. If you have been guilty of any misbehaviour, I am sorry for it; but your ill conduct can fasten no imputation on me. Miss Russet will justify me sufficiently.

Major. O. Had not your ladyship better appeal to my friend Charles here? The letter, Charles! out with it this instant!

Charles. Yes, I have the credentials of her ladyship's integrity in my pocket. Mr. Russet, the letter you read a little while ago, was enclosed in this cover, which also I now think it my duty to put into your hands.

Rus. (*Reading.*) To the Right Honourable Lady FreeLove—Sdeath and hell! and now I recollect, the letter itself was pierced with scraps of French, and madam, and your ladyship. Fire and fury! madam, how came you to use me so? I am obliged to you, then, for the insult that has been offered me?

Lady F. What is all this? Your obligations to me, Mr. Russet, are of a nature, that—

Rus. Fine obligations! I dare say, I am partly obliged to you, too, for the attempt on my daughter,

by that thing of a lord, yonder, at your house. Zounds, madam! these are injuries never to be forgotten: they are the grossest affronts to me and my family: all the world shall know them. Zounds! 171—

Lady F. Mercy on me! how boisterous are these country gentlemen! Why, really, Mr. Russet, you rave like a man in Bedlam; I am afraid you'll beat me; and then you swear most abominably. How can you be so vulgar? I see the meaning of the low malice; but the reputations of women of quality are not so easily impeached. My rank places me above the scandal of little people, and I shall meet such petty insolence with the greatest ease and tranquillity; but you and your simple girl will be the sufferers. I had some thoughts of introducing her into the first company; but now, madam, I shall neither receive or return your visits; and will entirely withdraw my protection from the ordinary part of the family. (*Exit.*)

Rus. Zounds, what impudence! that's worse than all the rest.

Lord T. Fine presence of mind, 'faith!—the true French nonchalance; but good folks, why such a deal of rout and *tapage* about nothing at all? If Mademoiselle Harriot had rather be Mrs. Oakly than Lady Trinket, why, I wish her joy, that's all. Mr. Russet, I wish you joy of your son-in-law: Mr. Oakly, I wish you joy of the lady; and you, madam, (*to Harriot*) of the gentleman; and, in short, I wish you all joy of one another, 'pon honour! (*Exit.*)

Rus. There's a fine fellow of a lord, now! The devil's in your London folks of the first fashion, as you call them. They will rob you of your estate, debauch your daughter, or lie with your wife; and all as if they were doing you a favour—'pon honour!

Major. O. Eh! what now! (*Bell rings violently.*)

Re-enter OAKLY.

Oak. D'y'e hear, Major, d'y'e hear?

Major. O. Zounds! what a clatter! She'll pull down all the bells in the house.

Oak. My observations since I left you, have confirmed my resolution. I see plainly that her good humour, and her ill humour, her smiles, her tears, and her fits, are all calculated to play upon me.

Major. O. Did not I always tell you so? It's the way with them all: they will be rough and smooth, and hot and cold, and all in a breath. Anything to get the better of us.

Oak. She is in all moods at present, I promise you. There has she been in her chamber, fuming and fretting, and despatching a messenger to me every two minutes; servant after servant: now she insists on my coming to her, now again she writes a note to entreat; then Toilet is sent to let me know that she is ill, absolutely dying; then the very next minute, she'll never see my face again; she'll go out of the house directly. (*Bell rings.*) Again! now the storm rises!

Major. O. It will soon drive this way, then. Now, brother, prove yourself a man; you have gone so far to retreat.

Oak. Retreat! Retreat! No, no! I'll press the advantage I have gained, I am determined.

Major. O. Ay, ay; keep your ground; fear nothing; up with your noble heart! Good discipline makes good soldiers: stick close to my advice, and you may stand buff to a tiger.

Oak. Here she is, by heavens! now, brother!

Major. O. And now, brother! now, or never!

Re-enter MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. O. I think, Mr. Oakly, you might have had humanity enough, to have come to see how I did. You have taken your leave, I suppose, of all tenderness and affection; but I'll be calm: I'll not throw myself into a passion: you want to drive me out of your house: I see what you aim at, and will be beforehand with you; let me keep my temper. I'll send for a chair, and leave the house this instant.

Oak. True, my love: I knew you would not think of dining in your chamber alone, when I had company below. You shall sit at the head of the table, as you ought, to be sure, as you say, and make my friends welcome.

Mrs. O. Excellent rallery! Lookye, Mr. Oakly, I see the meaning of all this affected coolness and indifference.

Oak. My dear, consider where you are.

Mrs. O. You would be glad, I find, to get me out of your house, and have all your flirts about you.

Oak. Before all this company! Fie!

Mrs. O. But I'll disappoint you; for I shall remain in it, to support my due authority. As for you, Major Oakly—

Maj. O. Heyday! What have I done?

Mrs. O. I think you might find better employment, than to create divisions between married people. And you, sir!—

Oak. Nay, but my dear—

Mrs. O. Might have more sense, as well as tenderness, than to give ear to such idle stuff.

Oak. Lord! Lord!

Mrs. O. You and your wise counsellor there, I suppose, think to carry all your points with me.

Oak. Was ever anything—

Mrs. O. But it won't do, sir. You shall find that I will have my own way, and that I will govern my own family.

Oak. You had better learn to govern yourself, by half. Your passion makes you ridiculous. Did ever anybody see so much fury and violence!—Affronting your best friends, breaking my peace, and disconcerting your own temper! And all for what? For nothing. 'Sdeath, madam! at these years, you ought to know better.

Mrs. O. At these years! very fine! Am I to be talked to in this manner?

Oak. Talked to! why not? You have talked to me long enough—almost talked me to death; and I have taken it all, in hopes of making you quiet; but all in vain. Patience, I find, is all thrown away upon you; and henceforward, come what may, I am resolved to be master of my own house.

Mrs. O. So! so! master, indeed! Yes, sir; and you'll take care to have mistresses enough, too, I warrant you.

Oak. Perhaps I may; but they shall be quiet ones, I can assure you.

Mrs. O. Indeed! and do you think I am such a tame fool as to sit quietly and bear all this? You shall know, sir, that I will resent this behaviour; you shall find that I have a spirit—

Oak. Of the devil!

Mrs. O. Intolerable! you shall find then that I will exert that spirit. I am sure I have need of it. As soon as the house is once cleared again, I'll shut my doors against all company. You shan't see a single soul in this month.

Oak. 'Sdeath! madam, but I will! I'll keep open house for a year. I'll send cards to the whole town.—Mr. Oakly's rout! All the world will come; and I'll go among the world too: I'll be mewed up no longer.

Mrs. O. Provoking insolence! This is not to be endured! Lookye, Mr. Oakly—

Oak. And lookye, Mrs. Oakly, I will have my own way.

Mrs. O. Nay, then, let me tell you, sir—

Oak. And let me tell you, madam, I will not be crossed; I won't be made a fool.

Mrs. O. Why, you won't let me speak.

Oak. Because you don't speak as you ought. Madam, madam! you shan't look, nor walk, nor talk, nor think, but as I please.

Mrs. O. Was there ever such a monster! I can bear this no longer. *(Bursts into tears.)* O you vile man! I can see through your design; you cruel, barbarous, inhuman—such usage to your poor wife! you'll be the death of her.

Oak. She shan't be the death of me, I am determined.

Mrs. O. That it should ever come to this! To be contradicted, *(sobbing)* insulted, abused, hated! it is too much, my heart will burst with—oh—oh! *(Falls into a fit. Harriot, Charles, &c. run to her assistance.)*

Oak. *(Interposing.)* Let her alone.

Har. Sir, Mrs. Oakly—

Charles. For heaven's sake! sir, she will be—

Oak. Let her alone; let her alone.

Har. Pray, my dear sir, let us assist her. She may—

Oak. I don't care; let her alone, I say.

Mrs. O. *(Rising.)* O, you monster! you villain! you base man! would you let me die for want of help? would you—

Oak. Bless me! madam, your fit is very violent; take care of yourself.

Mrs. O. Despised, ridiculed—but I'll be revenged, you shall see, sir.

Oak. Tol-de-rol lol-de-rol lol-de-rol-lol. *(Singing.)*

Mrs. O. What, am I made a jest of? Exposed to all the world? If there's law or justice—

Oak. Tol-de-rol lol-de-rol lol-de-rol-lol. *(Singing.)*

Mrs. O. I shall burst with anger. Have a care, sir; you may repent this. Scorned and made ridiculous! No power on earth shall hinder my revenge! *(Going.)*

Har. *(Interposing.)* Stay, madam.

Mrs. O. Let me go! I cannot bear this place!

Har. Let me beseech you, madam.

Maj. O. Courage, brother; you have done wonders! *(Apart.)*

Oak. I think she'll have no more fits. *(Apart.)*

Har. Stay, madam; pray stay but one moment. I have been a painful witness of your uneasiness; and, in great part, the innocent occasion of it. Give me leave then—

Mrs. O. I did not expect, indeed, to have found you here again; but, however—

Har. I see the agitation of your mind, and it makes me miserable. Suffer me to tell the real truth—I can explain every thing to your satisfaction.

Mrs. O. May be so: I cannot argue with you.

Charles. Pray, madam, hear her, for my sake, for your own, dear madam!

Mrs. O. Well, well, proceed.

Har. I understand, madam, that your first alarm was occasioned by a letter from my father to your nephew.

Rus. I was in a swinging passion, to be sure, madam! The letter was not over civil, I believe; I did not know but the young rogue had ruined my girl. But it's all over now, and so—

Mrs. O. You was here yesterday, sir?

Rus. Yes, I came after Harriot. I thought I

should find my young madam with my young sir, here.

Mrs. O. With Charles, did you say, sir?

Rus. Ay, with Charles, madam. The young rogue has been fond of her a long time, and she of him, it seems.

Mrs. O. I fear I have been to blame. (*Aside.*)

Rus. I ask pardon, madam, for the disturbance I made in your house.

Har. And the abrupt manner in which I came into it demands a thousand apologies. But the occasion must be my excuse.

Mrs. O. How have I been mistaken! (*Aside.*) But did not I overhear you and Mr. Oakly? (*To Harriot.*)

Har. Dear madam, you had but a partial hearing of our conversation: it related entirely to this gentleman.

Charles. To put it beyond doubt, madam, Mr. Russet and my guardian have consented to our marriage; and we are in hopes that you will not withhold your approbation.

Mrs. O. I have no further doubt; I see you are innocent, and it was cruel to suspect you. You have taken a load of anguish off my mind; and yet your kind interposition comes too late; Mr. Oakly's love for me is entirely destroyed. (*Weeping.*)

Oak. I must go to her! (*Apart.*)

Maj. O. Not yet! not yet! (*Apart.*)

Har. Do not disturb yourself with such appre-

hensions; I am sure Mr. Oakly loves you most affectionately.

Oak. I can hold no longer. (*Going to her.*) My affection for you, madam, is as warm as ever. My constrained behaviour has cut me to the soul; for it was all constrained; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to support it.

Mrs. O. Mr. Oakly, how have I exposed myself! What low arts has my jealousy induced me to practise! I see my folly, and fear that you can never forgive me.

Oak. Forgive you! This change transports me! Brother—Mr. Russet—Charles—Harriot—give me joy—I am the happiest man in the world!

Maj. O. Joy, much joy to you both! though, by-the-bye, you are not a little obliged to me for it. Did not I tell you I would cure all the disorders in your family? I beg pardon, sister, for taking the liberty to prescribe for you. My medicines have been somewhat rough, I believe; but they have had an admirable effect, and so don't be angry with your physician.

Mrs. O. I am indeed obliged to you, and I feel—
Oak. Nay, my dear, no more of this. All that's past must be utterly forgotten.

Mrs. O. I have not merited this kindness, but it shall hereafter be my study to deserve it. Away with all idle jealousies! And since my suspicions have hitherto been groundless, I am resolved for the future never to suspect at all.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE RIVALS.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY R. B. SHERIDAN.



Cap^t. A.—“ED GRAVE, LYDIA.”—Act 17, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.
FAULKLAND.

ACRES.
FAG.
DAVID.
JAMES.

COACHMAN.
SERVANTS.
MRS. MALAPROP.
LYDIA LANGUISH.

JULIA.
LUCY.
JENNY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street at Bath.

Coachman crosses the Stage. Enter FAG, looking after him.

Fag. What, Thomas! Sure, 'tis he! What, Thomas! Thomas!

Coach. Eh! ods life! Mr. Fag! give us your hand, my old fellow servant.

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas; I'm devilish glad to see you, my lad! Why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty—But who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath?

Coach. Sure, master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postillion be all come.

Fag. Indeed!

Coach. Ay: master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit, so he'd a mind to gi't the slip; and, whip! we were all off at an hour's warning.

Fag. Ay, ay; hasty in every thing, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute.

Coach. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young master? Od, Sir Anthony will stare to see the Captain here!

Fag. I do not serve Captain Absolute now.

Coach. Why, sure! [verley

Fag. At present, I am employed by Ensign B-coach. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Coach. No! why, didn't you say you had left young master.

Fag. No. Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle you no further: briefly, then; Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Coach. The devil they are! do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning on't.

Fag. You'll be secret, Thomas.

Coach. As a coach-horse.

Fag. Why, then, the cause of all this love; love, Thomas, has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Coach. But, pray, why does your master pass only for ensign? now, if he had shammed general, indeed—

Fag. Ah, Thomas! there lays the mystery o' the matter! Harkye, Thomas! my master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste; a lady, who likes him better as a half-pay ensign, than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a year.

Coach. That is an odd taste, indeed! But has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag? is she rich, eh?

Fag. Rich! why, I believe she owns half the stocks! Zounds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as I could my washerwoman. She has a lapdog that eats out of gold; she feeds her parrot with small pearls; and all her thread-papers are made of bank-notes.

Coach. Bravo, faith! Odi! I warrant, she has a set of thousands at least; but does she draw kindly with the Captain?

Fag. As fond as pigeons.

Coach. May one hear her name?

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish. But there is an old tough aunt in the way, though, by the by, she has never seen my master; for he got acquainted with Miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

Coach. Well, I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony. But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath? I ha' heard a great deal of it; here's a most merry making, eh?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well; 'tis a good lounge; but, d—n the place! I'm tired of it, their regular hours stuffy me; not a fiddle or a card after eleven! However, Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little, in the evening; I'll introduce you there, Thomas; you'll like him much. But, Thomas, you must poison a little; indeed, you must. Here, now, this wig! what the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas? none of the London whips of any degree of ton, wear wigs now.

Coach. More's the pity, more's the pity, I say. Ods life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next. Odi rabbit! when the fashion had got foot on the bar, I guessed 'twould mount to the box; but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag: and, lookye, I'll never give up mine, the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that. But hold! mark—mark! Thomas.

Coach. Zooks! 'tis the Captain! Is that the lady with him?

Fag. No, no; that is Madam Lucy, my master's mistress's maid; they lodge at that house; but I must attend him, to tell him the news.

Coach. Odi! he's giving her money! Well, Mr. Fag. Good bye, Thomas; I have an appointment in Gyde's porch, this evening, at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Dressing-room in Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.

LYDIA LANGUISH sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand; LUCY, as just returned from a message.

Lucy. Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lyd. And could not you get "The Reward of Constancy?"

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor "The Fatal Connexion?"

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor "The Mistakes of the Heart?"

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Bull said, Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetched it away.

Lyd. Heigho! Did you inquire for "The Delicate Distress?"

Lucy. Or, "The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?" Yes, indeed, ma'am, I asked every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it, had so soiled and dog's-eared it, it wa'n't fit for a Christian to read.

Lyd. Heigho! Yes; I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me: she has a most observing thumb; and I believe, cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes. Well, child, what have you brought me?

Lucy. O! here, ma'am. [Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets.] This is "The Man of Feeling," and this "Peregrine Pickle." Here are "The Tears of Sensibility," and "Humphrey Clinker."

Lyd. Hold, here's some one coming; quick! see who it is. [Exit Lucy.] Surely, I heard my cousin Julia's voice!

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. And, ma'am! here is Miss Melville.

Lyd. Is it possible? [Exit Lucy.]

Enter JULIA.

Lyd. My dearest Julia, how delighted am I! [They embrace.] How unexpected was this happiness!

Jul. True, Lydia, and our pleasure is the greater. But what has been the matter? you were denied to me at first.

Lyd. Ah! Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you. But first inform me what has conjured you to Bath? Is Sir Anthony here?

Jul. He is; we are arrived within this hour, and I suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs. Malaprop, as soon as he's dressed.

Lyd. Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress; I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, though your prudence may condemn me. My letters have informed you of my whole connexion with Beverley; but I have lost him, Julia; my aunt has discovered our intercourse, by a note she intercepted, and has confined me ever since. Yet, would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall Irish baronet, she met one night, since we have been here, at Lady Macshuffie's rout.

Jul. You jest, Lydia.

Lyd. No, upon my word: she really carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chooses to be known to him; but it is a Delia, or a Celia, I assure you.

Jul. Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece?

Lyd. Quite the contrary: since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine. Then I must inform you of another plague; that odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day; so that, I protest, I shall be teased out of all spirits!

Jul. Come, come, Lydia, hope for the best; Sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs. Malaprop.

Lyd. But you have not heard the worst: unfortunately, I had quarrelled with my poor Beverley, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since to make it up.

Jul. What was his offence?

Lyd. Nothing at all. But I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never

had a quarrel; and, somehow, I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity; so, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was, at that time, paying his addresses to another woman. I signed it, "Your Friend Unknown," showed it to Beverley, charged him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vowed I'd never see him more.

Jul. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

Lyd. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out: I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever.

Jul. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet, consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds.

Lyd. But you know I lose most of my fortune, if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determined to do ever since I knew the penalty; nor could I love the man who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

Jul. Nay, this is caprice!

Lyd. What! does Julia tax me with caprice? I thought her lover, Faulkland, had injured her to it.

Jul. I do not love even his faults.

Lyd. But apropos! you have sent to him, I suppose?

Jul. Not yet, upon my word; nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath: Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden I could not inform him of it.

Lyd. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress, though under the protection of Sir Anthony; yet have you, for this long year, been a slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

Jul. Nay, you are wrong, entirely: we were contracted before my father's death: that, and some consequent embarrassments, have delayed what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish. He is too generous to trifle on such a point, and, for his character, you wrong him there too. No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble, to be jealous: if he is captious, 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness. Unused to the fopperies of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover; but, being unbackstayed in the passion, his affection is ardent and sincere; and as it engrosses his whole soul, he expects every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his. Yet, though his pride calls for this full return, his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him, which would entitle him to it; and, not feeling why he should be loved to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not loved enough. This temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I have learned to think myself his debtor for those imperfections which arise from the ardour of his attachment.

Lyd. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him; but, tell me candidly, Julia, had he never saved your life, do you think you should have been attached to him as you are? Believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat, was a prosperous gale of love to him.

Jul. Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I loved him before he had preserved me; yet, surely, that alone were an obligation sufficient—

Lyd. Obligation! why, a water-spaniel would have done as much! Well, I should never think

of giving my heart to a man because he could swim. What's here?

Enter LUCY, in a hurry.

Lucy. O! ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute, just come home with your aunt.

Lyd. They'll not come here: Lucy, do you watch.

[Exit Lucy.]

Jul. Yet I must go; Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to shew me the town. I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words, so ingeniously misapplied, without being mispronounced.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. O lud! ma'am! they are both coming upstairs!

Lyd. Well, I'll not detain you. Adieu, my dear Julia! I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland. There; through my room you'll find another staircase.

Jul. Adieu!

[Exit.]

Lyd. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick! Fling "Peregrine Pickle" under the toilette; throw "Roderick Random" into the closet; put "The Innocent Adultery" into "The Whole Duty of Man;" thrust "Lord Almsworth" under the sofa; cram "Ovid" behind the bolster; there—put "The Man of Feeling" into your pocket. Now for them.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. M. There, Sir Anthony! there sits the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once—

Mrs. M. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all: thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow; to illiterate him, I say, from your memory.

Lyd. Ah! madam, our memories are independent of our wills: it is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. M. But I say it is, miss: there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor, dear uncle, as if he had never existed; and I thought it my duty so to do; and, let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why, sure, she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not! Ay, this comes of her reading!

Lyd. What, crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. M. Now, don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. M. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that, as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony, to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor, dear uncle, before marriage, as if he'd been a blackamoor; and, yet, miss, you are sensible v

a wife I made; and, when it pleased heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But, suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Ber-verley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. M. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am; I cannot change for the worse. *[Exit.*

Mrs. M. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am; all that is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library; she had a book in each hand; they were half-bound volumes with marble covers: from that moment, I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. M. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge; it blossoms through the year. And, depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. M. Fie, fie! Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. M. Observe me, Sir Anthony, I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman: for instance; I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice: then, sir, she would have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and, as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries: this, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate; you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. M. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and, as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. M. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection! let him object if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop; Jack knows, that the least demur puts me into a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple: in his younger days, 'twas 'Jack do this'; if he demurred, I knocked him down! and, if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. M. Ay, and the properest way o' my con-

science! nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you; and, let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl: take my advice, keep a tight hand; if she reject this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and, if you were just to let the servant forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. *[Exit.*

Mrs. M. Well, at any rate, I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Sure, Lucy, can't have betrayed me! No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. Lucy, Lucy! *(Calls.)* Had she been one of your artificial once, I should never have trusted her.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Did you call, ma'am?

Mrs. M. Yes, girl. Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am; not a glimpse of him.

Mrs. M. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned—

Lucy. O, gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

Mrs. M. Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed upon.

Lucy. No, ma'am.

Mrs. M. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius: but mind, Lucy, if ever you betray what you are trusted with, (unless it be other people's secrets to me), you forfeit my malevolence for ever; and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality.

[Exit.
Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! So, my dear simplicity, let me give you a little respite. *(Altering her manner.)* Let girls in my station, be as fond as they please of being expert and knowing in their trusts, commend me to a mask of silliness, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it. Let me see to what account have I turned my simplicity lately: *(looks at a paper)*—For abetting Miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an ensign: in money, sundry times, twelve pounds twelve; gowns, five; hats, ruffles, caps, &c., &c. numberless. From the said ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half. About a quarter's pay! Item, from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her—when I found matters were likely to be discovered,—two guineas and a French shawl. Item, from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters—which I never delivered,—two guineas and a pair of buckles. Item, from Sir Lucius O'Trigger, three crowns, two gold pocket pieces, and a silver snuff-box." Well done simplicity! yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe, that he was corresponding, not with the aunt, but with the niece; for though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Captain Absolute's Lodgings.

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE and FAG.

Fag. Sir, while I was there, Sir Anthony came in: I told him you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

Capt. A. And what did he say on hearing I was at Bath?

Fag. Sir, in my life, I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished!

Capt. A. Well, sir, and what did you say?

Fag. O! I lied, sir—I forget the precise lie—but, you may depend on't, he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what has brought us to Bath, in order that we may lie a little consistently. Sir Anthony's servants were curious, sir; very curious indeed.

Capt. A. You have said nothing to them?

Fag. Oh! not a word, sir—not a word. Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)—

Capt. A. 'Sdeath! you rascal! you have not trusted him?

Fag. Oh! no, sir,—no, no,—not a syllable, upon my veracity! He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was shy, sir—devilish shy! My master, (said I,) honest Thomas, (you know, sir, one says honest to one's inferiors,) is come to Bath to recruit; yes, sir, I said to recruit; and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

Capt. A. Well—recruit will do; let it be so.

Fag. Oh! sir, recruit will do surprisingly; indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas, that your honour had already enlisted five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard-markers.

Capt. A. You blockhead! never say more than is necessary.

Fag. I beg pardon, sir; I beg pardon: but, with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it. Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge endorsements as well as the bill.

Capt. A. Well, take care you don't hurt your credit by offering too much security, Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

Fag. He is above, sir, changing his dress.

Capt. A. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

Fag. I fancy not, sir; he has seen no one since he came in, but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol. I think, sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down.

Capt. A. Go, tell him I am here.

Fag. Yes, sir. (*Going.*) I beg pardon, sir; but should Sir Anthony call, you will do me the favour to remember that we are recruiting, if you please.

Capt. A. Well, well.

Fag. And, in tenderness to my character, if your honour could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I shall esteem it as an obligation; for, though I never scruple a lie to serve my master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out. [*Exit.*]

Capt. A. Now for my whimsical friend: if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Mr. Faulkland, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter MR. FAULKLAND.

Capt. A. Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again: you are punctual in your return.

Faulk. Yes; I had nothing to detain me when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? How stand matters between you and Lydia?

Capt. A. 'Faith, much as they were.

Faulk. Nay, then, you trifle too long; if you are sure of her, propose to the aunt, in your own character, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

Capt. A. Softly, softly; for, though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as *Ensign Beverley*, yet I am by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side. Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the hotel?

Faulk. Indeed, I cannot! I am in no spirits to be of such a party.

Capt. A. By heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover! Do love like a man.

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not like mine, fixed immutably on one only object. You throw for a large stake; but, losing, you could stake and throw again; but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed were to be stripped of all.

Capt. A. But, for heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present?

Faulk. What grounds for apprehension, did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand? I fear for her spirits, her health, her life. O! Jack, when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension.

Capt. A. Ay, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or not. So, then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well, and in spirits, you would be entirely content?

Faulk. I should be happy beyond measure; I am anxious only for that.

Capt. A. Then cure your anxiety at once: Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

Faulk. Nay, Jack,—don't trifle with me.

Capt. A. She is arrived here with my father, within this hour.

Faulk. Can you be serious?

Capt. A. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously, then, it is as I tell you, upon my honour.

Faulk. My dear Jack, now, nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres, just arrived, is below.

Capt. A. Stay, Faulkland; this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her. *Fag.* shew the gentleman up. [*Exit Fag.*]

Faulk. What, is he much acquainted in the family.

Capt. A. Oh! very intimate: he is likewise a rival of mine; that is, of my other self; for he does not think his friend, Captain Absolute, ever saw the lady in question; and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of one *Beverley*, a concealed, skulking rival, who—

Faulk. Hush! he's here!

Enter ACRES.

Acres. Ha! my dear friend, noble Captain and honest Jack, how dost thou? just arrived, 'faith, as you see. Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads, Jack—ods whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

Capt. A. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric planet, but we know your attraction hither; give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you: Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you; sir, I solicit your connexions. Eh! Jack; what, this is Mr. Faulkland, who—

Capt. A. Ah, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man!

Faulk. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, sir; I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire?

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, sir; never better. Ods blushes and blooms! she has been as healthy as a German spa.

Faulk. Indeed! I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, sir; only said to vex you; quite the reverse, I assure you.

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Capt. A. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick.

Faulk. No, no; you misunderstand me; yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love. Now, confess; isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

Capt. A. Oh! it is very unkind of her to be well in your absence, to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulk. Well, sir, but you was saying that Miss Melville has been so exceedingly well; what, then, she has been merry and gay I suppose? always in spirits, eh?

Acres. Merry! ods crickets! she has been the belle and spirit of the company wherever she has been; so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and good humour!

Faulk. By my soul! there is an innate levity in woman that nothing can overcome! What! happy, and I away!

Capt. A. Just now, you were only apprehensive for your mistress's spirits.

Faulk. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

Capt. A. No, indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Capt. A. Oh! upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

Capt. A. No, faith; to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid, indeed.

Acres. What's the matter with the gentleman?

Capt. A. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy; that's all;—oh, Faulkland?

Faulk. Yes, yes, she has a happy disposition.

Acres. That she has, indeed. Then she is so accomplished; so sweet a voice; so expert at her harpsichord; such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblyante, and quiverante! there was this time month—ods minnams and crotchets! how she did chirrup at Mrs. Piano's concert! (*Sings.*) "My heart's my own, my will is free." That's very like her.

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifler! 'Sdeath! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to sooth her light heart with catches and glees! What can you say to this, sir?

Capt. A. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, sir.

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay; I'm not sorry that she has

been happy; no, no, I am glad of that; but she has been dancing too, I doubt not?

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Capt. A. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acres. Ay, truly does she; there was at our last race ball,—

Faulk. Hell and the devil! There! there! I told you so! Oh! she thrives in my absence! Dancing!

Capt. A. For heaven's sake! Faulkland, don't expose yourself so! Suppose she has danced, what then? does not the ceremony of society often oblige—

Faulk. Well, well, I'll contain myself; perhaps, as you say, for form's sake. I say, Mr.—Mr.—What's his d—d name?

Capt. A. Acres, Acres.

Faulk. O ay, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a minute—eh?

Acres. Oh! I dare insure her for that; but what I was going to speak of, was her country dancing: ods swimings! she has such an air with her!

Faulk. Now, disappointment on her! Defend this, Absolute! why don't you defend this? country dances! jigs and reels! Am I to blame now! A minute I could have forgiven; I should not have minded that; I say, I should not have regarded a minute; but country dances! Zounds! had she made one in a cotillion, I believe I could have forgiven even that; but to be monkey-led for a night! to run the gauntlet through a string of amorous paining puppies!—to shew paces like a menaged filly!—Oh! Jack, there never can be but one man in the world whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a country dance; and, even then, the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

Capt. A. Ay, to be sure! grandfathers and grand-mothers!

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, it will spread like a contagion: the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jig; their quivering, warm-breathed sighs impregnate the air; the atmosphere becomes electrical to love; and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain! I must leave you; I own I am somewhat flurried! and that confounded looby has perceived it. (*Going.*)

Capt. A. Nay, but stay, Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

Faulk. D—n his news!

Capt. A. Ha, ha, ha! poor Faulkland! Five minutes since—"nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness!"

Acres. The gentleman wasn't angry at my praising his mistress, was he?

Capt. A. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acres. You don't say so? Ha, ha! jealous of me!—that's a good joke!

Capt. A. There's nothing strange in that, Bob; let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of yours will do some mischief among the girls here.

Acres. Ah, you joke—ha, ha! mischief—ha, ha! but you know I am not my own property! my dear Lydia has forestalled me. She never could abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly; but, ods frogs and tambours! I shan't take matters so here. Now ancient madam has no voice in it; I'll make my old clothes know who's master! I shall straightway cashier the hunting-frock, and render my leather breeches incapable: my hair has been in training some time.

Capt. A. Indeed!

Acres. Ay; and thof the side curls are a little restive, my hind part takes it very kindly.

Capt. A. Oh! you'll polish, I doubt not.

Acres. Absolutely I propose so; then, if I can find out this ensign Beverley, ods triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

Capt. A. Spoke like a man; but, pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

Acres. Hal! hal! you've taken notice of it; 'tis genteel, isn't it? I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia, a great scholar, I assure you, says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable; because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say, by Jove! or by Bacchus!, or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment; so that, to swear with propriety, says my little major, 'the oath should be an echo to the sense'; and this we call the oath reverential, or sentimental swearing; ha, ha, ha; 'tis genteel, isn't it?

Capt. A. Very genteel, and very new, indeed; and, I dare say, will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acres. Ay, ay, the best terms will grow obsolete; damns have had their day.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you; shall I shew him into the parlour?

Capt. A. Ay, you may.

Acres. Well, I must be gone—

Capt. A. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, sir.

Capt. A. You puppy, why didn't you shew him up directly? *[Exit Fag.]*

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony. I expect a message from Mrs. Mashpro, at my lodgings. I have sent also to my dear friend, Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Adieu! Jack, we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Capt. A. That I will, with all my heart. *[Exit Acres.]* Now for a parental lecture. I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here. I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir. I am glad to see you here, and looking so well!—your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, eh?

Capt. A. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to

have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you; settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife; why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Od so! I mustn't forget her though—Yea, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage; the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference.

Capt. A. Sir! sir! you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why, what difference does that make? Ods life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Harkye, Jack! I have heard you for some time with patience; I have been cool, quite cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself,—when I am not thwarted! No one more easily led,—when I have my own way; but don't put me in a phrenzy. *[Not obey you.]*

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it,—in this I cannot.

Sir Anth. Now, d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again, while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word; not one word: so give me your promise by a nod; and I'll tell you what, Jack, *(I mean, you dog!)* if you don't, by—

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness!—

Sir Anth. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a bump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew; she shall be all this, sirrah! yet, I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve! I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please; it won't do with me, I promise you. *[Life.]*

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you

in a passion at your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog; but it won't do.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can passion do? passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, over-bearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper; you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet, take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last. But mark!—I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you: If not, sounds! don't enter into the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission! I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again! *[Exit.]*

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time, muttering, growling, or thumping the banisters all the way; I, and the cook's dog, stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master; then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, d—ns us all, for a puppy triumvirate! Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Capt. A. Cease your impertinence, sir; did you come in for nothing more? Stand out of the way.

[Pushes him aside and exits.]

Fag. So! Sir Anthony trims my master; he is afraid to reply to his father, then vents his spleen on poor Fag! When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, shews the worst of temper, the basest—

Enter Errand Boy.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

Fag. Well, you little, dirty puppy, you needn't bawl so; the meanest disposition, the—

Boy. Quick, quick! Mr. Fag.

Fag. Quick, quick, you impudent jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you, too? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred—

[Kicks him off, and exits.]

SCENE II.—The North Parade.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. So, I shall have another rival to add to my mistress' list,—Captain Absolute; however, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received due notice in form. Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his dear Dalia, as he calls her: I wonder he's not here!

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sr L. Ah, my little ambassadress; upon my conscience, I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half hour.

Lucy. *(Speaking simply.)* O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

Sir L. Faith! may be, that was the reason we

did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out, and I not see you; for I was only taking a nap at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the window, on purpose that I might not miss you.

Lucy. My stars! Now, I'd wager a sixpence I went by while you were asleep.

Sr L. Sure enough, it must have been so; and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

Lucy. Yes, but I have; I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

Sir L. Faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed. Well, let me see what the dear creature says.

Lucy. There, Sir Lucius. *(Gives him a letter.)*

Sr L. *(Reads.)* "Sir,—There is often a sudden incentive impulses in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Very pretty, upon my word! Female punctuation forbids me to say any more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy unfathomable to find Sir Lucius worthy the last criterion of my affections. Your's whole meretricious, DELIA." Upon my conscience! Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language! 'Faith! she's quite the queen of the dictionary; for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call; though one would think it was quite out of hearing.

Lucy. Ay, sir, a lady of her experience.—

Sir L. Experience! what, at seventeen?

Lucy. O, true, sir; but then she reads so; my stars, how she will read off hand.

Sir L. Faith, she must be very deep read, to write this way; though she is rather an arbitrary writer, too; for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in Christendom. However, when affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style.

Lucy. Ah, Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you.

Sir L. Oh, tell her I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain. But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent, and do everything fairly.

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice.

Sir L. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it, I am so poor, that I cannot afford to do a dirty action. If I did not want money, I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure. However, my pretty girl, *(gives her money)* here's a little something to buy you a ribband; and meet me in the evening, and I will give you an answer to this. So, hussey, take a kiss beforehand, to put you in mind. *(Kisses her.)*

Lucy. O lud, Sir Lucius; I never see such a gemman. My lady won't like you, if you're so impudent.

Sir L. Faith, she will, Lucy; that same; that same—pho! what's the name of it?—modesty,—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked: so, if your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her fifty, my dear.

Lucy. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

Sir L. Ah, then, you baggage. I'll make it a truth presently.

Lucy. For shame, now; here is some one coming.

Sr L. Oh, faith, I'll quiet your conscience.

[Sees Fag, exits, humming a tune.]

Enter FAG.

Fag. So, so, ma'am. I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O lud, now, Mr. Fag, you flurly one so!

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one by, so a little simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please. You play false with us, madam: I saw you give the baronet a letter. My master shall know this; and if he don't call him out, I will.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty. That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton. She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. How! what taste some people have. Why, I suppose I have walked by her window an hundred times. But what says our young lady? any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news, Mr. Fag—a worse rival than Acres? Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Lucy. Even so. I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha, ha, ha! very good, 'faith! Good b'ye, Lucy; I must away with this news.

Lucy. Well, you may laugh, but it is true, I assure you. (*Going.*) But, Mr. Fag, tell your master not to be cast down by this.

Fag. Oh, he'll be so disconsolate.

Lucy. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear, never fear.

Lucy. Be sure, bid him keep up his spirits.

Fag. We will, we will.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The North Parade.

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE

Capt. A. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed. Whimsical enough, 'faith. My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with. He must not know of my connexion with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters; however, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed; but, I can assure him, it is very sincere. So, so, here he comes; he looks plaguy gruff. (*Steps aside.*)

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anth. No—I'll sooner die than forgive him! Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper; an obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters! for putting him at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I've done with him; he's anybody's son for me; I never will see him more, never, never, never, never.

Capt. A. Now for a penitential face! (*Advances.*)

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of the way!

Capt. A. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Capt. A. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to Sir Anth. What's that? [your will.]

Capt. A. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, sir?

Capt. A. I have been likewise weighing, and balancing, what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Well, puppy?

Capt. A. Why, then, sir, the result of my re-

flections is, a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why, now you talk sense, absolute sense; I never heard any thing more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Capt. A. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why thou, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Capt. A. Languish! What the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anth. Worcestershire! no. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop, and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Capt. A. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet stay, I think I do recollect something—Languish—Languish—She squints, don't she? A little red-hair'd girl! [no!]

Sir Anth. Squints! A red-hair'd girl! Zounds! *Capt. A.* Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming love-breathing seventeen?

Capt. A. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent; if I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! O, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion! and, if not smiling, more sweetly pouting—more lovely in sullenness! Then, Jack, her neck! O, Jack! Jack!

Capt. A. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or her aunt?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despoise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The aunt, indeed! Ods life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

Capt. A. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir Anth. To please my father—Zounds! not to please—O, my father—Odsol!—yes, yes; if my father, indeed, had desired—that's quite another matter. Though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Capt. A. I dare say not, sir.

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

Capt. A. Sir, I repeat it, if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind; now, without being very nice, I own, I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and, though one eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of two, I should not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite! a vile, insensible stock! You a soldier! You're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Ods life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself?

Capt. A. I am entirely at your disposal, sir; if you

should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady,—tis the same to me, I'll marry the niece.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou art either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come now, d—n your demure face; come, confess, Jack, you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, eh?—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Capt. A. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Hang your respect and duty! But, come along with me. I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you—come along; I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Julia's dressing-room.*

Enter FAULKLAND.

Faulk. They told me Julia would return directly, I wonder she is not yet come. How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! What tender, honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met! How delicate was the warmth of her expressions!—I was ashamed to appear less happy, though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations: yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so very happy in my absence. She is coming—Yes, I know the nimbleness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

Enter JULIA.

Jul. I had not hoped to see you again so soon.

Faulk. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome, restrained as we were, by the presence of a third person.

Jul. Oh, Faulkland! when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered something of coolness in your first salutation.

Faulk. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia. I was rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health: sure I had no cause for coldness?

Jul. Nay, then, I see you have taken something ill: you must not conceal from me what it is.

Faulk. Well, then, shall I own to you, that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was somewhat damped, by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire; for your mirth, your singing, dancing, and I know not what; for such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment, in your absence, as a treason to constancy. The mutual tear that steals down the cheek of parting lovers, is a compact, that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

Jul. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing, minute caprice? Can the idle reports of a silly boor weigh, in your breast, against my tried affection?

Faulk. They have no weight with me, Julia: no no, I am happy, if you have been so; yet only say that you did not sing with mirth, say that you thought of Faulkland in the dance.

Jul. I never can be happy in your absence. If I wear a countenance of content, it is to show that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth.

Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you, when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

Faulk. You were ever all goodness to me! Oh! I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy!

Jul. If ever without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity and base ingratitude!

Faulk. Ah, Julia! that last word is grating to me! I would I had no title to your gratitude! Search your heart, Julia: perhaps what you have mistaken for love, is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart!

Jul. For what quality must I love you?

Faulk. For no quality: to regard me for any quality of mind or understanding were only to esteem me; and for person—I have often wished myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligations there for any part of your affection.

Jul. Where nature has bestowed a show of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it as misplaced. I have seen men, who in this vain article, perhaps, might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes, if it were so or not.

Faulk. Now, this is not well from you, Julia; I despise person in a man; yet, if you love me as I wish, though I were an *Æthiop*, you'd think none so fair.

Jul. I see you are determined to be unkind. The contract, which my poor father bound us in, gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulk. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts. How *stiff* I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought or promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love.

Jul. Then try me now. Let us be free as strangers as to what is past: my heart will not feel more liberty.

Faulk. There, now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free! If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not loose your hold, even though I wished it!

[*hear it!*]

Jul. Oh! you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it! I do not mean to distress you: if I loved you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment. I would not boast, yet let me say, that I have neither age, person, or character; to found dislike on; my fortunes such, as few ladies could be charged with indiscretion in the match. O, Julia! when love receives such countenance from prudence, nice minds will be suspicious of its birth.

Jul. I know not whether your insinuations would tend; but as they seem pressing to insult me, I will spare you the regret of having done so. I have given you no cause for this!

[*It is tears.*]

Faulk. In tears! stay, Julia, stay but for a moment; the door is fastened! Julia! my soul! but for one moment!—I hear her sobbing! 'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay—Ay, she is coming now: how little resolution there is in woman! how a few soft words can turn them! No. Zounds! she's not coming, nor don't intend it, I suppose! This is not steadiness, but obstinacy! Yet I deserve it. What, after so long an absence, to quarrel with her tenderness! 'Twas barbarous and unmanly! I should be ashamed to see her now. I'll wait till her just resentment is abated, and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.*

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, with a letter in her hand,
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, following.

Mrs. M. Your being Sir Anthony's son, Captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Capt. A. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair, at present, is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop, of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue can be silent.

Mrs. M. Sir, you do me infinite honour. I beg, Captain, you'll be seated. (*They sit.*) Ah! few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman! Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty.

Capt. A. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am; yet I fear our ladies should share the blame; they think our admiration of beauty so great that knowledge in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden trees they seldom shew fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossoms: few, like Mrs. Malaprop, and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once.

Mrs. M. Sir, you overpower me with good breeding. He is the very pine-apple of politeness! (*Aside.*) You are not ignorant, Captain, that this giddy girl has, somehow, contrived to fix her affection on a beggarly, strolling, eyes-dropping ensign, whom none of us have seen and nobody knows anything of.

Capt. A. Oh! I have heard the silly affair before; I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account. But it must be very distressing, indeed, to you, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree! I thought she had perished from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have intercepted another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Capt. A. O, the devil! my last note! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. Ay, here it is.

Capt. A. Ay, my note, indeed! O, the little traitress, Lucy. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. There, perhaps you may know the writing. (*Gives him the letter.*)

Capt. A. I think I have seen the hand before; yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before.

Mrs. M. Nay, but read it Captain.

Capt. A. (*Read.*) *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!*—Very tender, indeed! [*science!*]

Mrs. M. Tender! ay, and profane too, o' my con-

Capt. A. I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me; the more so, as my new rival—

Mrs. M. That's your sir.

Capt. A. Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour.—Well, that's handsome enough. [*writing so.*]

Mrs. M. Oh! the fellow has some design in

Capt. A. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. M. But go on, sir; you'll see presently.

Capt. A. As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon, who guards you—Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. M. Me, sir—me—he means me there—what do you think now? but go on a little further.

Capt. A. Impudent scoundrel!—It shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance; as I am told that she wears ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand—

Mrs. M. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that? an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs.

Capt. A. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—some ridiculous vanity—

Capt. A. I beg pardon, ma'am—Does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration—an impudent coxcomb—so that I have a scheme to see you shortly, with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interviews. Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. M. Did you ever hear anything like it? (*They rise.*) He'll elude my vigilance, will he? yes, yes,—ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors! We'll try who can plot best!

Capt. A. So we will, madam; so we will. Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy! ha! ha! ha! Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time; let her even plot an elopement with him, then do you connive at her escape, while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. M. I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated.

Capt. A. But, pray, could I not see the lady for a few minutes now? I should like to try he temper a little.

Mrs. M. Why, I don't know; I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters. [*her, Beverley—*]

Capt. A. O Lord, she won't mind me! only tell Mrs. M. Sir!

Capt. A. Gently, good tongue! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. What did you say of Beverley?

Capt. A. Oh! I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below, she'd come down fast enough then; ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. M. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves; besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her: ha! ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again. Lydia, come down here! (*Calling.*) He'll make me a go-between in their interview!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing!—ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Capt. A. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am!—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. M. The little hussey won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is; she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her; and I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Capt. A. As you please, ma'am. [*man.*]

Mrs. M. For the present, Captain, your servant. Ah, you've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance! yes, yes—Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*]

Capt. A. Ha! ha! ha! one would think, now, that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that, to un deceive, were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me. (*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*)

Enter LYDIA.

Lyd. What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart. I have heard of girls persecuted, as I am, who have appealed, in behalf of their favoured lover, to the generosity of his

rival: suppose I were to try it: there stands the hated rival—*an officer too!* But, oh! how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word! I'll speak—*Mr. Absolute!*

Capt. A. Ma'am. (Turns round.)
Lyd. O heavens! Beverley! *[surprised!]*
Capt. A. Hush! hush, my life!—Softly! be not
Lyd. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed! For heaven's sake! how came you here?

Capt. A. Briefly; I have deceived your aunt. I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening; and, contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on her for Captain Absolute. *[Young Absolute?]*

Lyd. Oh, charming! and she really takes you for
Capt. A. Oh! she's convinced of it.
Lyd. Ha, ha, ha! I can't forbear laughing, to think how her sagacity is over-reached.

Capt. A. But we trifle with our precious moments; such another opportunity may not occur; then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserved persecution; and, with a licensed warmth, plead for my reward.

Lyd. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth? that burden on the wings of love?

Capt. A. Oh! come to me, rich only thus, in love-ness! Bring no portion to me but thy love; 'twill be generous in you, Lydia, for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lyd. How persuasive are his words! how charming will poverty be with him! *(Aside.)*

Capt. A. By heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here. *(Embracing her.)* If she holds out now, the devil is in it. *(Aside.)*

Lyd. Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes; but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis. *(Aside.)*

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, listening.

Mrs. M. I am impatient to know how the little hussey deports herself. *(Aside.)* *[abated?]*

Capt. A. So pensive, Lydia! is then your warmth
Mrs. M. Warmth abated?—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose. *(Aside.)*

Lyd. No, nor ever can, while I have life.

Mrs. M. An ill-temper'd little devil! She'll be in a passion all her life, will she? *(Aside.)*

Lyd. Let her choose be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. M. I am astonished at her assurance! to his face, this to his face! *(Aside.)*

Capt. A. Thus, then, let me enforce my suit. *(Kneeling.)*

Mrs. M. Ay, poor young man! down on his knees, entreating for pity! I can contain no longer. *(Aside.)* Why, thou vixen! I have overheard you.

Capt. A. Oh, confound her vigilance! *(Aside.)*
Mrs. M. Captain Absolute, I know not how to apologise for her shocking rudeness.

Capt. A. So—all's safe, I find. *(Aside.)* I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady—

Mrs. M. O, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile. *[now?]*

Lyd. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with

Mrs. M. Why, thou unblushing rebel; didn't you tell this gentleman to his face, that you loved another better? didn't you say you never would be
Lyd. No, madam, I did not. *[his?]*

Mrs. M. Good heavens, what assurance! Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman! Didn't you boast that Beverley—that stroller, Beverley—possessed your heart? Tell me that, I say.

Lyd. 'Tis true, madam, and none but Beverley—
Mrs. M. Hold! hold, assurance! you shall not be so rude.

Capt. A. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech: she's very welcome to talk thus; it does not hurt me in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. M. You are too good, Captain; too amiably patient: but come with me, miss: let us see you again soon, Captain: remember what we have
Capt. A. I shall, ma'am. *[fixed.]*

Mrs. M. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lyd. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev— *(Mrs. M. prevents her speaking.)*

Mrs. M. Hussey! Come along, come along.
[Exit, Capt. Absolute, kissing his hand to Lydia, Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia.]

SCENE IV.—Acres' Lodgings.

ACRES and DAVID discovered; Acres as just dressed.

Acres. Indeed, David, dress does make a difference, David.

Das. 'Tis all in all, I think; difference! why, an' you were to go now to Old Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you: master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, 'Lard preserve me!' our dairy-maid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your honour's favourite, would blush like my waistcoat. Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether Phillis would wag a hair of her tail.

Acres. Ay, David, there's nothing like polishing.

Das. So I says of your honour's boots; but the boy never heels me!

Acres. But, David, has Mr. de la Grace been here? I must rub up my balancing, and chasing, and

Das. I'll call again, sir. *[boring.]*

Acres. Do; and see if there are any letters for me at the post-office.

Das. I will. By the mass, I can't help looking at your head! if I hadn't been at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself. *[Exit.]*

Acres. (Comes forward, practising a dancing step.) Sink, slide, coupe. Confound the first inventors of cotillions, say I! they are as bad as algebra, to us country gentlemen. I can walk a minuet easy enough, when I am forced; and I have been accounted a good stick in a country-dance. Ods fogs and tabors! I never valued your cross-over to the couple; figure in right and left, and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the country! but those outlandish heathen allemandes and cotillions are quite beyond me! I shall never prosper at them, that's sure; mine are true-born English legs, they don't understand their cursed French lingo! their *pás* this, and *pás* that, and *pás* t'other! d—me! my feet don't like to be called paws!

Enter DAVID.

Das. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on you, sir.

Acres. Shew him in. *[Exit David.]*

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir L. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you
Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir L. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith, I have followed Cupid's jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last! In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir L. Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius; I fall as deep as ne-d be in love with a young lady; her friends take my part, I follow her to Bath, send word of my arrival, and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir L. Very ill, upon my conscience! Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Ods slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir L. A rival in the case, is there? and you think he is supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir L. Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres. Not I, upon my soul! [stand me?]

Sir L. We wear no swords here, but you under-

Acres. What! fight him?

Sir L. Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir L. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another, than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh! by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir L. That's no argument at all; he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres. 'Gad, that's true; I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! I fire apace; ods hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir L. What the devil signifies right when your honour is concerned? do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching; I certainly do feel a kind of valour arising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say; ods flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir L. Ah! my little friend, if we had Blunderbuss Hall here—I could shew you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room, every one of whom had killed his man. For though the mansion house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heaven, our honour and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh! Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors too; every man of them colonel or captain in the militia: ods balls and barrels, say no more—I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast. Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds!"—

Sir L. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case; these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius; I must be in a rage. Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. [*Sits down to write.*] I would the ink were red; indite, I say, indite. How shall I begin? Ods bullets and blades, I'll write a good bold hand.

Sir L. Pray compose yourself. [however.]

Acres. Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damn?

Sir L. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now. *Sir—*

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir L. To prevent the confusion that might arise—

Acres. Well—

Sir L. From our both addressing the same lady—

Acres. Ay; there's the reason—same la-y—Well.

Sir L. I shall expect the honour of your company—

Acres. Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir L. Pray, be easy.

Acres. Well, then—honour of your company—

Sir L. To settle our pretensions—

Acres. Well.

Sir L. Let me see; ay, King's Mead-fields will do—in King's Mead-fields.

Acres. So, that's done. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest, a hand and dagger, shall be the seal.

Sir L. You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you. [standing.]

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir L. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then, let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir L. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight first. Ods life, I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir L. I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time, as polished as your sword. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Acres Lodgings.

ACRES and DAVID discovered.

David. Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing; ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight when I wasn't so minded. Oods! what will the old lady say when she hears o't?

Acres. But my honour, David, my honour! I must be very careful of my honour.

David. Ay, by the mass, and I would be very careful of it, and I think in return my honour couldn't do less than be very careful of me.

Acres. Ods blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour.

David. I say, then, it would be but civil in honour never to risk the loss of a gentleman. Look

master, this honour seems to be a marvellous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank heaven, no one can say of me;) well, my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So, we fight. (Pleasant enough that) Boh! I kill him, (the more's my luck.) Now, pray, who gets the profit of it? why, my honour. But put the case that he kills me! by the mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David, in that case—Ods crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave!

Dav. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Zounds! David, you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valour to listen to you. What shall I disgrace my ancestors? Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

Dav. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Lookye, now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think it might as well be left alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, very great danger, eh?—Ods life! people often fight without any mischief done.

Dav. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d—n'd double-barrell'd swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think on't—those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide them! from a child I never could fancy them. I suppose there ain't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol.

Acres. Zounds! I won't be afraid—ods fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid.—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

Dav. Ay, 'tis the name of mischief, let him be the messenger. For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it, for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter! it is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter! and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch! Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off! [of a grasshopper.

Acres. Out, you paltrone! you ha'n't the valour

Dav. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure at Clod Hall! but I ha' done. How Phillis will howl when she hears of it! ay, poor bitch, she little think what shooting her master's going after!—and I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born! (*Whimpering.*)

Acres. It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres. O! shew him up.

David. Well, heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that?—Don't provoke me, David!

Dav. Good by, master. (*Whimpering.*)

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly croaking raven.

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Capt. A. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead! If I

hadn't the valour of St. George, and the dragon to boot—

Capt. A. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres. Oh!—there—(*Gives him the challenge.*)

Capt. A. To Ensign Beverley. So—what's going on now? (*Aside.*) Well, what's this?

Acres. A challenge!

[will you, Bob?

Capt. A. Indeed!—Why, you won't fight him,

Acres. Egad! But I will, Jack.—Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Capt. A. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Capt. A. Well, give it me, and trust me he gets

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Capt. A. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it.—No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind. What it is to have a friend!—you couldn't be my second,—could you, Jack?

Capt. A. Why, no, Bob—not in this affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

Capt. A. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the Captain.

Capt. A. I'll come instantly.

[*Exit Servant.*

Well, my little hero, success attend you. (*Going.*)

Acres. Stay, stay, Jack.—If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Capt. A. To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog, eh, Bob?

Acres. Ay, do, do; and if that frightens him, egad! perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

Capt. A. I will; I will; I'll say you are call'd, in the country, "Fighting Bob."

Acres. Right, right—"tis all to prevent mischief: for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honour.

Capt. A. No!—that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him, do you, Jack?

Capt. A. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, eh? (*Going.*)

Acres. True, true—But stay—stay, Jack—you may add, that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage.

Capt. A. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Capt. A. Ay, ay, "Fighting Bob." [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.*

Enter MRS. MALAPROP AND LYDIA.

Mrs. M. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to in him?—Isn't he a handsome man? tell me that. A genteel man! a pretty figure of a man?

Lydia. She little thinks whom she is praising. (*Aside.*) So is Beverley, ma'am.

Mrs. M. No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman.

Lydia. Ay, the Captain Absolute you have seen. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. Then he's so well bred! so full of lac-

rity and adulation! He has so much to say for himself, in such good language too. His physiognomy so grammatical; then his presence so noble! I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play: "Hesperian curls; the front of Job himself; an eye, like Mars, to threaten at command! a station, like Harry Mercury, new—" Something about kissing on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

Lydia. How enraged she'll be presently, when she discovers her mistake! *(Aside.)*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Shew them up here. *[Exit Servant.]* Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman. Shew your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lydia. Madam, I have told you my resolution, I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him. *(Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.)*

Enter SIR ANTHONY and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir An. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty;—and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow. I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. M. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects! *(Aside to her.)*

Sir An. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance.—Now, Jack, speak to her. *(Aside to him.)*

Capt. A. What the devil shall I do? *(Aside.)* You see, sir, she won't even look at me whilst you are here. I knew she wouldn't;—I told you so!—Let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together! *(Capt. A. seems to expostulate with his father.)*

Sir An. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

Mrs. M. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small. Turn round, Lydia; I blush for you! *(Aside to her.)*

Sir An. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son?—Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy,—speak! *(Aside to him.)*

Mrs. M. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any. She will not say she has. Answer, hussey? why don't you answer? *(Aside to her.)*

Sir An. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—Zounds! sirrah! why don't you speak? *(Aside to him.)*

Capt. A. Hem! hem! Madam—hem! *(Capt. Absolute attempts to speak, then returns to Sir An.)* 'Faith! sir, I am so confounded!—and so—so confounded!—I told you I should be so, sir,—I knew it.—The—tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir An. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it?—Go up and speak to her directly! *(Capt. Absolute makes signs to Mrs. Malaprop to leave them together.)* What the devil are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or—*(Aside to him.)*

Capt. A. *(Draws near Lydia.)* Now heaven send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice. *(Aside—Speaks in a low, hoarse tone.)* Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love?—Will not—

Sir An. What the devil ails the fellow?—Why

don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

Capt. A. The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my—modesty, quite choke me!

Sir An. Ah! your modesty again!—I'll tell you what, Jack: if you don't speak out directly and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front. *(Mrs. Malaprop seems to chide Lydia.)*

Capt. A. So! all will out, I see! *(Goes up to Lydia, speaks softly.)* Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lydia. *(Aside.)* Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice! *(Looks round by degrees, then starts up.)* Is this possible? My Beverley! How can this be? My Beverley?

Capt. A. Ah! 'tis all over! *(Aside.)*

Sir An. Beverley! the devil, Beverley! What can the girl mean? This is my son, Jack Absolute.

Mrs. M. For shame, hussey! for shame! your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes! Beg Captain Absolute's pardon, directly. *[Beverley!]*

Lydia. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved

Sir An. Zounds! the girl's mad! her brain's turned by reading!

Mrs. M. O' my conscience, I believe so! What do you mean by Beverley, hussey? You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is, your husband that shall be. *[My Beverley.]*

Lydia. With all my soul, ma'am, when I refuse *Sir An.* Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam! or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick? Come here, sirrah, who the devil are you?

Capt. A. 'Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir An. Are you my son or not? answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Capt. A. Ye powers of impudence, befriend me! *(Aside.)* Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be yours also, I hope my duty has always shewn. Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer, and shall be proud to add, affectionate nephew. I need not tell my Lydia that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name, and a station, which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character. *(Sullenly.)*

Lydia. So! there will be no elopement after all!

Sir An. Upon my soul! Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! To do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

Capt. A. Oh! you flatter me, sir, you compliment—'tis my modesty you know, sir, my modesty, that has stood in my way.

Sir An. Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however. I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog, I am. So, this was your penitence, your duty, and obedience! I thought it was d—n'd sudden. You never heard their names before, not you! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire, eh? if you could please me in the affair, 'twas all you desired! Ah, you dissembling villain! What! *(Pointing to Lydia.)* She squints, don't she? a little red-haired girl, eh? Why, you hypocritical young rascal, I wonder you a'n't ashamed to hold up your head!

Capt. A. 'Tis with difficulty, sir; I am confused, very much confused, as you must perceive.

Mrs. M. O lud! Sir Anthony! a new light breaks

in upon me! eh! how! what! Captain, did you write the letter, then? What? am I to thank you for the elegant compilation of an "old weather-beaten she-dragon," eh? O mercy! was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

Capt. A. Dear sir, my modesty will be overpowered at last, if you don't assist me. I shall certainly not be able to stand it.

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive; odds life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart to be so good-humoured! and so gallant! eh! Mrs. Malaprop! Come we must leave them together, Mrs. Malaprop! they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant! Jack, isn't the cheek as I said, eh? and the eye, you rogue! and the lip, eh! Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness, their's is the time of life for happiness! "*Youth's the season made for joy.*" (*Sings.*) Eh! Od's life! I'm in such spirits, I don't know what I could not do. Permit me, ma'am, (*Gives his hand to Mrs. Malaprop.* *Sings.*) "*Tot de roll!*" 'gad I should like to have a little fooling myself, "*Tot de roll! de roll!*"

(*Exit, singing, and handing Mrs. Malaprop off. Lydia sits sullenly in her chair.*)

Capt. A. So much thought bodes me no good. (*Aside.*) So grave, Lydia!

Lydia. Sir!

Capt. A. So! egad! I thought as much: that d—d monovyllable has frozen me! (*Aside.*) What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends' consent as in our mutual vows—

Lydia. Friends' consent, indeed! (*Peevishly.*)

Capt. A. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance; a little wealth and comfort may be endured after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as—

Lydia. Lawyers! I hate lawyers.

Capt. A. Nay, then we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the license,

Lydia. The license! I hate license! [*and—*]

Capt. A. Oh, my love! be not so unkind! thus let me entreat—(*Kneeling.*)

Lydia. Paha! what signifies kneeling, when you know I must have you?

Capt. A. (*Rising.*) Nay, madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you. If I have lost your heart, I resign the rest. 'Gad, I must try what a little spirit will do. (*Aside.*)

Lydia. (*Rising.*) Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud. What, you have been treating me like a child! humouring my romance; and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

Capt. A. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me; only hear—

Lydia. So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all; behold, my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation, and I am myself the only dupe at last! (*Walking about in heat.*) But here, sir, here is the picture; Beverley's picture! (*Taking a miniature from her bosom.*) which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties! There sir (*Shows it to him.*) and be assured, I throw the original from my heart as easily.

Capt. A. Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that; here (*taking out a picture*), here is Miss Lydia Languish. What a difference! ay, there is the heavenly assenting smile, that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes; those are the lips which

sealed a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar; and there the half-resentful blush, that would have checked the ardour of my thanks. Well, all that's past; all over indeed! There, madam, in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind, its merit over the original, in being still the same, is such, that—I'll put it in my pocket.

Lydia. (*Softening.*) 'Tis your own doing, sir; I, — I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Capt. A. Oh! most certainly; sure now, this is much better than being in love! ha! ha! ha! there's some spirit in this. What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises? All that's of no consequence, you know. To be sure, people will say, that miss didn't know her own mind; but never mind that: or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired of the lady, and forsook her; but don't let that fret you.

Lydia. There's no bearing his insolence!

Enter MRS. MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY.

Mrs. M. (*Entering.*) Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing awhile.

Lydia. This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate. (*Sobbing.*)

Sir Anth. What the devil's the matter now! Zounds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the oddest billing and cooing I ever heard. But what the dence is the meaning of it? I'm quite astonished.

Capt. A. Ask the lady.

Mrs. M. Oh, mercy! I'm quite analys'd, for my part. Why, Lydia, what is the reason of this?

Lydia. Ask the gentleman, ma'am.

Sir Anth. Zounds! I shall be in a frenzy. Why, Jack, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

Mrs. M. Ay, sir, there's no more trick, is there? you are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?

Capt. A. You'll not let me speak; I say the lady can account for this much better than I can.

Lydia. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again: there is the man; I shall obey you: for from this moment I renounce him forever. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. M. O mercy and miracles! what a turn here is. Why, sure, Captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my niece.

Sir Anth. Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha! now I see it; ha, ha, ha! now I see it: you have been too lively,

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word— [*Jack.*]

Sir Anth. Come, no lying, Jack! I'm sure 'twas so. Come, no excuses, Jack; why your father, you rogue, was so before you: the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.

Capt. A. By all that's good, sir—

Sir Anth. Zounds! say no more, I tell you Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace. You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop: you must tell her, 'tis Jack's way; tell her, 'tis all our ways—it runs in the blood of our family! Come away, Jack, ha, ha, ha! Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain! (*Pushes him out.*)

Mrs. M. Oh, Sir Anthony! O, fie, Captain! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The North Parade.*

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir L. I wonder where this Captain Absolute hides himself. Upon my conscience, these officers are always in one's way in love affairs: I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Oarmin, if it had not been for a little rogue of a major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me! And I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in

them to be so fond of them; unless it be a touch of the old serpent in them, that makes the little creatures be caught like vipers, with a bit of red cloth. Ah, isn't this the captain coming? 'Faith, it is! There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking! Who the devil is he talking to? (*Steps aside.*)

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Capt. A. To what fine purpose have I been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul! a little gipsy! I did not think her romance could have made her so d—n'd absurd either. 'Sdeath, I never was in a worse humour in my life! I could cut my own throat, or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world.

Sir L. O. Faith! I'm in the luck of it. I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose: to be sure I'm just come in the nick. Now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly. (*Aside. Goes up to Captain Absolute.*) With regard to that matter, Captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

Capt. A. Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant: because, sir, I happened just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Sir L. That's no reason; for give me leave to tell you, a man may think an untruth as well as speak one.

Capt. A. Very true, sir; but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

Sir L. Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

Capt. A. Harkye, Sir Lucius, if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview; for, what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Sir L. I humbly thank you, sir, for the quickness of your apprehension; (*bowing*) you have named the very thing I would be at.

Capt. A. Very well, sir, I shall certainly not bank your inclination; but I should be glad if you would please to explain your motives.

Sir L. Pray, sir, be easy—the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel, as it stands—we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. However, your memory is very short—or you could not have forgot an affront you passed on me within this week. So, no more, but name your time and place.

Capt. A. Well, sir, since you are bent on it, the sooner the better: let it be this evening—here by the Spring Gardens. We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir L. 'Faith! that same interruption, in affairs of this nature, shews very great ill-breeding. I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a bother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness. However, if it's the same to you, Captain, I should take it as a particular kindness, if you'd let us meet in King's Mead-fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may despatch both matters as once.

Capt. A. 'Tis the same to me exactly. A little after six, then, we will discuss the matter more seriously.

Sir L. If you please, sir; there will be very pretty small-sword light, though it won't do for a long shot. So, that matter's settled, and my mind's at ease. (*Exit.*)

Enter FAULKLAND, meeting CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Capt. A. Well met. I was going to look for you

Oh, Faulkland, all the demons of spite and disappointment have conspired against me! I'm so vexed, that if I had not the prospect of a resource, in being knocked o' the head by-and-by, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

Faulk. What can you mean? Has Lydia changed her mind? I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object.

Capt. A. Ay, just as the eyes do of a person who squints: when her love-eye was fixed on me—t'other, her eye of duty, was finely obliqued: but when duty bid her point that the same way—off t'other turned on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown.

Faulk. But what's the resource you—

Capt. A. Oh, to wind up the whole, Sir Lucius O'Trigger—you know him by sight—for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock, 'tis on that account I wish to see you—you must go with me.

Faulk. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure. Sir Lucius shall explain himself, and I dare say matters may be accommodated: but this evening, did you say? I wish it had been any other time.

Capt. A. Why? there will be light enough: (there will, as Sir Lucius says) "be very pretty small-sword light, though it will not do for a long shot." Confound his long-ashots!

Faulk. But I am myself, a good deal ruffled, by a difference I have had with Julia. My vile tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

Capt. A. By heavens, Faulkland! you don't deserve her.

Enter Servant, who gives Faulkland a letter.

Faulk. O, Jack! this is from Julia; I dread to open it.

Capt. A. Here—let me see—(*Takes the letter and opens it.*) Ay, a final sentence, indeed! 'tis all over with you, 'Faith!

Faulk. Nay, Jack, don't keep me in suspense.

Capt. A. Hear, then. (*Reads.*) "As I am convinced that my dear Faulkland's own reflections have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject. I wish to speak with you as soon as possible. Yours, ever and truly, JULIA." There's stubbornness and resentment for you! (*Gives him the letter.*) Why, man, you don't seem one whit the happier at this!

Faulk. Oh! yes, I am; but—but—

Capt. A. Confound your buts! You never hear anything that would make another man bless himself; but you immediately d—n it with a but.

Faulk. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly; don't you think there is something forward, something indelicate, in this haste to forgive? Women should never sue for reconciliation; that should always come from us: they should retain their coldness till wooed to kindness; and their pardon, like their love, should "Not unsought be won."

Capt. A. I have not patience to listen to you; thou'rt incorrigible! so say no more on the subject. I must go to settle a few matters; let me see you before six; remember, at my lodgings. A poor, industrious devil, like me, who have toiled, and drudged, and plotted to gain my ends, and am, at last, disappointed by other people's folly, may, in pity, be allowed to swear and grumble a little; but a cautious sceptic in love; a slave to fretfulness; or whom, who has no difficulties but of his own cre-

ing, is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion! *[Exit.]*

Faulk. I feel his reproaches; yet I would not change this too exquisite misery for the gross content with which he tramples on the thorns of love. His engaging me in this duel has started an idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue; I'll use it as the touchstone of Julia's sincerity and disinterestedness; if her love prove pure, and sterling ore, my name will rest on it with honour! and, once I've stamped it there, I'll lay aside my doubts for ever. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Julia's Dressing room.*

Enter JULIA.

Jul. How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone? O Faulkland! how many unhappy moments, how many tears, have you cost me!

Enter FAULKLAND.

What means this? why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulk. Alas, Julia! I am come to take a long farewell!

Jul. Heav'ns! what do you mean?

Faulk. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited. Nay, start not; the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me. I left you fretful and passionate; an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel; the events, that I must fly this kingdom instantly. Oh! Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have called you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment.

Jul. My soul is oppressed with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune; had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought, that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love. My heart has long known no other guardian; I now entrust myself to your honour; we will fly together; when safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled, and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comfort.

Faulk. O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you, beside his solitary love?

Jul. I ask not a moment. No, Faulkland, I have loved you for yourself; and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love. But let us not linger; perhaps this delay—

Faulk. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark; yet I am grieved to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition.

Jul. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act? I know not whether 'tis so, but sure that alone can never make us unhappy. The little I have will be sufficient to support us, and exile never should be splendid.

Faulk. Ay, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride, perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure.

Jul. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you; one who, by bearing your infirmities with gentle-

ness and resignation, may teach you so to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulk. Julia, I have proved you to the quick; and with this useless device, I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition? *[Lated.]*

Jul. Has no such disaster happened as you pretended. Let me to-morrow, in the face of heaven, receive my future guide and monitor, and expiate my past folly, by tears of tender adoration.

Jul. Hold, Faulkland! that you are free from a crime, which I before feared to name, heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice! These are tears of thankfulness for that. But, that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang more keen than I can express.

Faulk. By heavens! Julia—

Jul. Yet hear me. My father loved you, Faulkland! and you preserved the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand; joyfully pledged, where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seemed to me, that Providence had, in Faulkland, shewn me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty as well as my affection: hence I have been content to bear from you, what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another. I will not upbraid you by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.

Faulk. I confess it all; yet, hear—

Jul. After such a year of trial, I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel, as unnecessary. I now see that it is not in your nature to be content or confident in love. With this conviction I never will be yours.

Faulk. Nay, but, Julia, by my soul and honour! If, after this—

Jul. But one word more. As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another. I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of heaven to send you, will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement. All I request of you is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity; and, when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of, let it not be your least regret, that it lost you the love of one who would have followed you in beggary through the world. *[Exit.]*

Faulk. She's gone! for ever! There was an awful resolution in her manner, that riveted me to my place. O fool! dolt! barbarian! Cursed as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow wretches, kind fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid; and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side! I must now haste to my appointment. Well, my mind is tuned for such a scene: I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here. O love! tormentor! fiend! whose influence, like the moon's acting on men of dull souls makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness! *[Exit.]*

Enter Maid and LYDIA.

Maid. My mistress, ma'am, I know, was here, just now; perhaps she is only in the next room. *[Exit.]*
Lyd. Heigho! Though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one

lecture from my grave cousin will make me recall him.

Enter JULIA.

Oh! Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation! Lud, child! what's the matter with you? You have been crying! I'll be hanged if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

Jul. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness. Something has flurried me a little. Nothing that you can guess at. I would not accuse Faulkland to a sister. *(Aside.)*

Lydia. Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them. You know who Beverley proves to be?

Jul. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair.

Lydia. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one! but I don't care, I'll never have him.

Jul. Nay, Lydia—

Lydia. Why, is it not provoking, when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain at last? There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements! so becoming a disguise! so amiable a ladder of ropes! Conscious moon; four horses; Scotch parson; with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop! and such paragraphs in the newspaper. Oh! I shall die with disappointment!

Jul. I don't wonder at it

Lydia. Now; sad reverse! what have I to expect; but after a deal of flimsy preparation, with a bishop's license, and my aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the altar? or, perhaps be cried three times in a country church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish, to join John Absolute, and Lydia Languish, spinster? Oh! that I should live to hear myself called spinster!

Jul. Melancholy, indeed!

Lydia. How mortifying, to remember the dear, delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow! How often have I stolen forth in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden stuck like a dripping statue! There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough, so pathetically! and, while the freezing blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour! Ah! Julia, that was something like being in love!

Jul. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you; but it suits more the situation of my mind at present earnestly to entreat you, not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice which I know too well caprice can inflict.

Lydia. Oh, lud! what has brought my aunt here?

Enter MRS. MALAPROP and DAVID.

Mrs. M. So, so! here's fine work! here's fine suicide, paricide, and simulation, going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe! *(meaning of this?)*

Jul. For heaven's sake! madam, what's the *Mrs. M.* That gentleman can tell you; 'twas he enveloped the affair to me.

Lydia. Oh, patience! Do, ma'am, for heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter!

Mrs. M. Why murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter! But he can tell you the perpendiclar. *(Pointing to David.)*

Jul. Do speak, friend. *(To David.)*

David. Lookye, my lady—by the mass! there's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for

amusement with fire-arms, firelocks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers beside! This my lady, I say has an angry favour. To be sure, Captain Absolute,—
Jul. But who is engaged?

David. My poor master; under favour for mentioning him first. You know me, my lady—I am David—and my master of course is, or was, 'squire Acres, and Captain Absolute.—Then comes 'squire Faulkland.

Jul. Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to *Mrs. M.* Oh, fie! it would be very inelegant in us: we should only participate things. *(vent them.)*

Lydia. Do, my dear aunt, let us hasten to pre-
David. Ah! do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives! they are desperately given, believe me. Above all, there is that blood-thirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mrs. M. Sir Lucius O'Trigger! O mercy! have they drawn poor, little, dear Sir Lucius into the scrape! *(Aside.)* Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire putrefactions!

Lydia. What are we to do, madam?

Mrs. M. Why, fly with the utmost felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief! Come, girls, this gentleman will exhort us. Come, sir, you're our envoy; lead the way, and we'll precede. You're sure you know the spot.

David. Oh! never fear; and one good thing is, we shall find it out by the report of the pistols.
All the Ladies. The pistols! Oh! let us fly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Kings Mead-fields.*

Enter SIR LUCIUS, and ACRES, with pistols.

Acres. By my valour, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Ods levels and aims! I say, it is a good distance.

Sir L. It is for muskets, or small field pieces; upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now—I'll show you. *(Measures paces along the stage.)* There, now, that is a very pretty distance; a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Ods bullets, no! by my valour there is no merit in killing him so near! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot: a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir L. Well: the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but I don't understand—

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and, if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say, it will be no time then to be bothering you about family

Acres. A quietus! *(matters.)*
Sir L. For instance, now; if that should be the case, would you choose to be pickled, and sent home? or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled! Snug lying in the Abbey! Ods tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you were never engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah! that's a pity; there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Ods files! I've practised that; there, Sir Lucius, there—*(puts himself into an attitude)*—a side-front, eh? Ods, I'll make myself small enough; I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now, you're quite out; for if you stand so when I take my aim—*(Levelling at him.)*

Acres. Zounds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not

Sir L. Never fear. *(cocked?)*

Acres. But—but—you don't know; it may go off of its own head!

Sir L. Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acres. A vital part!

Sir L. But there; fix yourself so—*(placing him)*—let him see the broadside of your full front; there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me! a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they; and it is much the gentlest attitude in the bargain.

Acres. Lookye, Sir Lucius. I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture, as a genteel one; so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. *(Looking at his watch.)* Sure, they don't mean to disappoint us; ha! no faith. I think I see them coming.

Acres. Eh! what! coming!—*(the stile?)*

Sir L. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over

Acres. There are two of them indeed! well, let them come; hey, Sir Lucius! we—we—we—

Sir L. Run! *(won't run.)*

Acres. No, I say, we won't run, by my valour!

Sir L. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing, nothing, my dear friend; my dear Sir Lucius; but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold somehow as I did.

Sir L. O fie! consider your honour.

Acres. Ay true; my honour; do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming. *(Looking.)*

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I wasn't with you I should almost think I was afraid. If my valour should leave me! valour will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius; I doubt it is going; yes, my valour is certainly going, it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out as it were, at the palms of my hands.

Sir L. Your honour; your honour—Here they are.

Acres. Oh, that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir L. Gentlemen, your most obedient; ha, what, Captain Absolute. So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself, to do a kind of office, first for your friend, then to proceed to business on your own account? *(friend!)*

Acres. What Jack! my dear Jack! my dear

Capt. A. Harkye, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir L. Well, Mr. Acres. I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. So, Mr. Beverley, *(to Faulk.)* if you choose your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. My weapons, sir!

Acres. Ods life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Sir L. What, sir, did you not come here to fight

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, sir. *(Mr. Acres?)*

Sir L. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party, by sitting out.

Capt. A. Oh, pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius. *(master.)*

Faulk. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland, I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Lookye, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir L. Observe me, Mr. Acres. I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him, I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why, no, Sir Lucius, I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged; a fellow, you see, that dare not shew his face. If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Capt. A. Hold, Bob! let me set you right; there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please. *(opportunity—)*

Sir L. Well, this is lucky. Now you have an

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend, Jack Absolute! not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural!

Sir L. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has cozed away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! ods backs and abettors; I'll be your second with all my heart; and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure. *(coward.)*

Sir L. Pho! pho! you are little better than a

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valour.

Sir L. Well, sir?

Acres. Lookye, Sir Lucius, 'dant that I mind the word coward. Coward may be said in a joke. But if you had called me a poltroon, ods daggers

Sir L. Well, sir? *(and balls—)*

Acres. I should have thought you a very ill-bred

Sir L. Pho! you are beneath my notice. *(man.)*

Capt. A. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog; called in the country, Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week;—don't you Bob?

Sir L. Well, then, Captain, 'tis we must begin; so come out, my little counsellor, *(draws his sword)* and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady without forcing you to proceed against him?

Capt. A. Come on then, sir, *(draws)* since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter SIR ANTHONY, DAVID, and the Ladies.

Dar. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony, knock down my master in particular; and bind his hands over to their good behaviour.

Sir Anth. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy; how came you in a duel, sir?

Capt. A. 'Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know; sir, I serve his majesty.

Sir Anth. Here's a pretty fellow! I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me he serves his majesty! Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the king's sword against one of his subjects?

Capt. A. Sir, I tell you, that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anth. 'Gad, sir! how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir L. Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook.

Sir Anth. Zounds, Jack! how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook?

Mrs. M. Come, come, let's have no honour before ladies. Captain Absolute, come here. How could you intimidate us so? Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you. [ma'am.

Capt. A. For fear I should be killed, or escape, *Mrs. M.* Nay, no delusions to the past—Lydia is convinced: speak, child.

Sir L. With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here; I believe I could interrupt the young lady's silence. Now mark.

Lyd. What is it you mean, sir?

Sir L. Come, come, Dalia, we must be serious now: this is no time for trifling.

Lyd. 'Tis true, sir: and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Capt. A. Oh! my little angel, say you so? Sir Lucius, I perceive there must be some mistake here. With regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you, I can only say that it could not have been intentional; and as you must be convinced, that I should not fail to support a real injury—you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency: I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honoured with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever. [my boy.

Sir Anth. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, *Acres.* Mind, I give up all my claim; I make no pretensions to any thing in the world; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valour! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir L. Captain, give me your hand—an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation—and as for the lady—if she chooses to deny her own hand-writing here [Takes out letters.]

Mrs. M. Oh! he will dissolve my mystery! Sir Lucius, perhaps there is some mistake. Perhaps I can illuminate—

Sir L. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business. Miss Languish, are you my Dalia, or not?

Lyd. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not. [Lydia and Absolute walk aside.]

Mr. M. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrateful as you are—I own the soft impeachment—pardon my carnellion blushes—I am Dalia.

Sir L. You Dalia—pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs. M. Why, thou barbarous Vandylke—those letters are mine. When you are more sensible of my benignity, perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir L. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension, and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you. And to shew you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that liberty from me, I'll give you my Dalia into the bargain.

Capt. A. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius;

but here's my friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir L. Ah! little valour—here, will you make your fortune?

Acres. Odds wrinkles! No. But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of picking me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

Sir Anth. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down; you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. M. O, Sir Anthony! men are all barbarians! [All retire but Julia and Faulkland.]

Jul. He seems dejected and unhappy, not sullen: there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me. O woman; how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulk. Julia! how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume—yet hope is the child of penitence.

Jul. Oh! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for yours. [Sir Anthony comes forward.]

Faulk. Now I shall be blest indeed.

Sir Anth. What's going on here? So you have been quarrelling too. I warrant Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have a hand in the matter at last. All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland, seemed to proceed from what he calls the delicacy and warmth of his affection for you. There, marry him directly, Julia, you'll find he'll mend, surprisingly! [The rest come forward.]

Sir L. Come now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better.

Acres. You are right, Sir Lucius—So Jack, I wish you joy. Mr. Faulkland, the same. Ladies, come now, to shew you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour to the New Rooms, and I insist on your all meeting me there.

Sir Anth. 'Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a good husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

Faulk. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I hope, to be congratulated by each other; your's for having checked in time the errors of an ill-directed imagination, which might have betrayed an innocent heart; and mine for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one, who by it made wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have adored.

Capt. A. True, Faulkland, we have both tasted the bitters, as well as the sweets of love—with this difference only, that you always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while I—

Lyd. Was always obliged to me for it, eh? Mr. Modest! But come no more of that; our happiness is now as unalloyed as general.

Jul. Then let us study to preserve it so; and while hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting. When hearts deserving happiness would unite their fortunes, virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest, hurtless flowers; but ill-judging passion will force the gaudier rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them when its leaves are dropt! [Exeunt.

M I D A S.

A BURLETTA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY KANE O'HARA.



Apollo.—"PRAY, GOODY, PLEASE TO MODERATE, &c."—scene 3.

Persons Represented.

APOLLO.
MIDAS.
PAN.
DAMETAS.

SILENO.
JUPITER.
VULCAN.
GANYMEDE.

MERCURY.
MARS.
BACCHUS.
SHEPHERD.

DAPHNE.
NYSA.
MYSIS.
JUNO.

ACT I.

SCENE. I.—*Discovers the heav'n Deities seated amidst the clouds, in full council: they address Jupiter.*

CHORUS OF ALL THE GODS.

*Jove, in his chair,
Of the sky lord may'r,
With his nods
Men and gods
Keeps in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks;
Earth's globe is but his law,
Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule;
His word,
Though absurd,*

*Must be law.
Even Fate,
Though so great,
Must not prate;
His bald pat:
Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,
For a straw.
Cov'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Or gnaw.*

Jup. (Rising.) Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sov'reign,
And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
On our commands? We'll make him an example.
As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law. (*To Jupiter.*) My proctor, with a summons, shall cite you, sir, to appear at Doctors' Commons. *Jup.* Let him; but first I'll chase from heaven you varlet.

Juno. What, for detecting you and your vile varlet!

AIR—JUNO.

*Think not, lewd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love;
For spite of your rakeshelv godhead,
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be, of dues nuptial defrauded.
I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;
In vain you in darkness enclose them;
Your favourite jades
I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into coars metamorphose them.*

Jup. Peace, terragant. I swear by Styx, our thunder shall hurl him to the earth. Nay, never wonder, we swore it, gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience, *Jup.* No favours for your own relations!

AIR—APOLLO:

*Be by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dad!
Mayne your bolts and wise head,
The world will think you mad.
What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Then break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger to some punk?*

Jup. You saucy scoundrel; there, sir. (*Strikes him.*) Come, disorder, down, Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no further: old, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him. he blab shall find our sky can do without him. (*Thunder and lightning.*) Jupiter darts a bolt at him; he falls; Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the gods all ascend together, singing the initial chorus; "Jove in his chair," &c.

JENÉ II.—A champaign Country, with a distant ilage. Violent storm of thunder and lightning. A shepherd sleeping in the field is roused by it, and runs frightened, leaving his cloak and guitar behind him.

APOLLO, as cast from heaven, falls to the earth, with rude shock, and lies for awhile stunned.

Apo. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty decent tumble!
And usage, Mr. Jove: sweet sir, your humble.
Well, down I am; no bones broke, though sore pepper'd!
ere doom'd to stay. What can I do? turn shepherd— (*Puts on the cloak, &c.*)
lucky thought. In this disguise, Apollo no more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow. or doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and person, mong the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

Enter SILENO

Sil. Whom have we here? a slightly clown! and sturdy:
um; plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.
seems out of place; a stranger; all in tatters;
I'll hire him; he'll divert my wife and daughters.
hence, and what art thou, boy?
Apo. An orphan lad, sir.

Pol. is my name; a shepherd once my dad, sir, I th' upper parts here; though not born to serving, I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

Sil. You've drawn a prize i' th' lottery: so have I too;

Why, I'm the master you could best apply to.

DUETT.—APOLLO and SILENO.

Sil. Since you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.

Fal, la, la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed:
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Buttermilk, and oatmeal bread.

Fal, la, la.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home;
And when daily labour's o'er,
We will dance to your strum-strum.

Fal, la, la.

Apo. I strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther and I may fare worse;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts and empty purse.

Fal, la, la.

Sil. Do strike hands; 'tis kind I offer;

Apo. I strike hands, and take your offer;

Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse;

Apo. Farther on I may fare worse.

Sil. Pity such a lad should suffer,

Apo. Zooks, I can no longer suffer.

Sil. Hungry guts and empty purse.

Apo. Hungry guts and empty purse.

Fal, la, la.

[Exeunt

SCENE III.—Sileno's Farm-house.

Enter DAPHNE and NYSA.

Daph. But, Nyssa, how goes on 'Squire Midas's courtship? [worship.

Nyssa. Your sweet Dametas, pimp to his great Brought me from him a purse; but the conditions—I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon-calf! This must blast him with my father.

Nyssa. Right; so we're rid of the two frights to-
Both. Ha, ha, ha!—Eia, ha, ha! [gether.

Enter MYNIS.

Mysis. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found? For ever grinning:

Ye rantipoles; 'is thus you mind your spinning?

AIR—MYNIS.

Girls are known
To mischief prone,
If ever they be idle;
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bride;
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way sidle.
Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They stirt pell-mell,
Their irain to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
To ev'ry fop
Their cor k-a-hoop,
And set their mothers madding.

Enter SILENO, introducing APOLLO.

Sil. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you grumble
At too hard toll; I chanc'd just now to stumble
On this stout drudge; and hir'd him: fit for labour.

To 'em, lad; then he can play, and sing, and caper.
(Puts him over.)
Mysia. Fine rubbish to bring home; a strolling
thrummer!

What art thou good for? speak, thou ragged mum-
mer?

Nysa. Mother, for shame—

Mysia. Peace, saucybox, or I'll maul you.

Apo. Goody, my strength and parts you under-
value.

For his and your work, I am brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else—

Mysia. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

AIR—APOLLO.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your
tongue:

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice
is strong:

A stranger why will you despise?

Try me,

Try me,

Prove 'ere you deny me:

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Necer more to rise.

Pray, goody, &c.

Mysia. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.
Nysa. With what sweet temper he bears all her
snubbing!

Sil. Oons, no more words. Go, boy, and get your
dinner. *[Exit Apo.]*

Fie, why so cross-grain'd to a young beginner?

Nysa. So modest!

Daph. So genteel!

Sil. *(To Mysia.)* Not pert, nor lumpish.

Mysia. Would he were hang'd!

Nysa. & Daph. La! mother, why so frumpish!

QUARTETTO.

Nysa. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd
To the gentle, handsome swain?

Daph. To a lad so limb'd, so featu'r'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

Mysia. Girls for you, my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account:

Sil. Wife, in vain you tease and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.

Nysa. Ah! Ah!

Daph. Mamma!

Nysa. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd

Daph. Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featu'r'd?

Nysa. To the gentle, handsome swain,

Daph. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;

Nysa. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;

Daph. To the gentle, handsome swain.

Mysia. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account:

Sil. Wife, in vain you tease and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.

Nysa. Mamma!

Mysia. Psha! psha!

Daph. Papa!

Sil. Ah! ah!

Daph. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,

Sil. Psha! psha! you must not be so ill-natur'd;

Nysa. Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featu'r'd?

Daph. To the gentle, handsome swain.

Sil. He's a gentle, handsome swain.

Nysa. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

M. sis. 'Tis my pleasure to give him pain.

Daph. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Sil. He's a gentle, handsome swain.

Nysa. To the gentle, handsome swain.

Mysia. To your odious, fav'rite swain. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—Midas's House.

Enter MIDAS and DAMETAS.

Mid. Nysa, you say, refus'd the guinea British
Dams. Ah! please your worship; she is wondrous
skittish.

Mid. I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs! I'll
force her—

Dam. The halter—

Mid. As for madam—I'll divorce her.

Some favor'd lout incog. our bias opposes.

Dam. Ay, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our
noses.

Mid. I've heard of that Pol's tricks, of his sy
tampering

To fling poor Pan, but I'll soon send him scamper-
ing;

'Sblood, I'll commit him; drive him to the gallows!
Where is old Pan?

Dam. Tippling, sir, at th' alehouse.

Mid. Run, fetch him; we shall hit on some exp-
to rout this Pol. *[Exit.]*

Dam. I fly. *(Going, returns.)* Sir, your obedient

Mid. What boots my being 'squire,
Justice of peace, and quorum;

Churchwarden; knight o' the shire,

And custos rotulorum;

If sancy little Nysa's heart, rebellious,

My 'squireship slights, and hankers after
follows?

AIR—MIDAS.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,

Dare my amours to cross?

Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas wroo,

Her nose up at him toss?

No; I'll kidnap: then possess her;

I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mandungus in exchange;

So glut to the height of pleasure,

My love and my revenge.

No; I'll kidnap, &c. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—A Village Alehouse-door.

PAN is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard,
p. pes, and tobacco, before him: his bagpipes lying by
him.

WCH.—PAN.

Jupiter wines and drinks,

He rules the roast in the sky;

Yet he's a fool if he thinks

That he's as happy as I;

Juno raises him.

And grates him,

And leads his highness a weary life;

I have m, lass,

And my glass,

And stroll a bachelor's merry life.

Let him fluster

And bluster.

I'll cringe to his harridan's furbelow;

To my fair tulips,

I glue lips,

And clink the cannikin here below.

Enter DAMÆTAS.

Dam. There sits the old soaker, his 'pate troubling little
How the world wags, so he gets drink and vittles.—
Ho, master Pan! 'Gad, you've trod on a whist!e!
You may pack up your all, sir, and go whist!e.
The wenches have turn'd tall; to you buck rauter;
Tickled by his guitar—they scorn your chanter.

AIR.—DAMÆTAS.

All around the may po'e how they trot

Hot

Pot

And good ale have got;

Routing,

Shouting,

At you flouting,

Fleering,

Jee-ing,

And what not.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad

Lad,

Glad

To see us sad:

Cap'ring,

Yap'ring;

While Pol, scraping,

Coaxes

The lasses

As he did the dad.

Round about, &c.

[*Exit.*]

Enter MYNIS.

Mysis. O Pan! the devil to pay, both my sluts
frantle?

Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.

But I'll go seek 'em all; and if I find 'em,

I'll drive 'em—as if old Nick were behind 'em—

[*Going.*]

Pan. Soa, soa,—don't sounce;

Avaat—disguise your fury.

Pol we shall trounce;

Midas is judge and jury.

AIR.—MYNIS.

Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,

To see my purposes thus counteracted!

This way and that way, or whi'h way soever,

All things run contrary to my endeavour.

Daughters projecting

Their ruin and shame,

Fa'hers neglecting

The care of th'ir fame;

Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;

Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—A Wood and lawn near Sileno's Farm.

A tender, slow symphony. Enter DAPHNE, crosses, melancholy and silent, and exits; NYSSA, watching her.

Nyssa. O ho; is it so. Miss Daphne in the dumps?

Mum—sung's the word. I'll lead her such a

Shall make her stir her stumps. [*dance,*

To all her secret haunts,

Like a shadow I'll follow and watch her;

And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her.

[*Retires.*]

Re-enter DAPHNE.

Daph. La! how my heart goes pit-a-pat; what
thumping,

E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.

AIR.—DAPHNE.

He's as tight a lad to see to,

As e'er stept in leather shoe;

And what's better, he'll love me too,

And to him I'll prove true blue.

Though my sister cast a hawk's eye,

I defy what she can do;

He o'erlook'd the little dozy,

I'm the girl he means to woo.

Either I stole out to meet him,

He'll no doubt my steps pursue;

If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;

If he's false—I'll fit him too.

Enter APOLLO.

Apo. Think o' the devil—'tis said,

He's at your shoulder;

This wench was running in my head,

And pop—behold her.

AIR.—APOLLO.

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish:

At your feet a tender scarin,

Prays you will not let him languish,

One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you,

He not long need sue in vain:

Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you

Scarce will meet his like again.

Daph. Sir, you're such an ollo

Of perfection in folio;

No damsel can resist you;

Your face so attractive,

Limb so supple and active,

That, by this light,

At the first sight,

I could have run and kiss'd you.

AIR.—DAPHNE.

If you can caper, as well as you modulate,

With the addition of that pretty face,

Pan, who was held by our shepherds a god o' late,

Will be kick'd out, and you sit in his place.

His beard so frousy, his gestures so awkward are,

And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,

That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,

You may count on all the girls as your own.

Mysis. [*From within.*] Pol, Pol, make haste, come
hither.

Apo. Death, what a time to call;

Oh, rot your old lungs of leather.

B'ye, Daph.

Daph.

B'ye, Pol.

[*Exit Apo.*]

Enter NYSSA.

Nyssa. Marry come up, forsooth,

Is't me, you forward vixen,

You choose to play your tricks on;

And could your liquorish tooth

Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?

Daph.

Marry come up again,

Indeed, my dirty cousin!

Have you a right to every swain?

Nyssa.

Ay, though a dozen.

DUETT.—DAPHNE and NYSSA.

Daph. My minit in miss, do you fancy that Pol

Can ever be caught by an infant's doll?

Nyssa.

Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall

In love with the giants of Gnidhall?

Daph.

Pigmy elf,

Nyssa.

Colossus itself,

Both.

You will lie till you're mouldy upon the sho!

Daph.

You stump o' th' gutter, and hop o' my thu

A husband for you must from Lilliput con

Nysa. *You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brobdignag.*
Daph. *Sour grapes,
Nysa. Led apes;
Both. I'll humble your vanity, Mistress Tropes.*
Daph. *Miss, your assurance
Nysa. And, miss, your high airs
Daph. Is past all endurance
Nysa. Are at their last pray'rs.*
Daph. *No more of these freedoms, Miss Nysa, I beg.*
Nysa. *Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.*
Daph. *Poor spite!
Nysa. Pride hurt!
Daph. Liver white!
Nysa. Rare sport!*
Daph. *Do show your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't bite;*
Nysa. *This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.
Poor spite, &c.
Pride hurt, &c.*

[*Exeunt squabbling.*]

ACT II.

Enter NYSA, followed by MIDAS.

Mid. Turn, tigress, turn; nay fly not—
I have thee at a why not.
How comes it, little Nysy.
That heart to me so icy
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up to a very cinder?
Nysa. Sir, to my virtue ever steady:
Firm as a rock
I scorn your shock;
But why this attack?
A miss can you lack,

Who have a wife already?

Mid. Ay, ay, there's the curse—but she is old and sickly;

And would my Nysa grant the favour quickly,
Would she yield now—I swear by the lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd—her I'll marry.

AIR.—MIDAS.

*O what pleasures will abound,
When my wife is laid in ground;
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,*

*When my wife is laid in ground,
O, how happy should I be.*

Would little Nysa pig with me!

How I'd mumble her,

Youze and tumble her,

Would little Nysa pig with me!

Nysa. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
At your base scheme I laugh.

Mid. Yet take my vows.

Nysa. I would not take your bond, sir,—

Mid. Half my estate—

Nysa. No, nor the whole—my fond sir. [*Exit.*]

Mid. Well, Master Pol I'll tickle,

For him at least, I have a rod in pickle:

When he's in limbo,

Not thus our huffy-toity miss

Will stick her arms a-kinbo.

Enter PAN.

Pan. So squire, well met—I flew to know your business.

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol, we must bring him on his knees.

Pan. That were a feat indeed;—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flaggon;

I'll make him skip—

Pan. As St. George did the dragon.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Lawn before Midas's house.

Enter NYSA.

Nysa. Good luck! what is come o'er me?
Daphne has stepp'd before me!
Envy and love devour me!
Pol dotes upon her phiz hard!
'Tis that sticks in my gizzard.
Midas appears now twenty times more hideous:
Ah, Nysa, what resource?—a cloister.
Death alive—yet thither must I run,
And turn a nun,
Predigious!

AIR.—NYSA.

*In these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine:
Then his guitar he clatters
With tinkling divine;
But my sister,
As I he kiss'd her,
And me he pass'd by;
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye.* [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Midas's Parlour.

MIDAS, MYNIS, and PAN, discovered in consultation
over a large bowl of punch, pipes, and tobacco.

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast.

Pan. Here goes—our noble umpire.

Mysis. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has cross'd us.

Mysis. Sure he's the devil himself;

Pan. Or Doctor Faustus.

Mysis. Ah, 'squire—for Pan would you but stoutly stickle,

This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.

Pan. You reason right—

Mid. His toby I shall tickle.

Mysis. Look, 'squire, I've sold my butter; here the price is

At your command, do but this job for Mysis.

Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus;

Keep Pan, and shame that scape-grace coram nobis.

Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,

I pocket this here stuff;

And as for that there peasant,

Trust me, I'll work his buff.

At the musical struggle

I'll bally and juggle;

My award's

Your sure card;

'Blood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.

Pan. Well said, my lad, of wax.

Mid. Let's end the tankard,

I have no head for business till I've drank hard.

Pan. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're addle,

When I'm most rooky, I best sit my saddle.

Mid. Well, come, let's take one boose, and roar

Then part to our affairs [*a catch,*]

Pan. A match.

Mysis. A match.

TRIO.—MIDAS, PAN, and MYNIS.

Mid. Master Pol

And his tol de rol lol,

He buff away from the plain, sir.

Pan. And I'll assist

Your worship's feat

With all my might and main, sir.

*Mysis. And I'll have a thump,
Though he is so plump.
And makes such a wounded racket.*

*Mid. I'll bluff,
Pan. I'll rough,
Mysis. I'll huff,
Mid. I'll cuff,
All. And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.*

*Mid. For all his cheats,
And wenching feats,
He shall rue on his knees 'em;
Or skip by goles,
As high as Paul's
Like ugly witch on besom.
Arraigned he shall be,
Of treason to me!*

*Pan. And I with my davy will back it,
I'll swear,*

*Mid. I'll snare,
Mysis. I'll tear,
All. O rare!
And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Land's cape,

Enter SILENO and DAMETAS, in warm argument.

Sil. My Daph, a wife for thee; the squire's base pander.

To the plantations sooner would I send her.

Dam. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.

Sil. Name her not, hag of Endor,

What knew she of thee but thy coffers?

Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jack-anapes,

By dint of congees and of serapes—

Sil. These are thy slanders and that canker'd

Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rage! [hag's.]

Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags

Cf flocks, and herds, and money bags.

DUET.—SILENO and DAMETAS.

*Sil. If a rival thy character draws,
In perfection he'll find out a flaw;*

With black he will paint,

Make a devil of a saint,

And change to and owl a maccaw.

Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise,

Who a friend's good advice would despise?

Who, when danger is nigh,

Throws his spectacles by,

And blinks through a green girl's eyes?

Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;

Your betters you snub.

Sil. Who will lend me a club,

This insolent puppy to drub?

You're an impudent pimp and a grub,

Dam. Your cajoled by a beggarly scrub,

Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub,

Dam. Whom the prince of imposters I dub;

Sil. A guinea for a club,

Dam. You're bald pate you'd rub,

Sil. This muckworm to drub.

Dam. When you find that your cub,

Sil. Rub off, sirrah, rub, sirrah, rub.

Dam. Is debauch'd by a whipp'd syllabub.

Enter MYSIS, attended by DAPHNE and NYSA.

*Mysis. Soh! you attend the trial—we shall drive
Your vagabond—* [noise]

Sil. I smoke your foul contrivance.

Daph. Ah, Nya, our fate depends upon this issue.

*Nysa. Daph—for your sake my claim I here forego,
And with your Pol much joy I wish you.*

Daph. O, gemini, say'st thou me so?

Dear creature, let me kiss you.

*Nysa. Let's kneel and beg his stay, papa will
back us.*

Daph. Mamma will storm.

Nysa. What then! she can but whack us.

QUINTETTO.

DAPHNE, NYSA, MYSIS, SILENO, and
DAMETAS.

*Daph. Mother, sure you never
Will endeavour
To dis sever
From my favour
So sweet a swain;
None so clever
E'er trod the plain.*

*Nysa. Father, hopes you gave her,
Don't deceive her,
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever*

In pining care?

Haste and save her

From Black despair.

*Daph. Think of his modest grace,
His voice, shape, and face;*

Nysa. Hearts alarming,

Daph. Bosoms warning,

Nysa. Wrath disarming,

Daph. With his soft lay:

Nysa. He's so charming,

Ay, let him stay.

Both. He's so charming, &c.

Mysis. Sluts, are you lost to shame?

Sil. Wife, wife, be more lame.

Mysis. This is madness!

Sil. Sober sadness

Mysis. I with gladness,

Could see him swing,

For his badness.

Sil. 'Tis no such thing.

*Dam. Must Pan resign to this for his employ-
ment?*

*Must I to him yield of Daph the enjoy-
ment?*

Mysis. N'er while a tongue I brandish,

Pop outlandish

Daph shall blandish.

Dam. Will you reject my income,

Herds and oinkum?

Sil. Rot and sink 'em.

Dam. M't as must judge.

Mysis. And Pol must fly:

Sil. Zounds, Pol sha'n't budge:

Mysis. You lie.

Dam. You lie.

Mysis. You lie.

Dam. } You lie, you lie.

Sil. }

*Enter MIDAS, enraged, attended by a crowd of
Nymphs and Swains.*

*Mid. Peace, ho! Is hell broke loose? what means
this jawing?*

Under my very nose this clapper-clawing!

AIR.—MIDAS.

What the devil's here to do,

Ye loggerheads and gipsies?

Sirrah you, and hussey you,

And each of you tipsy is;

But I'll as sure pull down your pride as

A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.

Chorus *O, tremendous justice Midas!
Who shall oppose wise justice Midas?*

AIR.—MIDAS.

*I'm given to understand that you are all in a pother
here;
Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall pipe to you another
year;
Do you think your clumsy ears so proper to decide; as
The delicate ears of justice Midas?*

Chorus. *O tremendous, &c.*

Mid. So, you allow it then—ye mobbish rabble?—

Enter APOLLO and PAN.

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble
Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble

AIR.

*Now I'm seated,
I'll be treated
Like the Sophi on his throne;
In my presence,
Scoundrel peasants
Shall not call their souls their own.
My behest is,
He who best is,
Shall be fl'd musician chief;
Ne'er the loser
Shall shew nose here,
But be transported like a thief.*

Chorus. *O, tremendous, &c.*

Don. Masters, will you abide by this condition?

Pan. I ask no better.

Apo. I'm all submission.

Pan. Strike up, sweet air.

Apo. Sir, I attend your leisure.

Mid. Pan, take the lead.

Pan. Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

AIR.—PAN.

*A plague on your pother about this or that,
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat:
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're a flat, master Pol;
So here goes a set-to at toi de roi loi.*

*When beauty her rack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after miss Will-o'-the-Whisp the fools scamper;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:
Pray, what's all this fuss for, but—toi de roi loi?*

*Mankind are a medley—a chance medley race:
All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chase:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all,
And luck's the best tune of life's toi de roi loi.*

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long!

Mid. Not at all.

Pan. I only meant life is but an old song;
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;
Where all act the scene of toi de roi loi.

Peasants. A Pan!—a Pan!

Mid. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;
Now, hang dog, don't you blush to shew your visage?

Apo. Why, master Midas, for that matter,

'Tis enough to dash one,

To hear the arbitrator,

In such unseemly fashion,

One of the candidates bespatter,

With so much partial passion.

(Midas falls asleep.)

AIR.—APOLLO.

*Ah, happy hours, how fleeting,
Ye danc'd on down airy way:
When, my soft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay!
But from her charms when sunder'd
As Midas' frowns preface,
Each hour will seem an hundred;
Each day appear an age.*

Peasants. A Pol! a Pol!—a Pan! a Pan!
Mid. Silence—this just decree, all, at your per-
Obedient hear—else I shall use you very ill.

THE DECREE.

Pan shall remain,
Pol quit the plain.

Chorus. *O, tremendous, &c.*

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan—enthroned
him—

No pouting; and with festal chorus crown him—
*(The Crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join
in the chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with bow.
He is then carried round the stage, the dances
leading the way to the Chorus.)*

Chorus. *See triumphant sits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward;
Exit'd Pol shall wander far;
Exit'd, twang his faint guitar;
While with echoing shouts of praise,
We the bagpipe's glory raise.*

Mid. 'Tis well. What keeps you here, you ragamuffin?

Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?

Apo. Now all attend—

(Throws off his disguise, and appears as Apollo.)

The wrath of Jove, for rapine,
Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.
Tremble, thou wretch; thou stretch'd thy utmost
tether;

Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

AIR.—APOLLO.

*Dance, I did but sham,
For Apo'lo I am,
God of music, and king of Parnass;
Thy scurvy decree,
For Pan against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.*

*(Midas's wig falls off, and he appears with the ears of
an ass.)*

Mid. Detected, balk'd, and small,
On our marrow-bones we fall.

Mysis. Be merciful.

Dam. Be pitiful.

Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol.—Alas! alas!

FINALE.—APOLLO.

*Thou art a Billingsgate queen; (To Mysis.)
Thou, a pander obscene, (To Daphne.)
With strumpets and bath'js shall class:
Thou, driven from man, (To Midas.)
Shall wander with Pan;
He a stinking o'd goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.
Be thou 'squire—his estate (To Silena.)
To thee I translate.
To you his strong chest, wicked mass;
(To Daphne and Nysa.)*

*Live happy, while I,
Recall'd to the sky,
Make all the gods laugh at Midas.*

Chorus. *Jove in his chair, &c.*

THE STRANGER.

A DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY BENJAMIN THOMPSON.



Act iv, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

COUNT WINTERSEN.
BARON STEINFORT.
THE STRANGER.
SOLOMON.
PETER.

TOBIAS.
FRANCIS.
GEORGE.
CHILDREN.
COUNTESS WINTERSEN.

MRS. HALLER.
CHARLOTTE.
ANNETTE.
CLAUDINE.
SUSAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of Count Winteresen's Park. The park-gates in the centre. On one side, a low lodge among the trees; on the other, in the background, a peasant's hut.*

Enter PETER.

Peter. Pooh, pooh! never tell me; I'm a clever lad, for all father's crying out every minute, "Peter," and "Stupid Peter!" But I say Peter is not stupid, though father will always be so wise. First, I talk too much; then I talk too little; and if I talk a bit to myself, he calls me a driveller. Now I like best to talk to myself; for I never contradict myself, and I don't laugh at myself as other folks do. That laughing is often a plaguy teasing custom. To be sure, when Mrs. Haller laughs, one can bear it well enough; there is a sweetness even in her reproof, that somehow—but, lud! I had near forgot what I was sent about. Yes, then they

would have laughed at me, indeed. (*Draws a green purse from his pocket.*) I am to carry this money to old Tobias; and Mrs. Haller said I must be sure not to blab, or say that she had sent it. Well, well, she may be easy for that matter; not a word shall drop from my lips. Mrs. Haller is charming, but silly, if father is right; for father says, "He that spends his money is not wise, but he that gives it away is stark mad."

Enter the STRANGER from the lodge, followed by FRANCIS. At sight of Peter the Stranger stops, and looks suspiciously at him. Peter stands opposite to him with his mouth wide open. At length, he takes off his hat, scrapes a bow, and goes into the hut.

Stra. Who is that?
Fra. The steward's son.
Stra. Of the castle?
Fra. Yes.

Stra. (After a pause.) You were—you were speaking last night—

Fra. Of the old countryman?

Stra. Ay.

Fra. You would not hear me out.

Stra. Proceed.

Fra. He is poor.

Stra. Who told you so?

Fra. Himself.

Stra. (With acrimony.) Ay, ay; he knows how to tell his story, no doubt.

Fra. And to impose, you think?

Stra. Right!

Fra. This man does not.

Stra. Fool!

Fra. A feeling fool is better than a cold sceptic.

Stra. False!

Fra. Charity begets gratitude.

Stra. False!

Fra. And blessen the giver more than the receiver.

Stra. True.

Fra. Well, sir. This countryman—

Stra. Has he complained to you?

Fra. Yes.

Stra. He who is really unhappy never complains. (Pause.) Francis, you have had means of education beyond your lot in life, and hence you are encouraged to attempt imposing on me: but go on.

Fra. His only son has been taken from him.

Stra. Taken from him?

Fra. By the exigency of the times for a soldier.

Stra. Ay!

Fra. The old man is poor.

Stra. 'Tis likely.

Fra. Sick and forsaken.

Stra. I cannot help him.

Fra. Yes.

Stra. How?

Fra. By money. He may buy his son's release.

Stra. I'll see him myself.

Fra. Do so.

Stra. But if he is an impostor?

Fra. He is not.

Stra. In that hut?

Fra. In that hut. (Stranger goes into the hut.) A good master, though one almost loses the use of speech by living with him. A man kind and clear; though I cannot understand him. He rails against the whole world, and yet no beggar leaves his door unsatisfied. I have now lived three years with him, and yet I know not who he is. A hater of society, no doubt; but not by Providence intended to be so. Misanthropy in his head, not in his heart.

Enter the STRANGER and PETER from the hut.

Peter. Pray, walk on.

Stra. (To Francis.) Fool!

Fra. So soon returned!

Stra. What should I do there?

Fra. Did you find it as I said?

Stra. This I find.

Fra. What has he to do with your charity?

Stra. The old man and he understand each other perfectly well.

Fra. How?

Stra. What were this boy and the countryman doing?

Fra. (Smiling, and shaking his head.) Well, you shall hear. (To Peter.) Young man, what were you doing in that hut?

Peter. Doing! Nothing.

Fra. Well, but you wouldn't go there for nothing.

Peter. And why not, pray? But I did go there for nothing, though. Do you think one must be paid for everything? If Mrs. Haller were to give me but a smiling look, I'd jump up to my neck in the great pond for nothing.

Fra. It seems, then, Mrs. Haller sent you?

Peter. Why, yes; but I'm not to talk about it.

Fra. Why so?

Peter. How should I know? "Look you!" says Mrs. Haller, "Master Peter, be so good as not to mention it to anybody." (With much consequence.) "Master Peter, be so good."—Hi hi, hi! "Master Peter, be so"—Hi hi, hi!

Fra. Oh! that is quite a different thing. Of course, you must be silent then.

Peter. I know that; and so I am, too. For I told old Tobias, says I, "Now, you're not to think as how Mrs. Haller sent the money; for I shall not say a word about that so long as I live," says I.

Fra. There you were very right. Did you carry him much money?

Peter. I don't know; I didn't count it. It was in a bit of a green purse. Mayhap, it may be some little matter that she has scraped together in the last fortnight.

Fra. And why just in the last fortnight?

Peter. Because, about a fortnight since, I carried him some money before.

Fra. From Mrs. Haller?

Peter. Ay, sure! who else, think you? Father's not such a fool. He says it is our bounden duty, as Christians, to take care of our money, and not give any thing away, especially in summer; for then, he says, there's herbs and roots enough in conscience to satisfy all the reasonable hungry poor. But I say father's wrong, and Mrs. Haller's right.

Fra. Yes, yes. But this Mrs. Haller seems a strange woman, Peter.

Peter. Ay, at times, she is plagu' odd. Why, she'll sit and cry you a whole day through, without any one's knowing why. Ay, and yet, somehow or other, whenever she cries, I always cry too, without knowing why.

Fra. (To the Stranger.) Are you satisfied?

Stra. Did me of that babbler.

Fra. Good day, Master Peter.

Peter. You're not going yet, are you?

Fra. Mrs. Haller will be waiting for an answer.

Peter. So she will. And I have another place or two to call at. (Takes off his hat to the Stranger.) Servant, sir.

Stra. Psha!

Peter. Psha! What, he's angry? (Peter turns to Francis in a half whisper.) He's angry, I suppose, because he can get nothing out of me.

Fra. It almost seems so.

Peter. Ay, I'd have him to know that I'm no blab. [Exit.]

Fra. Now, sir.

Stra. What do you want?

Fra. Were you not wrong, sir?

Stra. Hem! Wrong!

Fra. Can you still doubt?

Stra. I'll hear no more! Who is this Mrs. Haller? Why do I always follow her path? Go where I will, whenever I try to do good, she has always been there before me.

Fra. You should rejoice at that.

Stra. Rejoice!

Fra. Surely! That there are other good and charitable people in the world beside yourself.

Stra. Oh, yes!

Fra. Why not seek to be acquainted with her.

saw her yesterday in the garden up at the castle. r. Solomon, the steward, says she has been awell, and confined to her room almost ever since she have been here. But one would not think it to ok at her; for a more beautiful creature I never aw.

Stra. So much the worse. Beauty is a mask.

Fra. In her it seems a mirror of the soul. Her harities—

Stra. Talk not to me of her charities. All women ish to be conspicuous: in town by their wit; in the country by their heart.

Fra. 'Tis immaterial in what way good is done.

Stra. No; 'tis not immaterial.

Fra. To this poor old man, at least.

Stra. He needs no assistance of mine.

Fra. His most urgent wants, indeed, Mrs. Haller as relieved; but whether she has or could have given as much as would purchase liberty for the on, the prop of his age—

Stra. Silence! I will not give him a doit! (*In a serious tone.*) You interest yourself very warmly a his behalf. Perhaps you are to be a sharer in he gift.

Fra. Sir, sir, that did not come from your heart.

Stra. (*Recollecting himself.*) Forgive me!

Fra. Poor master! How must the world have used you before it could have instilled this hatred of mankind, this constant doubt of honesty and virtue!

Stra. Leave me to myself. (*Throws himself on a seat; takes a book from his pocket, and reads.*)

Fra. (*Aside, surveying him.*) Again reading! Thus it is from morn to night. To him nature has no beauty; life no charm. For three years I have never seen him smile. What will be his fate at last? Nothing diverts him. Oh! if he would but attach himself to any living thing! were it an animal—for something man must love.

Enter TOBIAS from the hut.

Tob. Oh! how refreshing, after seven long weeks, to feel these warm sunbeams once again! Thanks, thanks, bounteous heaven! for the joy I taste. (*Presses his cap between his hands, looks up, and prays.*)

The Stranger observes him attentively.
Fra. (*To the Stranger.*) This old man's share of earthly happiness can be but little; yet mark how grateful he is for his portion of it.

Stra. Because, though old, he is but a child in the leading-strings of Hope.

Fra. Hope is the nurse of life.

Stra. And her cradle is the grave. (*Tobias replaces his cap.*)

Fra. I wish you joy. I am glad to see you are so much recovered.

Tob. Thank you! Heaven and the assistance of a kind lady have saved me for another year or two.

Fra. How old are you, pray?

Tob. Seventy-six. To be sure I can expect but little joy before I die. Yet, there is another and a better world.

Fra. To the unfortunate, then, death is scarcely an evil?

Tob. Am I so unfortunate? Do I not enjoy this glorious morning? Am I not in health again? Believe me, sir, he who, leaving the bed of sickness, for the first time breathes the fresh pure air, is, at that moment, the happiest of his Maker's creatures.

Fra. Yet 'tis a happiness that falls upon enjoyment.

Tob. True; but less so in old age. Some fifty years ago my father left me this cottage. I was a

strong lad; and took an honest wife. Heaven blessed my farm with rich crops, and my marriage with five children. This lasted nine or ten years. Two of my children died. I felt it sorely. The land was afflicted with a famine. My wife assisted me in supporting our family; but four years after, she left our dwelling for a better place; and of my five children only one son remained. This was blow upon blow. It was long before I regained my fortitude. At length resignation and religion had their effect. I again attached myself to life. My son grew, and helped me in my work. Now the state has called him away to bear a musket. This is to me a loss, indeed. I can work no more. I am old and weak; and true it is, but for Mrs. Haller, I must have perished.

Fra. Still, then, life has its charms for you?

Tob. Why not, while the world holds anything that's dear to me? Have not I a son?

Fra. Who knows that you will ever see him more? He may be dead.

Tob. Alas! he may. But as long as I am not sure of it, he lives to me: and if he falls, 'tis in his country's cause. Nay, should I lose him, still I should not wish to die. Here is the hut in which I was born. Here is the tree that grew with me; and, I am almost ashamed to confess it—I have a dog I love.

Fra. A dog!

Tob. Yes! Smile if you please: but hear me. My benefactress once came to my hut herself, some time before you fixed here. The poor animal, unused to see the form of elegance and beauty enter the door of penury, growled at her. "I wonder you keep that surly, ugly animal, Mr. Tobias," said she; "you, who have hardly food enough for yourself." "Ah! madam," I replied, "if I part with him, are you sure that anything else will love me?" She was pleased with my answer.

Fra. (*To the Stranger.*) Excuse me, sir; but I wish you had listened.

Stra. I have listened.

Fra. Then, sir, I wish you would follow this poor old man's example.

Stra. (*Pauses.*) Here, take this book, and lay it on my desk. (*Francis goes into the lodge with the book.*) How much has this Mrs. Haller given you?

Tob. Oh! sir, she has given me so much that I can look towards winter without fear.

Stra. No more?

Tob. What could I do with more? Ah! true; I might—

Stra. I know it. You might buy your son's release. There!

(*Presses a purse into his hand and exits.*)
Tob. What is all this? (*Opens the purse, and finds it full of gold.*) Merciful heaven!

Enter FRANCIS.

Now, look, sir; is confidence in heaven unrewarded?

Fra. I wish you joy! My master gave you this?

Tob. Yes, your noble master. Heaven reward him!

Fra. Just like him. He sent me with his book, that no one might be witness to his bounty.

Tob. He would not even take my thanks. He was gone before I could speak.

Fra. Just his way.

Tob. Now I'll go as quick as these old legs will bear me. What a delightful errand! I go to release my Robert! How the lad will rejoice! There is a girl, too, in the village, that will rejoice with him. Oh! Providence, how good art thou! Years of distress never can efface the recollection of

M I D A S.

A BURLETTA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY KANE O'HARA.



Apollo.—"PRAY, GOODY, PLEASE TO MODERATE, &c."—scene 3.

Persons Represented.

APOLLO.
MIDAS.
PAN.
DAMETAS.

SILENO.
JUPITER.
VULCAN.
GANYMEDE.

MERCURY.
MARS.
BACCHUS.
SHEPHERD.

DAPHNE.
NYSA.
MISIS.
JUNO.

ACT I.

SCENE. I.—*Discovers the heaven Deities seated amidst the clouds, in full council: they address Jupiter.*

CHORUS OF ALL THE GODS.

*Jove, in his chair,
Of the sky lord may'r,
With his nods
Men and gods
Keeps in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks;*

*Earth's globe is but his law,
Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule;
His word,
'Hough absurd,*

*Must be law.
Even Fate,
Though so great,
Must not prate;
His bald pat:
Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,
For a straw.
Cov'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Or gnaw.*

Jup. (Rising.) Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sov'reign,
And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
On our commands? We'll make him an example.
As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law. *(To Jupiter.)* My proctor, with a summons, shall cite you, sir, to appear at Doctors' Commons.
Jup. Let him; but first I'll chase from heaven you varlet.
Juno. What, for detecting you and your vile arlot!

AIR.—JUNO.

*Think not, lewd Jove,
 Thus to wrong my chaste love;
 For spite of your rascally godhead,
 By day and by night,
 Juno will have her right,
 Nor be, of dues nuptial defrauded.
 I'll forget the haunts
 Of your female gallants;
 In vain you in darkness enclose them;
 Your favourite jades
 I'll plunge to the shades,
 Or into cows metamorphose them.*
Jup. Peace, termagant. I swear by Styx, our thunder
 all hurl him to the earth. Nay, never wonder,
 I swear it, gods.
Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
 pa. No brawls for your own relations!

AIR.—APOLLO:

*Be by your friends advised,
 Too harsh, too hasty dad!
 Mangle your bolts and wise head,
 The world will think you mad.
 What worse can Bacchus teach men,
 His roaring bucks, when drunk,
 Then break the lamps, beat watchmen,
 And stagger to some punk?*
up. You saucy scoundrel; there, sir. *(Strikes him.)* Come, disorder,
 wn. Phebus, down to earth, we'll hear no further:
 1. thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him.
 1. blab shall find our sky can do without him.
(under and lightning.) Jupiter darts a bolt at him;
 e falls; Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the gods
 1. ascend together, singing the initial chorus;
 1. Jove in his chair," &c.

SCENE II.—A campaign Country, with a distant
 1. 1. Violent storm of thunder and lightning. A
 1. 1. chera sleeping in the field is roused by it, and runs
 1. 1. frightened, leaving his cloak and guitar behind

APOLLO, as cast from heaven, falls to the earth, with
 1. 1. side shock, and lies for awhile stunned.

pol. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty decent
 1. 1. tumble!

d usage, Mr. Jove: sweet sir, your humble.
 1. 1. down I am; no bones broke, though sore
 1. 1. pepper'd!

e doom'd to stay. What can I do? turn shep-
 1. 1. herd— *(Puts on the cloak, &c.)*

icky thought. In this disguise, Apollo
 1. 1. more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow.
 1. 1. doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and person,
 1. 1. ong the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

Enter SILENO

1. 1. Whom have we here? a sightly clown! and
 1. 1. sturdy:

a; plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.
 1. 1. ns out of place; a stranger; all in tatters;
 1. 1. fire him; he'll divert my wife and daughters.
 1. 1. ence, and what art thou, boy?

1. 1. An orphan lad, sir.

Pol, is my name; a shepherd once my dad, sir,
 1. 1. I th' upper parts here; though not born to serving,
 1. 1. I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.
Sil. You've drawn a prize i' th' lottery: so have
 1. 1. I too;

Why, I'm the master you could best apply to.

DUETT.—APOLLO and SILENO.

Sil. Since you mean to hire for service,
 Come with me, you jolly dog;
 You can help to bring home harvest,
 Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.

Fal, la, la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
 You shall daintily be fed:
 Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
 Butter-milk, and oaten bread.

Fal, la, la.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
 When we get you once at home;
 And when daily labour's o'er,
 We will dance to your strum-strum.

Fal, la, la.

Apo. I strike hands, I take your offer,
 Farther and I may fare worse;
 Iooks, I can no longer suffer
 Hungry guts and empty purse.

Fal, la, la.

Sil. Do strike hands; 'tis kind I offer;
Apo. I strike hands, and take your offer;
Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse;
Apo. Farther on I may fare worse.
Sil. Pity such a lad should suffer,
Apo. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
Sil. Hungry guts and empty purse.
Apo. Hungry guts and empty purse.

Fal, la, la.

[Exeunt

SCENE III.—Sileno's Farm-house.

Enter DAPHNE and NYSA.

Daph. But, Nysa, how goes on 'Squire Midas's
 1. 1. courtship?

Nysa. Your sweet Dametusa, pimp to his great
 Brought me from him a purse; but the conditions—
 I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon-calf! This must blast him with
 1. 1. my father.

Nysa. Right; so we're rid of the two frights to-
 Both. Ha, ha, ha!—Ea, ha, ha!

Enter MYSIS.

Mysis. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found? For
 1. 1. ever grinning:

Ye ranti-poles; is't thus you mind your spinning?

AIR.—MYSIS.

Girls are known
 To mischief prone,
 If ever they be idle;
 Who would rear
 Two daughters fair,
 Must hold a steady bridle;
 For here they skip,
 And there they trip,
 And this and that way sidle.
 Giddy maids,
 Poor silly jades,
 All after men are gadding;
 They flirt pell-mell,
 Their train to scull,
 To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
 To ev'ry fop
 Their co k-a-hoop,
 And set their mothers madding.

former happiness; but one joyful moment drives from the memory an age of misery. *[Exit.]*

Fra. (Looks after him.) Why am I not wealthy? 'Sdeath! why am I not a prince? I never thought myself envious; but I feel I am. Yes, I must envy those who, with the will, have the power to do good. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in Winterson Castle.

Enter SUSAN, meeting Footman with table and chairs.

Susan. Why, George, Harry! where have you been loitering? Put down these things. Mrs. Haller has been calling for you this half-hour.

Foot. Well, here I am, then. What does she want with me?

Susan. That she will tell you herself. Here she comes.

Enter MRS. HALLER with a letter, a Maid following.

Mrs. H. Very well; if those things are done, let the drawing-room be made ready immediately. *[Exeunt Maids.]* And, George, run immediately into the park, and tell Mr. Solomon I wish to speak with him. *[Exit Footman.]* I cannot understand this. I do not learn whether their coming to this place be but the whim of a moment, or a plan for a longer stay: if the latter, farewell, solitude! farewell, study!—farewell! Yes, I must make room for gaiety and mere frivolity. Yet could I willingly submit to all; but should the Countess give me new proofs of her attachment, perhaps of her respect, oh! how will my conscience upbraid me! Or—I shudder at the thought!—if this seat be visited by company, and chance should conduct hither any of my former acquaintances!—Alas, alas! how wretched is the being who fears the sight of any one fellow-creature! But, oh! superior misery! to dread still more the presence of a former friend! Who's there?

Enter PETER.

Peter. Nobody. It's only me.

Mrs. H. So soon returned?

Peter. Sharp lad, a'n't I? On the road I've had a bit of talk, too; and—

Mrs. H. But you have observed my directions?

Peter. Oh! yes, yes. I told old Tobias as how he would never know, as long as he lived, that the money came from you.

Mrs. H. You found him quite recovered, I hope?

Peter. Ay, sure, did I. He's coming out to-day for the first time.

Mrs. H. I rejoice to hear it.

Peter. He said that he was obliged to you for all; and, before dinner, would crawl up to thank you.

Mrs. H. Good Peter, do me another service.

Peter. Ay, a hundred, if you'll only let me have a good long stare at you.

Mrs. H. With all my heart. Observe when old Tobias comes, and send him away. Tell him I am busy, or asleep, or unwell, or what you please.

Peter. I will, I will.

Sol. (Without.) There, there, go to the post-office.

Mrs. H. Oh! here comes Mr. Solomon.

Peter. What, father? Ay, so there is. Father's a main clever man: he knows what's going on all over the world.

Mrs. H. No wonder; for you know he receives as many letters as a prime minister and all his secretaries.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Good morning, good morning, to you, Mrs.

Haller. It gives me infinite pleasure to see you look so charmingly well. You have had the goodness to send for your humble servant. Any news from the great city? There are very weighty matters in agitation. I have my letters, too.

Mrs. H. (Smiling.) I think, Mr. Solomon, you must correspond with the four quarters of the globe.

Sol. Beg pardon, not with the whole world, Mrs. Haller; but (consequently) to be sure, I have correspondents, on whom I can rely, in the chief cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Mrs. H. And yet I have my doubts whether you know what is to happen this very day, at this very place.

Sol. At this very place! Nothing material. We meant to have sown a little barley to-day, but the ground is too dry; and the sheep-shearing is not to be till to-morrow.

Peter. No, nor the bull-baiting till—

Sol. Hold your tongue, blockhead! Get about your business.

Peter. Blockhead! There again! I suppose I'm not to open my mouth. *(To Mrs. H.)* Good-bye! *[Exit.]*

Mrs. H. The Count will be here to-day.

Sol. How? What?

Mrs. H. With his lady, and his brother-in-law, Baron Steinfort.

Sol. My letters say nothing of this. You are laughing at your humble servant.

Mrs. H. You know, sir, I'm not much given to jesting.

Sol. Peter! Good lack-a-day! His right honourable excellency Count Winterson, and her right honourable excellency the Countess Winterson, and his honourable lordship Baron Steinfort—and, Lord have mercy! nothing in proper order! Here, Peter, Peter!

Enter PETER.

Peter. Well, now, what's the matter again?

Sol. Call all the house together directly! Send to the gamekeeper, tell him to bring some venison. Tell Rebecca to uncass the furniture, and take the covering from the Venetian looking-glasses, that her right honourable ladyship the Countess may look at her gracious countenance: and tell the cook to let me see him without loss of time: and tell John to catch a brace or two of carp. And tell—and tell—and tell—tell Frederick to friz my Sunday wig. Mercy on us! Tell—there, go! *[Exit Peter.]* Heavens and earth! so little of the new furnishing of this old castle is completed! Where are we to put his honourable lordship the Baron?

Mrs. H. Let him have the little chamber at the head of the stairs; it's a neat room, and commands a beautiful prospect.

Sol. Very right, very right. But that room has always been occupied by the Count's private secretary. Suppose—hold! I have it. You know the little lodge at the end of the park: we can thrust the secretary into that.

Mrs. H. You forget, Mr. Solomon; you told me that the Stranger lived there.

Sol. Psha! What have we to do with the Stranger? Who told him to live there? He must turn out.

Mrs. H. That would be unjust; for you said that you let the dwelling to him; and, by your own account, he pays well for it.

Sol. He does, he does. But nobody knows who he is. The devil himself can't make him out. To be sure, I lately received a letter from Spain, which

informed me that a spy had taken up his abode in this country, and from the description—

Mrs. H. A spy! Ridiculous! Everything I have heard bespeaks him to be a man, who may be allowed to dwell anywhere. His life is solitude and silence.

Sol. So it is.

Mrs. H. You tell me, too, he does much good.

Sol. That he does.

Mrs. H. He troubles no one.

Sol. True, true!

Mrs. H. Well, what do you want more?

Sol. I want to know who he is. If the man would only converse a little, one might have an opportunity of pumping; but if one meets him in the lime-walk, or by the river, it is nothing but "Good morning;" and off he marches. Once or twice I have contrived to edge in a word: "Fine day." "Yes." "Taking a little exercise, I perceive." "Yes;" and off again like a shot. The devil take such close fellows, say I. And, like master like man; not a syllable do I know of that mumps his servant, except that his name is Francis.

Mrs. H. You are putting yourself into a passion, and quite forget who are expected.

Sol. So I do. Mercy on us! There now, you see what misfortunes arise from not knowing people.

Mrs. H. 'Tis near twelve o'clock already! If his lordship has stolen an hour from his usual sleep, the family must soon be here. I go to my duty; you will attend to yours, Mr. Solomon. *[Exit.]*

Sol. Yes, I'll look after my duty, never fear. There goes another of the same class. Nobody knows who she is again. However, this much I do know of her, that her right honourable ladyship, the Countess, all at once, popped her into the house, like a blot of ink upon a sheet of paper. But why, wherefore, or for what reason, not a soul can tell. "She is to manage the family within doors." She is to manage! Fire and faggots! Haven't I managed everything, within and without, most respectably, these twenty years? I must own I grow a little old, and she does take a deal of pains; but all this she learned of me. When she first came here—mercy on us!—she didn't know that linen was made of flax. But what was to be expected from one who has no foreign correspondence? *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Drawing-room in the castle.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Well, for once, I think I have the advantage of Madam Haller. Such a dance have I provided to welcome their excellencies, and she quite out of the secret! and such a horripile by the little brunettes! I'll have a rehearsal first, though, and then surprise their honours after dinner. *(Flourish of rural music without.)*

Peter. *(Without.)* Stop; not yet, not yet; but make way there, make away, my good friends, tenants, and villagers. John, George, Frederick! Good friends, make way.

Sol. It is not the Count: it's only Baron Steinfort. Stand back, I say; and stop the music.

Enter BARON STEINFORT, ushered in by PETER and footmen. Peter mimicks and apes his father.

I have the honour to introduce to your lordship myself, Mr. Solomon, who blesses the hour in which fortune allows him to become acquainted with the honourable Baron Steinfort, brother-in-law of his

right honourable excellency Count Wintersen, my noble master.

Peter. Bless our noble master!

Baron S. Old and young, I see, they'll allow me no peace. *(Aside.)* Enough, enough, good Mr. Solomon. I am a soldier: I pay but few compliments, and require as few from others.

Sol. I beg, my lord—We do live in the country, to be sure, but we are acquainted with the reverend due to exalted personages.

Peter. Yes; we are acquainted with exalted personages.

Baron S. What is to become of me? *(Aside.)* Well, well, I hope we shall be better acquainted. You must know, Mr. Solomon, I intend to assist, for a couple of months, at least, in attacking the well-stocked cellars of Wintersen.

Sol. Why not whole years, my lord? Inexpressible would be the satisfaction of your humble servant, and though I say it, well-stocked, indeed, are our cellars. I have, in every respect, here managed matters in so frugal and provident a way, that his right honourable excellency the Count will be astonished. *(Baron S. yawns.)* Extremely sorry it is not in my power to entertain your lordship.

Peter. Extremely sorry.

Sol. Where can Mrs. Haller have hid herself?

Baron S. Mrs. Haller! who is she?

Sol. Why, who she is, I can't exactly tell your lordship.

Peter. No, nor I.

Sol. None of my correspondents give any account of her. She is here in the capacity of a kind of a superior housekeeper. Methinks I hear her silver voice upon the stairs. I will have the honour of sending her to your lordship in an instant.

Baron S. Oh! I don't trouble yourself.

Sol. No trouble whatever. I remain, at all times, your honourable lordship's most obedient, humble, and devoted servant. *[Exit, bowing.]*

Peter. Devoted servant. *[Exit, bowing.]*

Baron S. Now for a fresh plague. Now am I to be tormented by some chattering, old, ugly, hag, till I am stunned with her noise and officious hospitality. Oh, patience, what a virtue art thou!

Enter MRS. HALLER, with a becoming courtesy.

Baron S. rises, and returns a bow in confusion.

(Aside.) No, old she is not. Casts another glance at her. No, by Jove! nor ugly.

Mrs. H. I rejoice, my lord, in thus becoming acquainted with the brother of my benefactress.

Baron S. Madam, that title shall be doubly valuable to me, since it gives me an introduction equally to be rejoiced at.

Mrs. H. *(Without attending to the compliment.)* This lovely weather, then, has enticed the Count from the city.

Baron S. Not exactly that. You know him. Sunshine or clouds are to him alike, as long as eternal summer reigns in his own heart and family.

Mrs. H. The Count possesses a most cheerful and amiable philosophy. Ever in the same happy humour; ever enjoying each minute of his life. But you must confess, my lord, that he is a favourite child of fortune, and has much to be grateful to her for. Not merely because she has given him birth and riches, but for a native sweetness of temper, never to be acquired; and a graceful suavity of manners, whose school must be the mind. And, need I enumerate among fortune's favours, the hand and affections of your accomplished sister?

Baron S. True, madam; my good easy brother;

too, seems fully sensible of his happiness, and is resolved to retain it. He has quitted the service to live here. I am yet afraid he may soon grow weary of Winteren and retirement.

Mrs. H. I should trust not. They who bear a cheerful and unrepining conscience into solitude, surely must increase the measure of their own enjoyments. They quit the poor, precarious, the dependent pleasures, which they borrowed from the world, to draw a real bliss from that exhaustless source of true delight, the fountain of a pure, unsullied heart.

Baron S. Has retirement long possessed so lovely an advocate?

Mrs. H. I have lived here three years.

Baron S. And never felt a secret wish for the society you left, and must have adorned?

Mrs. H. Never.

Baron S. To feel thus belongs either to a very rough or a very polished soul. The first sight convinced me in which class I am to place you.

Mrs. H. (With a sigh.) There may, perhaps, be a third class.

Baron S. Indeed, madam, I wish not to be thought forward; but women always seemed to me less calculated for retirement than men. We have a thousand employments, a thousand amusements, which you have not.

Mrs. H. Dare I ask what they are?

Baron S. We ride, we hunt, we play, read, write.

Mrs. H. The noble employments of the chase, and the still more noble employment of play, I grant you.

Baron S. Nay, but dare I ask what are your employments for a day?

Mrs. H. Oh! my lord, you cannot imagine how quickly time passes when a certain uniformity guides the minutes of our life. How often do I ask, "Is Saturday come again so soon?" On a bright cheerful morning, my books and breakfast are carried out upon the grass-plot. Then is the sweet picture of reviving industry and eager innocence always new to me. The birds' notes, so often heard, still awaken new ideas: the herds are led into the fields; the peasant bends his eye upon his plough. Everything lives and moves; and in every creature's mind it seems as it were morning. Towards evening, I begin to roam abroad; from the park into the meadows: and sometimes, returning, I pause to look at the village boys and girls as they play. Then do I bless their innocence, and pray to heaven those laughing, thoughtless hours, could be their lot for ever.

Baron S. This is excellent! But these are summer amusements. The winter, the winter!

Mrs. H. Why for ever picture winter like old age; torpid, tedious, and uncheerful? Winter has its own delights: this is the time to instruct and mend the mind by reading and reflection. At this season, too, I often take my harp, and amuse myself by playing or singing the little favourite airs, that remind me of the past, or solicit hope for the future.

Baron S. Happy, indeed, are they who can thus create and vary their own pleasures and employments!

Enter PETER.

Peter. Well, well—pray, now—I was ordered—I can keep him back no longer; he will come in.

Enter TOBIAS, forcing his way.

Tob. I must, good heaven! I must.

Mrs. H. (Confused.) I have no time at present. I—I—You see I am not alone.

Tob. Oh! this good gentleman will forgive me. *Baron S.* What do you want?

Tob. To return thanks. Even charity is a burden if one may not be grateful for it.

Mrs. H. To-morrow, good Tobias; to-morrow. *Baron S.* Nay, no false delicacy, madam. Allow him to vent the feelings of his heart; and permit me to witness a scene which convinces me, even more powerfully than your conversation, how nobly you employ your time. Speak, old man!

Tob. Oh! lady, that each word which drops from my lips, might call down a blessing on your head! I lay forsaken and dying in my hut; not even bread nor hope remained. Oh! then you came in the form of an angel, brought medicines to me; and your sweet consoling voice did more than those. I am recovered. To-day, for the first time, I have returned thanks in presence of the sun; and now I come to you, noble lady. Let me drop my tears upon your charitable hand. For your sake, heaven has blessed my latter days. The Stranger, too, who lives near me, has given me a purse of gold to buy my son's release. I am on my way to the city: I shall purchase my Robert's release. Then I shall have an honest daughter-in-law. And you, if ever after that you pass our happy cottage, oh! what must you feel when you say to yourself, "This is my work!"

Mrs. H. (In a tone of entreaty.) Enough Tobias; enough!

Tob. I beg pardon: I cannot utter what is breathing in my breast. There is one who knows it. May his blessing and your own heart reward you!

(Exit, Peter following. *Mrs. Haller* casts her eyes upon the ground, and contends against the confusion of an exalted soul, when surprised in a good action. *The Baron* stands opposite to her, and from time to time casts a glance at her.)

Mrs. H. (Endeavouring to bring about a conversation.) I suppose, my lord, we may expect the Count and Countess every moment now?

Baron S. Not just yet, madam. He travels at his leisure. I am selfish, perhaps, in not being anxious for his speed: the delay has procured me a delight which I shall never forget.

Mrs. H. (Smiling.) You satirize mankind, my lord.

Baron S. How so?

Mrs. H. In supposing such scenes to be uncommon.

Baron S. I confess I was little prepared for such an acquaintance as yourself; I am extremely surprised. When Solomon told me your name and situation, how could I suppose that—Pardon my curiosity; you have been, or are, married?

Mrs. H. (Suddenly sinking from her cheerful railway into mournful gloom.) I have been married, my lord.

Baron S. (Whose inquiries evince his curiosity, yet are restrained within the bounds of the nicest respect.) A widow, then?

Mrs. H. I beseech you—there are strings in the human heart, which touched, will sometimes utter dreadful discord: I beseech you—

Baron S. I understand you. I see you know how to conceal everything except your perfections.

Mrs. H. My perfections, alas! (Rural music without.) But I hear the happy tenantry announce the Count's arrival. Your pardon, my lord; I must attend them. (Exit, *Baron S.*)

Baron S. Excellent creature! What is she, and what can be her history? I must seek my sister

instantly. How strong and how sudden is the interest I feel for her! but it is a feeling I ought to check. And yet, why so? Whatever are the emotions she has inspired, I am sure they arise from the perfections of her mind; and never shall they be met with unworthiness in mine. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Lawn.*

SOLOMON and PETER are discovered arranging the Tenantry. Rural music. Enter COUNT and COUNTESS WINTERSEN, (the latter leading her child.) BARON STEINFORT, MRS. HALLER, CHARLOTTE, and Servants following.

Sol. Welcome, ten thousand welcomes, your excellencies. Some little preparation made for welcome, too. But that will be seen anon.

Count W. Well, here we are! Heaven bless our advance and retreat! Mrs. Haller, I bring you an invalid, who, in future, will swear to no flag but yours.

Mrs. H. Mine flies for retreat and rural happiness.

Count W. But not without retreating graces, and retiring cupids too.

Countess (Who has, in the meantime, kindly embraced Mrs. Haller, and by her been welcomed to Wintersen.) My dear Count, you forget that I am present.

Count W. Why, in the name of chivalry how can I do less than your gallant brother, the Baron? who has been so kind as nearly to kill my four greys, in order to be here five minutes before me.

Baron S. Had I known all the charms of this place, you should have said so with justice.

Countess. Don't you think William much grown?

Mrs. H. The sweet boy! (Stoops to kiss him, and deep melancholy over shadows her countenance.)

Count W. Well, Solomon, you've provided a good dinner.

Sol. As good as haste would allow, please your right honourable excellency.

Peter. Yes as good as—(Count goes aside with Solomon and Peter.)

Baron S. Tell me, I conjure you, sister, what jewel you have thus buried in the country?

Countess. Ha, ha, ha! What, brother, you caught at last?

Baron S. Answer me.

Countess. Well, her name is Mrs. Haller.

Baron S. That I know, but—

Countess. But; but I know no more myself.

Baron S. Jest apart, I wish to know.

Countess. And, jesting apart, I wish you would not plague me. I have at least a hundred thousand important things to do. Heaven's! the vicar may come to pay his respects to me before I have been at my toilet; of course, I must consult my looking-glass on the occasion. Come, William, will you help to dress me, or stay with your father?

Count W. We'll take care of him.

Countess. Come, Mrs. Haller.

[Exit with Mrs. Haller, Charlotte following.]

Baron S. (Aside and going.) I am in a very singular humour.

Count W. Whither so fast, good brother?

Baron S. To my apartment. I have letters to—

I—

Count W. Psha! stay. Let us take a turn in the park together.

Baron S. Excuse me. I am not perfectly well. I should be but bad company. I—

[Exit. The Tenantry retire.]

Count W. Well, Solomon, you are as great a fool as ever, I see.

Sol. Ha, ha! At your right honourable excellency's service.

Count W. (Points to Peter.) Who is that ape in the corner?

Sol. Ape! Oh! that is, with respect to your excellency be it spoken, the son of my body; by name, Peter. (Peter bows.)

Count W. So, so! Well, how goes all on?

Sol. Well and good, well and good. Your excellency will see how I've improved the park: you'll not know it again. An hermitage here, serpentine walks there; an obelisk, a ruin; and all so sparingly, all done with the most economical economy.

Count W. Well, I'll have a peep at your obelisk and ruins, while they prepare for dinner.

Sol. I have already ordered it, and will have the honour of attending your right honourable excellency.

Count W. Come, lead the way. Peter, attend your young master to the house; we must not tire him.

[Exit, conducted by Solomon.]

Peter. We'll go round this way, your little excellency, and then we shall see the bridge as we go by; and the new boat, with all the fine ribands and streamers. This way, your little excellency.

[Exit, leading the Child.]

SCENE III.—*The Ante-chamber.*

Enter MRS. HALLER.

Mrs. H. What has thus alarmed and subdued me? My tears flow; my heart bleeds. Already had I apparently overcome my chagrin; already had I at least assumed that easy gaiety once so natural to me, when the sight of this child in an instant overpowered me. When the Countess called him William—oh! she knew not that she plunged a poniard in my heart. I have a William, too, who must be as tall as this, if he be still alive. Ah! yes, if he be still alive. His little sister, too! Why, fancy, dost thou rack me thus? Why dost thou imagine my poor children, fainting in sickness, and crying to their mother? To the mother who has abandoned them! (Weeps.) What a wretched outcast am I! And that just to-day I should be doomed to feel those horrible emotions! just to-day, when disguise was so necessary.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Very pretty, very pretty, indeed! better send me to the garret at once. Your servant, Mrs. Haller. I beg, madam, I may have a room fit for a respectable person.

Mrs. H. The chamber into which you have been shewn is, I think, a very neat one.

Char. A very neat one, is it? Up the back stairs, and over the laundry. I should never be able to close my eyes.

Mrs. H. (Very mildly.) I slept there a whole year.

Char. Did you? Then I advise you to remove into it again, and the sooner the better. I'd have you to know, madam, there is a material difference between certain persons and certain persons. Much depends upon the manner in which one has been educated. I think, madam, it would only be proper if you resigned your room to me.

Mrs. H. If the Countess desires it, certainly.

Char. The Countess! Very pretty, indeed! Would you have me think of plaguing her ladyship with such trifles? I shall order my trunk to be carried wherever I please.

Mrs. H. Certainly; only not into my chamber.

Char. Provoking creature! But how could I expect to find breeding among creatures born of one knows not whom, and coming one knows not whence?

Mrs. H. The remark is very just.

Enter PETER, in haste.

Peter. Oh, lud! oh, lud! oh, lud!

Mrs. H. What's the matter?

Peter. The child has fallen into the river. His little excellency is drowned.

Mrs. H. Who—what?

Peter. His honour, my young master.

Mrs. H. Drowned?

Peter. Yes.

Mrs. H. Dead?

Peter. No, he's not dead.

Mrs. H. Well, well; then, softly; you will alarm the Countess.

Enter BARON STEINFORT.

Baron S. What is the matter? Why all this noise?

Peter. Noise! why—

Mrs. H. Be not alarmed, my lord. Whatever may have happened, the dear child is now, at least, safe. You said so, I think, master Peter?

Peter. Why, to be sure, his little excellency is not hurt; but he's very wet, though; and the Count is taking him by the garden-door to the house.

Baron S. Right; that the countess may not be alarmed. But tell us, young man, how could it happen.

Peter. From beginning to end?

Mrs. H. Never mind particulars. You attended the dear child.

Peter. True.

Mrs. H. Into the park?

Peter. True.

Mrs. H. And then you went to the river?

Peter. True. Why, rabbit it! I believe you're a witch.

Mrs. H. Well, and what happened further?

Peter. Why, you see, his dear little excellency would see the bridge that father built out of the old summer-house; and the steamers, and the boat, and all that. I only turned my head round for a moment, to look after a mapple, crush! down went the bridge with his little excellency; and, oh! how I was scared to see him carried down the river!

Baron S. And you drew him out again directly?

Peter. No, I didn't.

Mrs. H. No; your father did?

Peter. No, he didn't.

Mrs. H. Why, you did not leave him in the water?

Peter. Yes, we did. But we bawled as loud as we could; you might have heard us down to the village.

Mrs. H. Ay; and so the people came immediately to his assistance?

Peter. No, they didn't; but the Stranger came that lives yonder, close to old Toby, and never speaks a syllable. Odsbodikins! what a devil of a fellow it is! With a single spring, bounces he slap into the torrent; sails and dives about and about like a duck; gets me hold of the little angel's hair, and, heaven bless him! pulls him safe and sound to dry land again. Ha, ha, ha!

Baron S. Is the stranger with them?

Peter. Oh, lud! no. He ran away. His excellency wanted to thank him, and all that; but he was off: vanished like a ghost.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Oh! thou careless varlet! I disown you! What an accident might have happened! and how you have terrified his excellency! But I beg par-

don, (*bows*) his right honourable excellency, the Count, requests you—

Baron S. We come.

[*Exit with Mrs. H.*

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Mr. Solomon, you seem to have an hopeful pupil.

Sol. Ah, sirrah!

Char. But, Mr. Solomon, why were you not nimble enough to have saved his young lordship?

Sol. Not in time, my sweet miss. Besides, mercy on us! I should have sunk like a lump of lead; and I happened to have a letter of consequence in my pocket, which would have been made totally illegible; a letter from Constantinople, written by Chevalier—What's his name? (*Draws a letter from his pocket, and putting it up again directly drops it, Peter takes it up slyly and unobserved.*) It contains momentous matter, I assure you. The world will be astonished when it comes to light; and not a soul will suppose that old Solomon had a finger in the pie.

Char. No, that I believe.

Sol. But I must go and see to the cellar. Miss, your most obedient servant.

[*Exit.*

Char. (*With pride.*) Your servant, Mr. Solomon.

Peter. Here's the letter from Constantinople. I wonder what it can be about. Now for it!

(*Opens it.*)

Char. Ay, let us have it.

Peter. (*Reads.*) "*If so be you say so. I'll never work for you never no more. Considering as how your Sunday waistcoat has been turned three times, it doesn't look amiss, and I've charged as little as any tailor of 'em all. You say I must pay for the buckram; but I say, I'll be d— a if I do. So no more from your loving nephews, TIMOTHY TWIST.*" From Constantinople! Why, cousin Tim writ it.

Char. Cousin Tim! Who is he?

Peter. Good look! Don't you know cousin Tim? Why, he's one of the best tailors in all—

Char. A tailor! No, sir, I do not know him. My father was state-coachman, and wore his highness's livery.

[*Exit.*

Peter. (*Mimicking.*) "My father was state-coachman, and wore his highness's livery." Well and cousin Tim could have made his highness's livery, if you go to that. State-coachman indeed!

(*Going.*)

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Peter, you ninny, stay where you are. Is that chattering girl gone? Didn't I tell you we would have a practice of our dance? they are all ready on the lawn. Mark me; I represent the Count, and you the Baron.

[*Exit, with affected dignity. Peter follows, mimicking.*

SCENE IV.—*The Lawn. Seats placed. Rustic music. Dancers are discovered as ready to perform.*

SOLOMON and PETER enter, and seat themselves.

A dance, in which the dancers pay their reverence to Solomon and Peter as they pass. At the end, Solomon and Peter strut off before the Dancers.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of the Park and Lodge, &c., as before.*

The STRANGER is discovered on a seat, reading.

Enter FRANCIS.

Fra. Sir, sir, dinner is ready.

Str. I want no dinner.

Fra. I've got something good.

Stra. Eat it yourself.

Fra. You are not hungry?

Stra. No. (*Rises.*)

Fra. Nor I. The heat takes away all appetite.

Stra. Yes.

Fra. I'll put it by; perhaps, at night—

Stra. Perhaps.

Fra. Dear sir, dare I speak?

Stra. Speak.

Fra. You have done a noble action.

Stra. What?

Fra. You have saved a fellow-creature's life.

Stra. Peace!

Fra. Do you know who he was?

Stra. No.

Fra. The only son of Count Wintensen.

Stra. Immaterial.

Fra. A gentleman, by report, worthy and benevolent as yourself.

Stra. (*Angry.*) Silence! Dare you flatter me?

Fra. As I look to heaven for mercy, I speak from my heart. When I observe how you are doing good around you, how you are making every individual wants your own, and are yet yourself unhappy, alas! my heart bleeds for you.

Stra. I thank you, Francis. I can only thank you. Yet share this consolation with me; my sufferings are unmerited.

Fra. My poor master!

Stra. Have you forgotten what the old man said this morning? "There is another and a better world!" Oh! 'twas true. Then let us hope with fervency, and yet endure with patience. What's here?

Enter CHARLOTTE, from the Park-gate.

Char. I presume, sir, you are the strange gentleman that drew my young master out of the water? (*The Stranger reads.*) Or (*To Francis*) are you he? (*Francis makes a very face.*) Are the creatures both dumb? (*Looks at them by turns.*) Surely, old Solomon has fixed two statues here by way of ornament; for of any use there is no sign. (*Approaches Frances.*) No, this is alive, and breathes; yes, and moves its eyes. (*Bowls in his ear.*) Good friend!

Fra. I'm not deaf.

Char. No, nor dumb, I perceive, at last. Is you lifeless thing your master?

Fra. That honest, silent gentleman is my master.

Char. The same that drew the young Count out of the water?

Fra. The same.

Char. (*To the Stranger.*) Sir, my master and mistress, the Count and Countess, present their respectful compliments, and request the honour of your company at a family supper this evening.

Stra. I shall not come.

Char. But you'll scarce send such an uncivil answer as this. The Count is overpowered with gratitude. You saved his son's life.

Stra. I did it willingly.

Char. And won't accept of "I thank you," in return?

Stra. No.

Char. You really are cruel, sir, I must tell you. There are three of us ladies at the castle, and we are all dying with curiosity to know who you are. [*Exit Stranger.*] The master is crabbed enough, however; let me try what I can make of the man. Pray, sir—(*Francis turns his back to her.*)—the beginning promises little enough. Friend, why won't you look at me?

Fra. I like to look at green trees better than green eyes.

Char. Green eyes, you monster! Who told you

that my eyes were green? Let me tell you there have been sonnets made on my eyes before now.

Fra. Glad to hear it.

Char. To the point, then, at once. What is your master?

Fra. A man.

Char. I surmised as much. But what's his name?

Fra. The same as his father's.

Char. Not unlikely: and his father was—

Fra. Married.

Char. To whom?

Fra. To a woman.

Char. (*Enraged.*) I'll tell you what: who your master is I see I shall not learn, and I don't care; but I know what you are.

Fra. Well, what am I?

Char. A bear.

Fra. Thank you! Now to see how habit and example corrupts one's manners! I am naturally the civilised spoken fellow in the world to the pretty prattling rogues; yet, following my master's humour, I've rudely driven this wench away. I must have a peep at her, though. (*Looking towards the park-gates.*)

Enter STRANGER.

Stra. Is that woman gone?

Fra. Yes.

Stra. Francis!

Fra. Sir?

Stra. We must be gone, too.

Fra. But whither?

Stra. I don't care.

Fra. I'll attend you.

Stra. To any place?

Fra. To death.

Stra. Heaven grant it—to me, at least. There is peace.

Fra. Peace is everywhere. Let the storm rage without, if the heart be but at rest. Yet, I think we are very well where we are: the situation is inviting; and nature lavish of her beauties, and of her bounties, too.

Stra. But I am not a wild beast, to be stared at, and sent for as a show. Is it fit I should be?

Fra. Another of your interpretations! That a man, the life of whose only son you have saved, should invite you to his house, seems to me not very unnatural.

Stra. I will not be invited to any house.

Fra. For once, methinks, you might submit. You'll not be asked a second time.

Stra. Proud wretches! They believe the most essential service is required, if one may but have the honour of sitting at their table. Let us begone.

Fra. Yet hold, sir! This bustle will soon be over. Used to the town, the Count and his party will soon be tired of simple nature, and you will again be freed from observation.

Stra. Not from yours.

Fra. This is too much. Do I deserve your doubts?

Stra. Am I in the wrong?

Fra. You are, indeed!

Stra. Francis, my servant, you are my on'y friend.

Fra. That title makes amends for all.

Stra. But, look, Francis! there are uniforms and gay dresses in the walk again. No, I must begone. Here I'll stay no longer.

Fra. Well, then, I'll tie up my bundle.

Stra. The sooner the better. They come this way. Now must I shut myself in my hovel, and lose this fine breeze. Nay, if they be your high-

bred class of all, they may have impudence enough to walk into my chamber. Francis, I shall lock the door. *[Goes into the lodge, locks the door, and fastens the shutters.]*

Fra. And I'll be your sentinel.

Str. Very well.

Fra. Now, should these people be as inquisitive as their maid, I must summon my whole stock of impertinence. But their questions and my answers need little study. They can learn nothing of the Stranger from me; for the best of all possible reasons—I know nothing myself.

Enter BARON STEINFORT and COUNTESS WINTERSEN.

Countess. There is a strange face. The servant, probably.

Baron S. Friend, can we speak to your master?

Fra. No.

Baron S. Only for a few minutes.

Fra. He has locked himself in his room.

Countess. Tell him a lady waits for him.

Fra. Then he's sure not to come.

Countess. Does he hate our sex?

Fra. He hates the whole human race, but woman particularly.

Countess. And why?

Fra. He may, perhaps, have been deceived.

Countess. This is not very courteous.

Fra. My master is not over courteous; but when he sees a chance of saving a fellow-creature's life, he'll attempt it at the hazard of his own.

Baron S. You are right. Now hear the reason of our visit. The wife and brother-in-law of the man whose child your master has saved, wish to acknowledge their obligations to him.

Fra. That he dislikes. He only wishes to live unnoticed.

Countess. He appears to be unfortunate.

Fra. Appears!

Countess. An affair of honour, perhaps, or some unhappy attachment may have—

Fra. They may.

Countess. Be this as it may, I wish to know who he is.

Fra. So do I.

Countess. What, don't you know him yourself?

Fra. Oh! I know him well enough. I mean his real self; his heart, his soul, his worth, his honour. Perhaps, you think one knows a man, when one is acquainted with his name and person.

Countess. 'Tis well said, friend, you please me much. And now I should like to know you. Who are you?

Fra. Your humble servant.

[Exit.]

Countess. This is affection! A desire to appear singular. Every one wishes to make himself distinguished. One sails round the world, another creeps into a hovel.

Baron S. And the man spies his master!

Countess. Come, brother, let us seek the Count. He and Mrs. Haller turned into the lawn.

(Going.)

Baron S. Stay! First a word or two, sister. I am in love.

Countess. For the hundredth time.

Baron S. For the first time in my life.

Countess. I wish you joy.

Baron S. Till now you have evaded my inquiries. Who is she? I beseech you, sister, be serious. There is a time for all things.

Countess. Bless us! Why, you look as if you were going to raise a spirit. Don't fix your eyes so earnestly. Well if I am to be serious, I obey.

I do not know who Mrs. Haller is, as I have already told you; but what I do know of her, shall not be concealed from you. It may now be three years ago, when, one evening, about twilight, a lady was announced, who wished to speak to me in private. Mrs. Haller appeared with all that grace and modesty which have enchanted you. Her features, at that moment, bore keener marks of the sorrow and confusion which have since settled into gentle melancholy. She threw herself at my feet; and besought me to save a wretch who was on the brink of despair. She told me she had heard much of my benevolence, and offered herself as a servant to attend me. I endeavoured to dive into the cause of her sufferings, but in vain. She concealed her secret; yet opening to me more and more each day a heart, chosen by virtue as her temple, and an understanding improved by the most refined attainments, she no longer remained my servant, but became my friend; and, by her own desire, has ever since resided here. *(Courteously.)* Brother, I have done.

Baron S. Too little to satisfy my curiosity; yet enough to make me realize my project. Sister, lend me your aid—I would marry her.

Countess. You?

Baron S. I.

Countess. Baron Steinfort?

Baron S. For shame! If I understand you.

Countess. Not so harsh, and not so hasty! Those great sentiments of contempt of inequality in rank are very fine in a romance; but we happen not to be inhabitants of an ideal world. How could you introduce her to the circle we live in? You surely would not attempt to present her to—

Baron S. Object as you will, my answer is—I love. Sister, you see a man before you, who—

Countess. Who wants a wife.

Baron S. No: who has deliberately poised advantage against disadvantage; domestic ease and comfort against the false gaieties of fashion. I can withdraw into the country. I need no honours to make my tenants happy; and my heart will teach me to make their happiness my own. With such a wife as this, children who resemble her, and fortune enough to spread comfort around me, what would the soul of man have more?

Countess. This is all vastly fine! I admire your plan; only, you seem to have forgotten one trifling circumstance.

Baron S. And that is—

Countess. Whether Mrs. Haller would have you or not.

Baron S. There, sister, I just want your assistance. *(Seizing her hand.)* Good Henrietta!

Countess. Well, here's my hand. I'll do all I can for you. Hist! We had nearly been overheard. They are coming. Be patient and obedient.

Enter COUNT WINTERSEN, and MRS. HALLER, leaning on his arm.

Count W. Upon my word, Mrs. Haller, you are a nimble walker: I should be sorry to run a race with you.

Mrs. H. Custom, my lord. You need only take the same walk every day for a month.

Count W. Yes; if I wanted to resemble my greyhounds. But what said the Stranger?

Countess. He gave Charlotte a flat refusal; and you see his door, and even his shutters, are closed against us.

Count W. What an unaccountable being! But it won't do. I must shew my gratitude one way or other. Steinfort, we will take the ladies home, and

then you shall try once again to see him. You can talk to these oddities better than I can.

Baron H. If you wish it, with all my heart.

Countess W. Thank you, thank you! Come, ladies: come, Mrs. Haller. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A close Walk in the garden.

Enter COUNTESS WINTERSEN and MRS. HALLER.

Countess. Well, Mrs. Haller, how do you like the man that just now left us?

Mrs. H. Who?

Countess. My brother.

Mrs. H. He deserves to be your brother.

Countess. (Courtesying.) Your most obedient! That shall be written in my pocket-book.

Mrs. H. Without flattery, then, madam, he appears to be most amiable.

Countess. Good, and a handsome man?

Mrs. H. (With indifference.) Oh! yea.

Countess. "Oh, yea!" It sounded almost like "Oh, no!" But I must tell you, that he looks upon you to be a handsome woman. (*Mrs. H. smiles.*) You make no reply to this?

Mrs. H. What shall I reply? Derision never fell from your lips; and I am little calculated to support it.

Countess. As little as you are calculated to be the cause of it. No; I was in earnest. Now?

Mrs. H. You confuse me. But why should I play the prude? I will own there was a time when I thought myself handsome. 'Tis past. Alas! the enchanting beauties of a female countenance arise from peace of mind. The look, which captivates an honourable man, must be reflected from a noble soul.

Countess. Then heaven grant my bosom may ever hold as pure a heart, as now those eyes bear witness hides in yours!

Mrs. H. (With sudden wildness.) Oh! heaven forbid!

Countess. (Astonished.) How!

Mrs. H. (Checking her tears.) Spare me! I am a wretch. The sufferings of three years can give me no claim to your friendship—no, not even to your compassion. Oh! spare me!

(Going.)

Countess. Stay, Mrs. Haller. For the first time, I beg your confidence. My brother loves you.

Mrs. H. (Starting and gazing full in the face of the Countess.) For mirth, too much; for earnest, too mournful!

Countess. I revere that modest blush. Discover to me who you are. You risk nothing. Pour all your griefs into a sister's bosom. Am I not kind? and can I not be silent?

Mrs. H. Alas! but a frank reliance on a generous mind is the greatest sacrifice to be offered by true repentance. This sacrifice I will offer. (*Hesitating.*) Did you never hear—pardon me—did you never hear—Oh! how shocking it is to unmask a deception, which alone has recommended me to your regard! But it must be so. Madam—fie! Adelaide—does pride become you?—Did you never hear of the Countess Waldbourg?

Countess. I think I did hear, at the neighbouring court, of such a creature. She plunged an honourable husband into misery. She ran away with a villain.

Mrs. H. She did, indeed. (*Falls at the feet of the Countess.*) Do not cast me from you.

Countess. For heaven's sake! You are—

Mrs. H. I am that wretch.

Countess. (Turning from her with horror.) Ha!

begone! (*Going. Her heart draws her back.*) Yet, she is unfortunate; she is unfriended! Her image is repentance: her life the proof. She has wept her fault in her three years' agony. Be still awhile, remorseless prejudice, and let the genuine feelings of my soul avow—they do not truly honour virtue, who can insult the erring heart that would return to her sanctuary. (*Looking with sorrow on her.*) Rise, I beseech you, rise! My husband and my brother may surprise us. I promise to be silent. (*Raising her.*)

Mrs. H. Yes, you will be silent; but, oh! conscience, conscience! thou never wilt be silent. (*Clasping her hands.*) Do not cast me from you.

Countess. Never! Your lonely life, your silent anguish and contrition, may, at length, atone your crime. And never shall you want an asylum, where your penitence may lament your loss. Your crime was youth and inexperience; your heart never was, never could be, concerned in it.

Mrs. H. Oh! spare me! My conscience never martyrs me so horribly, as when I catch my base thoughts in search of an excuse. No, nothing can palliate my guilt; and the only just consolation left me, is to acquit the man I wronged, and own I erred without a cause of fair complaint.

Countess. And this is the mark of true repentance. Alas! my friend, when superior sense, recommended, too, by superior charms of person, assail a young, though wedded—

Mrs. H. Ah! not even that mean excuse is left me. In all that merits admiration, respect, and love, he was far, far beneath my husband. But to attempt to account for my strange infatuation—I cannot bear it. I thought my husband's manner grew colder to me. 'Tis true, I knew that his expenses, and his confidence in deceitful friends, had embarrassed his means, and clouded his spirits; yet I thought he denied me pleasures and amusements still within our reach. My vanity was mortified! My confidence not courted. The serpent tongue of my seducer promised everything. But never could such arguments prevail, till assisted by forged letters and the treachery of a servant, whom I most confided in: he fixed my belief that my lord was false, and that all the coldness I complained of was disgust to me, and love for another; all his home retrenchments but the means of satisfying a rival's luxury. Maddened with this conviction, (conviction it was, for artifice was most ingenious in its proof,) I left my children—father—husband—to follow a villain.

Countess. But, with such a heart, my friend could not remain long in her delusion?

Mrs. H. Long enough to make a sufficient penitence impossible. 'Tis true, that in a few weeks the delirium was at an end. Oh, what were my sensations when the mist dispersed before my eyes! I called for my husband, but in vain. I listened for the prattle of my children, but in vain.

Countess. (*Embracing her.*) Here, here, on this bosom only shall your future tears be shed; and may I, dear sufferer, make you again familiar with hope.

Mrs. H. Oh, impossible!

Countess. Have you never heard of your children?

Mrs. H. Never.

Countess. We must endeavour to gain some account of them. We must—hold! my husband and my brother!—Oh, my poor brother, I had quite forgotten him. Quick, dear Mrs. Haller, wipe your eyes. Let us meet them.

Mrs. H. Madam, I'll follow. Allow me a moment

to compose myself. [*Exit Countess.*] I pause. Oh, yes: to compose myself. [*Ironically.*] She little thinks it is but to gain one solitary moment to vent my soul's remorse. Once the purpose of my unsettled mind was self-destruction: heaven knows how I have sued for hope and resignation. I did trust my prayers were heard. Oh, spare me further trial! I feel, I feel my heart and brain can bear no more. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of the Park, Lodge, &c., & before. A table spread out with fruits, &c.*

FRANCIS discovered placing the supper.

Fra. I know he loves to have his early supper in the fresh air; and, while he sups, not that I believe anything can amuse him, yet I will try my little Savoyards' pretty voices. I have heard him speak as if he had loved music. [*Music without.*] Oh, here they are.

Enter ANNETTE and CLAUDINE, playing on their guitars.

Ann. To welcome mirth and harmless glee,
We ramble minstrels, blithe and free,
With song the laughing hours beguile.
And wear a never-fading smile;

Where'er we roam,

We find a home

And greeting, to reward our toil.

Cla. No anxious griefs disturb our rest,
Nor busy cares annoy our breast;
Fearless we sink in soft repose,
While night her sable mantle throws.

With grateful lay,

Hail rising day,

That rosy health and peace bestows.

During the duet, the STRANGER looks from the lodge window; and, at the conclusion, he comes out.

Str. What mummery is this?

Fra. I hoped it might amuse you, sir.

Str. Amuse me, fool!

Fra. Well, then, I wished to amuse myself a little. I don't think my recreations are so very numerous.

Str. That's true, my poor fellow; indeed they are not. Let them go on: I'll listen.

Fra. But to please you, poor master, I fear it must be a sadder strain. Annette, have you none but these cheerful songs?

Ann. Oh, plenty! If you are dolefully given, we can be as sad as night. I'll sing you an air Mrs. Haller taught me the first year she came to the castle.

Fra. Mrs. Haller! I should like to hear that.

Ann. I have a silent sorrow here,

A grief I'll ne'er impart;

It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,

But it consumes my heart.

This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,

My lot for ever be,

So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear,

Be never known by thee!

And when pale characters of death

Shall mark this alter'd cheek,

When my poor wasted trembling breath

My life's last hope would speak,

I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,

Nor mercy ask for me;

My soul despairs to be forgiv'n,

Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

Str. [*Surprised and moved.*] Oh! I have heard that air before; but it was with other words. Francis, share our supper with your friends; I need none. [*Enters the lodge.*]

Fra. So I feared. Well, my pretty favourites, here are refreshments. So, disturbed again! Now, will this gentleman call for more music, and make my master mad. Return when you observe this man is gone. [*Exeunt Annette and Claudine.*—*Francis sits, and eats.*] I were in hopes that I might at least eat my supper peaceably in the open air; but they follow at our heels like bloodhounds.

Enter BARON STEINFORT.

Baron S. My good friend, I must speak to your master.

Fra. Can't serve you.

Baron S. Why not?

Fra. It's forbidden.

Baron S. [*Offers money.*] There! announce me.

Fra. Want no money.

Baron S. Well, only announce me, then.

Fra. I will announce you, sir; but it won't avail! I shall be abused, and you rejected. However, we can but try. [*Going.*]

Baron S. I only ask half a minute. 'Francis goes into the lodge.' But when he comes, how am I to treat him? I have never encountered a misanthrope before. I have heard of instructions as to conduct in society; but how I am to behave towards a being who loathes the whole world and his own existence, I have never learned.

Enter the STRANGER.

Str. Now, what's your will?

Baron S. I beg pardon, sir, for—*[Suddenly recognizing him.]* Charles!

Str. Steinfort! *[They embrace.]*

Baron S. Is it really you, my dear friend?

Str. It is.

Baron S. Merciful heaven! how you are altered.

Str. The hand of misery lies heavy on me.—But how came you here? What want you?

Baron S. Strange! Here was I ruminating how to address this mysterious recluse: he appears, and proves to be my old and dearest friend.

[Aside.]

Str. Then you were not in search of me, nor knew that I lived here?

Baron S. As little as I know who lives on the summit of Caucasus. You this morning saved the life of my brother-in-law's only son: a grateful family wishes to behold you in its circle. You refused my sister's messenger; therefore, to give more weight to the invitation, I was deputed to be the bearer of it: and thus has fortune restored to me a friend, whom my heart has so long misused, and whom my heart just now so much requires.

Str. Yes, I am your friend; your sincere friend. You are a true man; an uncommon man. Towards you my heart is still the same. But if this assurance be of any value to you—go—leave me, and return no more.

Baron S. Stay! All that I see and hear of you is inexplicable. 'Tis you; but these, alas! are not the features which once enchanted every female bosom, beamed gaily through all society, and won you friends before your lips were opened! Why do you avert your face? Is the sight of a friend become hateful? Or, do you fear that I should read in your eye what passes in your soul? Where is that open look of fire, which at once penetrated into every heart, and revealed your own?

Str. *[With asperity.]* My look penetrate into every heart! Ha, ha, ha!

Baron S. Oh, heavens! Rather may I never hear

you laugh, than in such a tone. For heaven's sake, tell me, Charles! tell me, I conjure you, what has happened to you?

Stra. Things that happen every day; occurrences heard of in every street. Steinfurt, if I am to love you, leave me.

Baron S. Oh! Charles, awake the faded ideas of past joys! feel that a friend is near! recollect the days we passed in Hungary, when we wandered, arm in arm, upon the banks of the Danube, while nature opened our hearts, and made us enamoured of benevolence and friendship! In those blessed moments, you gave me this seal as a pledge of your regard. Do you remember it?

Stra. Yes.

Baron S. Am I since that time become less worthy of thy confidence?

Stra. No.

Baron S. Charles, it grieves me that I am thus compelled to enforce my rights upon you. Do you know this scar?

Stra. Comrade! friend! it received and resisted the stroke aimed at my life: I have not forgotten it. Alas! you knew not what a present you then made me.

Baron S. Speak, then, I beseech you.

Stra. You cannot help me.

Baron S. Then I can mourn with you.

Stra. That I hate; besides, I cannot weep.

Baron S. Then give me words instead of tears: both relieve the heart.

Stra. Believe the heart! My heart is like a closed sepulchre: let what is within it moulder and decay. Why, why open the wretched charnel-house to spread a pestilence around!

Baron S. How horrid are your looks! For shame! A man like you thus to crouch beneath the chance of fortune!

Stra. Steinfurt! I did think that the opinion of all mankind was alike indifferent to me; but I feel that it is not so. My friend, you shall not quit me without learning how I have been robbed of every joy which life afforded. Listen: much misery may be contained in a few words.—Attracted by my native country, I quitted you and the service. What pleasing pictures did I draw of a life employed in improving society, and diffusing happiness! I fixed on Cassel to be my abode. All went on admirably. I found friends: at length, too, I found a wife; a lovely, innocent creature, scarcely sixteen years of age. Oh! how I loved her! She bore me a son and a daughter: both were endowed by nature with the beauty of their mother. Ask me not how I loved my wife and children! Yes, then, then I was really happy. *(Wipes his eyes.)* Ha! a tear! I could not have believed it: welcome, old friends! 'twas long since we have known each other. Well, my story is nearly ended. One of my friends, for whom I had become engaged, treacherously lost me more than half my fortune. This hurt me. I was obliged to retrench my expenses. Contentment needs but little. I forgave him. Another friend—a villain! to whom I was attached heart and soul; whom I had assisted with my means, and promoted by my interest, this fiend seduced my wife, and bore her from me. Tell me, sir, is this enough to justify my hatred of mankind, and palliate my seclusion from the world? Kings, laws, tyranny, or guilt, can but imprison me or kill me; but, oh, God! oh, God! oh! what are chains or death compared to the tortures of a deceived yet doting husband!

Baron S. To lament the loss of a faithless wife is madness.

Stra. Call it what you please—say what you please—I love her still.

Baron S. And where is she?

Stra. I know not, nor do I wish to know.

Baron S. And your children?

Stra. I left them at a small town, hard by.

Baron S. But why did you not keep your children with you? They would have amused you in many a dreary hour.

Stra. Amused me! Oh, yes! while their likeness to their mother would every hour remind me of my past happiness. No. For three years I have never seen them. I hate that any human creature should be near me, young or old! Had not ridiculous habits made a servant necessary, I should long since have discharged him, though he is not the worst among the bad.

Baron S. Such too often are the consequences of great alliances; therefore, Charles, I have resolved to take a wife from a lower rank of life.

Stra. You marry! Ha, ha, ha!

Baron S. You shall see her: she is in the house where you are expected. Come with me.

Stra. What! I mix again with the world!

Baron S. To do a generous action without requiring thanks is noble and praiseworthy; but so obstinately to avoid those thanks, as to make the kindness a burden, is affectation.

Stra. Leave me, leave me. Every one tries to form a circle of which he may be the centre. As long as there remains a bird in these woods to greet the rising sun with its melody, I shall court no other society.

Baron S. Do as you please to-morrow; but give me your company this evening.

Stra. No.

Baron S. Not though it were in your power, by this single visit, to secure the happiness of your friend for life?

Stra. *(Starting.)* Ha! then I must—but how?

Baron S. You shall see in my behalf to Mrs.

Haller: you have the talent of persuasion.

Stra. I, my dear Steinfurt!

Baron S. The happiness or misery of your friend depends upon it. I'll contrive that you shall speak to her alone. Will you?

Stra. I will; but upon one condition.

Baron S. Name it.

Stra. That you allow me to be gone to-morrow, and not endeavour to detain me.

Baron S. Go! Whither?

Stra. No matter; promise this, or I will not come.

Baron S. Well, I do promise. Come.

Stra. I have directions to give my servant.

Baron S. In half an hour, then, we shall expect you. Remember, you have given your word.

Stra. I have. *[Exit Bar. S.—The stranger walks up and down thoughtfully and melancholy.]*—Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fra. Sir?

Stra. Why are you out of the way?

Fra. Sir, I came when I heard you call.

Stra. I shall leave this place to-morrow.

Fra. With all my heart.

Stra. Perhaps to go into another land.

Fra. With all my heart again.

Stra. Perhaps into another quarter of the globe.

Fra. With all my heart still. Into which quarter?

Stra. Wherever heaven directs. Away, away, from Europe! from this cultivated moral lazaret.

Do you hear, Francis? to-morrow early.

Fra. Very well. *(Going.)*

Mrs. Come here, come here first; I have an errand for you. Hire that carriage in the village; drive to the town hard by; you may be back by sun-set. I shall give you a letter to a widow who lives there: with her you will find two children; they are mine.

Fra. (Astonished.) Your children, sir?

Mrs. Take them and bring them hither.

Fra. Your children, sir?

Mrs. Yes, mine! Is it so very inconceivable?

Fra. That I should have been three years in your service, and never have heard them mentioned, is somewhat strange.

Mrs. Psha!

Fra. You have been married, then?

Mrs. Go, and prepare for our journey.

Fra. That I can do in five minutes. (*Going.*)

Mrs. I shall come and write the letter directly.

Fra. Very well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Yes, I'll take them with me: I'll accustom myself to the sight of them. The innocents! they shall not be poisoned by the refinements of society: rather let them hunt their daily sustenance upon some desert island with their bow and arrow; or creep, like torpid Hottentots, into a corner, and stare at each other. Better to do nothing than to do evil. Fool that I was to be prevailed upon once more to exhibit myself among these apes! What a ridiculous figure shall I be! and in the capacity of a suitor, too! Psha! he cannot be serious! 'tis but a friendly artifice to draw me from my solitude. Why did I promise him? Yes, my sufferings have been many; and to oblige a friend, why should I hesitate to add another painful hour to the wretched calendar of my life!—I'll go, I'll go!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Ante-chamber*

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. No, indeed, my lady! If you choose to bury yourself in the country, I shall take my leave. I am not calculated for a country life: and, to sum up all, when I think of this Mrs. Haller,—

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. (Overhearing her last words.) What of Mrs. Haller, my sweet miss?

Char. Why, Mr. Solomon, who is Mrs. Haller? You know everything: you hear every thing.

Sol. I have received no letters from any part of Europe on the subject, miss.

Char. But who is to blame? The Count and Countess. She dines with them; and, at this very moment, is drinking tea with them. Is this proper?

Sol. By no means.

Char. Shouldn't a Count and Countess, in all their actions, shew a certain degree of pride and pomposity?

Sol. To be sure! to be sure they should!

Char. No, I won't submit to it. I'll tell her ladyship, when I dress her to-morrow, that either Mrs. Haller or I must quit the house.

Sol. (Seeing the Baron.) Hist!

Enter BARON STEINFORT.

Baron S. Didn't I hear Mrs. Haller's name here?

Sol. Why—yes—we—

Baron S. Charlotte, tell my sister I wish to see her as soon as the tea-table is removed.

Char. (Aside to Solomon.) Either she or I go, that I'm determined. [*Exit.*]

Baron S. May I ask what it was you were saying?

Sol. Why, please your humble lordship, we were talking here and there—this and that—

Baron S. I almost begin to suspect some secret

Sol. Secret! heaven forbid! Mercy on us! No;

I should have had letters on the subject, if there had been a secret.

Baron S. Well, then, since it was no secret, I presume I may know your conversation.

Sol. You do us great honour, my lord. Why, then, at first, we were making a few commonplace observations. Miss Charlotte remarked that we all had our faults. I said, "Yes." Soon after I remarked, that the best persons in the world are not without their weaknesses. She said, "Yes."

Baron S. If you referred to Mrs. Haller's faults and weaknesses, I am desirous to hear more.

Sol. Sure enough, sir, Mrs. Haller is an excellent woman; but she's not an angel for all that. I am an old faithful servant to his excellency the Count; and, therefore, it is my duty to speak when anything is done disadvantageous to his interest.

Baron S. Well!

Sol. For instance, now: his excellency may think he has at least some score of dozens of the old six-and-twenty hook. Mercy on us! there are not ten dozen bottles left; and not a drop has gone down my throat, I'll swear.

Baron S. (Smiling.) Mrs. Haller has not drunk it, I suppose?

Sol. Not she herself, for she never drinks wine; but if anybody be ill in the village, any poor woman lying-in, away goes a bottle of the six-and-twenty! Innumerable are the times that I've reproved her; but she always answers me snappishly, that she will be responsible for it.

Baron S. So will I, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. Oh! with all my heart, your honourable lordship; it makes no difference to me. I had the care of the cellar twenty years, and can safely take my oath, that I never gave the poor a single drop in the whole course of my trust.

Baron S. How extraordinary is this woman!

Sol. Extraordinary! One can make nothing of her. To-day, the vicar's wife is not good enough for her; to-morrow, you may see her sitting with all the women of the village. To be sure, she and I agree pretty well; for, between me and your honourable lordship, she has cast an eye upon my son Peter.

Baron S. Has she?

Sol. Yes; Peter's no fool, I assure you. The schoolmaster is teaching him to write. Would your honourable lordship please to see a specimen? I'll go for his copy-book. He makes his pot-hooks capitally.

Baron S. Another time, another time! Good bye for the present, Mr. Solomon. (*Solomon bows without attempting to go.*) Good day, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. (Not understanding the hint.) Your honourable lordship's most obedient servant.

Baron S. Mr. Solomon, I wish to be alone.

Sol. As your lordship commands. If the time should seem long in my absence, and your lordship wishes to hear the newest news from the seat of war, you need only send for old Solomon. I have letters from Leghorn, Cape Horn, and every known part of the habitable globe. [*Exit.*]

Baron S. Tedious old fool! Yet hold. Did he not speak in praise of Mrs. Haller. Pardon me his rage for news and politics.

Enter COUNTESS WINTERSEN.

Well, sister, have you spoken to her?

Baron S. I have; and if you do not steer for another haven, you will be doomed to drive upon the ocean for ever.

Baron S. Is she married?

Countess. I don't know.

Baron S. Is she of a good family?

Countess. I can't tell.

Baron S. Does she dislike me?

Countess. Excuse me making a reply.

Baron S. I thank you for your sisterly affection, and the explicitness of your communications; luckily, I placed little reliance on either; and have found a friend, who will save your ladyship all further trouble.

Countess. A friend!

Baron S. Yes: the Stranger who saved your son's life this morning, proves to be an intimate friend.

Countess. What's his name?

Baron S. I don't know.

Countess. Is he of a good family?

Baron S. I can't tell.

Countess. Will he come hither?

Baron S. Excuse my making a reply.

Countess. Well, the retort is fair—but insufferable.

Baron S. You can't object to the *de capo* of your own composition.

Enter COUNT WINTERSEN and MRS. HALLER.

Count W. Zounds! do you think I am Xenocrates; or like the poor suikan with marble legs? There you leave me *tit-a-tit* with Mrs. Haller, as if my heart were a mere flint. So, you prevailed, brother. The Stranger will come, then, it seems.

Baron S. I expect him every minute.

Count W. I am glad to hear it. One companion more, however: in the country, we never can have too many.

Baron S. This gentleman will not exactly be an addition to your circle; for he leaves this place to-morrow.

Count W. But he won't, I think. Now, Lady Winterson, summon all your charms. There is no art in conquering us poor devils; but this strange man, who does not care a dolt for you altogether, is worth your efforts. Try your skill: I shan't be jealous.

Countess. I allow the conquest to be worth the trouble: but what Mrs. Haller has not been able to effect in three months, ought not to be attempted by me.

Mrs. H. Oh! yes, madam. He has given me no opportunity of trying the force of my charms, for I never once happened to see him.

Count W. Then he's a blockhead, and you an idler.

Sol. (Without.) This way, sir! this way!

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. The Stranger begs leave to have the honour.

Count S. Welcome! welcome. [Exit Solomon. Turns to meet the STRANGER, whom he conducts in by the hand.] My dear sir—Lady Winterson—Mrs. Haller—

[Mrs. Haller, as soon as she sees the Stranger, shrieks, and swoons in the arms of Bar. S.: the Stranger casts a look at her; and struck with astonishment and horror, rushes out of the room: Baron S. and the Countess bear Mrs. Haller off; the Count following, in great surprise.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Ante-chamber.

Enter BARON STEINFORT.

Baron S. Oh! deceitful hope! thou phantom of future happiness! to thee have I stretched out my

arms, and thou hast vanished into air! Wretched Steinfort! the mystery is solved. She is the wife of my friend! I cannot myself be happy; but I may, perhaps, be able to re-unite two lovely souls whom cruel fate has separated. Ha! they are here. I must propose it instantly.

Enter COUNTESS WINTERSEN and MRS.

HALLER.

Countess. Into the garden, my dear friend! into the air!

Mrs. H. I am quite well. Do not alarm yourselves on my account.

Baron S. Madam, pardon my intrusion; but to lose a moment may be fatal. He means to quit the country to-morrow. We must devise means to reconcile you to—the Stranger.

Mrs. H. How, my lord! you seem acquainted with my history?

Baron S. I am: Waldbourg has been my friend ever since we were boys. We served together from the rank of cadet. We have been separated seven years: chance brought us this day together, and his heart was open to me.

Mrs. H. Now do I feel what it is to be in the presence of an honest man, when I dare not meet his eye. (Hides her face.)

Baron S. If sincere repentance, if years without reproach, do not give us a title to man's forgiveness, what must we expect hereafter? No, lovely penitent! your contrition is complete. Error for a moment wrested from slumbering virtue the dominion of your heart; but she awoke, and, with a look, banished her enemy for ever. I know my friend: he has the firmness of a man; but, with it the gentlest feelings of your sex. I hasten to him: with the fire of pure disinterested friendship will I enter on this work; that when I look back upon my past life, I may derive, from this good action, consolation in disappointment, and even resignation in despair. (Going.)

Mrs. H. Oh, stay! What would you do? No, never! My husband's honour is too sacred to me. I love him unutterably; but never, never, can I be his wife again, even if he were generous enough to pardon me.

Baron S. Madam! Can you, Countess, be serious?

Mrs. H. Not that title, I beseech you! I am not a child who wishes to avoid deserved punishment. What were my penitence, if I hoped advantage from it beyond the consciousness of atonement for past offences?

Countess. But if your husband himself—

Mrs. H. Oh, he will not, he cannot! And let him rest assured, I never would replace my honour at the expense of his.

Baron S. He still loves you.

Mrs. H. Loves me! then he must not—No; he must purify his heart from a weakness which would degrade him!

Baron S. Incomparable woman! I go to my friend; perhaps for the last time? Have you not one word to send him?

Mrs. H. Yes, I have two requests to make. often when, in excess of grief, I have despaired of every consolation, I have thought I should be easier if I might behold my husband once again; acknowledge my injustice to him, and take a gentle leave of him for ever: this, therefore, is my first request, a conversation for a few short minutes, if he does not quite abhor the sight of me. My second request is—oh!—not to see, but to hear some account of my poor children.

Baron S. If humanity and friendship can avail, he will not for a moment delay your wishes.

Countess. Heaven be with you.

Mrs. H. And my prayers.

[Exit Bar. S.]

Countess. Come, my friend, come into the air, till he returns with hope and consolation.

Mrs. H. Oh! my heart, how art thou afflicted! My husband! My little ones! Past joys and future fears. Oh! dearest madam, there are moments in which we live years! moments which steal the roses from the cheeks of health, and plough deep furrows in the brow of youth.

Countess. Banish these sad reflections. Come, let us walk. The sun will set soon; let nature's beauties dissipate anxiety.

Mrs. H. Alas!—Yes, the setting sun is a proper scene for me.

Countess. Never forget, a morning will succeed.

[Exit Countess.]

SCENE II.—*The Skirts of a park, lodge, &c., as before.*

Enter BARON STEINFORT.

Baron S. On earth there is but one such pair; they shall not be parted. Yet what I have undertaken is not so easy as I at first hoped. What can I answer when he asks me, whether I would persuade him to renounce his character, and become the derision of society? For he is right: a faithless wife is a dishonour; and to forgive her, is to share her shame. What, though Adelaide may be an exception; a young deluded girl, who has so long and so sincerely repented, yet what cares an unfeeling world for this? The world! he has quitted it. 'Tis evident he loves her still; and, upon this assurance, builds my sanguine heart the hope of a happy termination to an honest enterprise.

Enter FRANCIS, with two children, WILLIAM and AMELIA.

Fra. Come along, my pretty ones—come.

Will. Is it far to home?

Fra. No, we shall be there directly now.

Baron S. Hold! Whose children are these?

Fra. My master's.

Will. Is that my father?

Baron S. It darts like lightning through my brain. A word with you. I know you love your master. Strange things have happened here: your master has found his wife again.

Fra. Indeed! Glad to hear it.

Baron S. Mrs. Haller—

Fra. Is she his wife? Still more glad to hear it.

Baron S. But he is determined to go from her.

Fra. Oh!

Baron S. We must try to prevent it.

Fra. Surely.

Baron S. The unexpected appearance of the children may perhaps assist us.

Fra. How so?

Baron S. Hide yourself with them in that hut; before a quarter of an hour is passed, you shall know more.

Fra. But—

Baron S. No more questions, I entreat you. Time is precious.

Fra. Well, well! questions are not much in my way, come, children.

Will. Why, I thought you told me I should see my father?

Fra. So you shall, my dear. Come, moppets.

[Goes into the hut with the children.]

Baron S. Excellent! I promise myself much from this little artifice. If the mild look of the mother

falls, the innocent smiles of these his own children will surely find the way to his heart. (*Taps at the lodge door, and the STRANGER comes out.*) Charles, I wish you joy.

Str. Of what?

Baron S. You have found her again.

Str. Shew a bankrupt the treasure which he once possessed, and then congratulate him on the amount!

Baron S. Why not, if it be in your power to retrieve the whole?

Str. I understand you: you are a negotiator from my wife. It won't avail.

Baron S. Learn to know your wife better. Yes, I am a messenger from her; but without power to treat. She, who loves you unutterably, who without you can never be happy, renounces your forgiveness; because, as she thinks, your honour is incompatible with such a weakness.

Str. Paha! I am not to be caught.

Baron S. Charles, consider well—

Str. Steinfort, let me explain all this. I have lived here four months: Adelaide knew it.

Baron S. Knew it! She never saw you till to-day.

Str. That you may make fools believe. Hear further: she knows, too, that I am not a common sort of man; that my heart is not to be attacked in the usual way; she, therefore, framed a deep-concerted plan. She played a charitable part; but in such a way, that it always reached my ears; she played a pious, modest, reserved part, in order to excite my curiosity; and, at last, to-day, she plays the prude: she refuses my forgiveness, in hopes, by this generous device, to extort it from my compassion.

Baron S. Charles, I have listened to you with astonishment! This is a weakness only to be pardoned in a man who has so often been deceived by the world. Your wife has expressly and steadfastly declared, that she will not accept your forgiveness, even if you yourself were weak enough to offer it.

Str. What, then, has brought you hither?

Baron S. More than one reason. First, I am come in my own name, as your friend and comrade, to conjure you solemnly not to spurn this creature from you; for, by my soul, you will not find her equal.

Str. Give yourself no further trouble.

Baron S. Be candid, Charles: you love her still.

Str. Alas! yes.

Baron S. Her sincere repentance has long since obliterated her crime.

Str. Sir, a wife once induced to forfeit her honour, must be capable of a second crime.

Baron S. Not so, Charles. Ask your heart what portion of the blame may be your own.

Str. Mine!

Baron S. Yours. Who told you to marry a thoughtless, inexperienced girl? One scarce expects established principles at five-and-twenty in a man, yet you require them in a girl at sixteen! But of this no more. She has erred; she has repented; and, during three years, her conduct has been so far above reproach, that even the piercing eye of calumny has not discovered a speck upon this radiant orb.

Str. Now, were I to believe all this, (and I confess that I would willingly believe it,) yet can she never again be mine. Oh! what a feast would it be for the painted dolls and vermin of the world, when I appeared among them with my runaway

wife upon my arm! what mocking, whispering, pointing! Never, never, never!

Baron S. Enough! As a friend I have done my duty: I now appear as Adelaide's ambassador. She requests one moment's conversation: she wishes once again to see you, and never more! You cannot deny her this only, this last request.

Str. Oh! I understand this too: she thinks my firmness will be melted by her tears: she is mistaken. She may come.

Baron S. She will come, to make you feel how much you mistake her. I go for her.

Str. Another word.

Baron S. Another word!

Str. Give her this paper and these jewels; they belong to her. (*Presenting them.*)

Baron S. That you may do yourself. [*Exit.*]

Str. The last anxious moment of my life draws near. I shall see her once again; I shall see her on whom my soul dotes. Is this the language of an injured husband? What is this principle which we call honour? Is it a feeling of the heart, or a quibble in the brain? I must be resolute: it cannot now be otherwise. Let me speak solemnly, yet mild: and beware that nothing of reproach escape my lips. Yes, her penitence is real. She shall not be obliged to live in mean dependence: she shall be mistress of herself, she shall — (*Looks round, and shudders.*) Ha! they come. Awake, insulted pride! protect me, injured honour!

Enter MRS. HALLER, COUNTESS WINTERSEN, and BARON STEINFORT.

Mrs. H. (*Advances slowly, and in a tremor: the Countess attempts to support her.*) Leave me now, I beseech you. (*Approaches the Stranger, who, with averted countenance, and in extreme agitation, awaits her address.*) My lord!

Str. (*With gentle tremulous utterance, and face still turned away.*) What would you with me, Adelaide?

Mrs. H. (*Much agitated.*) No—for heaven's sake! I was not prepared for this. Adelaide!—No, no. For heaven's sake!—Harsh tones alone are suited to a culprit's ear.

Str. (*Endeavouring to give his voice firmness.*) Well, madam!

Mrs. H. Oh! if you will ease my heart, if you will spare and pity me, use reproaches.

Str. Reproaches!—Here they are; here on my sorrow cheek, here on my hollow eye, here in my faded form; these reproaches I could not spare you.

Mrs. H. Were I a hardened sinner, this forbearance would be charity; but I am a suffering penitent, and it overpowers me. Alas! then I must be the herald of my own shame; for where shall I find peace, till I have eased my soul by my confession?

Str. No confession, madam: I release you from every humiliation. I perceive you feel that we must part for ever.

Mrs. H. I know it; nor come I here to supplicate your pardon; nor has my heart contained a ray of hope that you would grant it. All I dare ask is, that you will not curse my memory.

Str. No; I do not curse you: I shall never curse you.

Mrs. H. From the conviction that I am unworthy of your name, I have, during three years abandoned it. But this is not enough: you must have that redress which will enable you to choose another—another wife; in whose chaste arms may

heaven protect your hours in bliss. This paper will be necessary for the purpose; it contains a written acknowledgement of my guilt. (*Offers it trembling.*)

Str. (*Tearing it.*) Perish the record for ever! No, Adelaide; you only have possessed my heart; and I am not ashamed to own it, you alone will reign there for ever. Your own sensations of virtue, your resolute honour, forbid you to profit by my weakness; and even if—Now, by heaven this is beneath a man!—But never, never will another fill Adelaide's place here.

Mrs. H. Then nothing now remains but that one sad, hard, just word—farewell!

Str. Stay a moment. For some months we have, without knowing it, lived near each other. I have learnt much good of you: you have a heart open to the wants of your fellow-creatures. I am happy that it is so: you shall not be without the power of gratifying your benevolence. I know you have a spirit that must shrink from a state of obligation. This paper, to which the whole remnant of my fortune is pledged, secures your independence, Adelaide; and let the only recommendation of the gift be, that it will administer to you the means of indulging in charity, the divine propensity of your nature.

Mrs. H. Never! To the labour of my hands alone will I owe my sustenance. A morsel of bread, moistened with the tear of penitence, will suffice my wishes, and exceed my merits. It would be an additional reproach to think that I served myself, or even others from the bounty of a man whom I had so deeply injured.

Str. Take it, madam; take it.

Mrs. H. I have deserved this. But I throw myself upon your generosity: have compassion on me!

Str. (*Aside.*) Villain! of what a woman hast thou robbed me! (*Puts up the paper.*) Well, madam, I respect your sentiments, and withdraw my request; but on condition, that if ever you shall be in want of anything, I may be the first and only person in the world to whom you will make application.

Mrs. H. I promise it, my lord.

Str. And now I may, at least, desire you to take back what is your own—your jewels. (*Gives her the casket.*)

Mrs. H. (*Opens it in violent agitation, and her tears burst upon it.*) How well do I recollect the sweet evening when you gave me these! That evening my father joined our hands, and joyfully I pronounced the oath of eternal fidelity: it is broken. This locket you gave me on my birthday: that was a happy day. We had a country feast: how cheerful we all were! This bracelet I received after my William was born!—No! take them, take them! I cannot keep these, unless you wish that the sight of them should be an incessant reproach to my almost broken heart. (*Gives them back.*)

Str. (*Aside.*) I must go: my soul and pride will hold no longer. (*Turning towards her.*) Farewell!

Mrs. H. Oh! but one minute more! an answer to but one more question. Feel for a mother's heart!—Are my children still alive?

Str. Yes, they are alive.

Mrs. H. And well?

Str. Yes, they are well.

Mrs. H. Heaven be praised! William must be much grown?

Str. I believe so.

Mrs. H. What, have you not seen them?—And little Amelia, is she still your favourite? (*The*

Stranger, who is in violent agitation throughout this scene, remains in silent contention between honour and affection.) Oh! let me behold them once again! let me once more kiss the features of their father in his babes, and I will kneel to you, and part with them for ever. (She kneels, and he raises her.)

Stra. Willingly, Adelaide! This very night: I expect the children every minute. They have been brought up near this spot. I have already sent my servant for them: he might, ere this time, have returned. I pledge my word to send them to the castle, as soon as they arrive; there, if you please, they may remain till day-break to-morrow, then they must go with me. *(The Countess and Bar. S., who, at a little distance, have listened to the whole conversation with the warmest sympathy, exchange signals. Baron S. goes into the hut, and soon returns with FRANCIS and the children: he gives the girl to the*

Countess, who places herself behind the Stranger; he himself walks with the boy behind Mrs. Haller.)

Mrs. H. In this world, then, we have no more to say—*(Seizing his hand.)*—Forget a wretch, who never will forget you: and when my penance shall have broken my heart; when we again meet in a better world—

Stra. There, Adelaide, you may be mine again.

Mrs. H. and Stra. Oh! oh! *(Parting. But, as they are going, she encounters the boy, and he the girl.)*

Children. Dear father! dear mother!

[They press the children in their arms with speechless affection; then tear themselves away, gaze at each other, spread their arms, and rush into an embrace. The Children run, and cling round their parents.—Exeunt.]

VENICE PRESERVED.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY THOMAS OTWAY.



Bel.—"I'M SACRIFICED! I'M SOLD! BETRAY'D TO SHAME!"—*Act III, scene 1.*

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRIULI.
PIERRE.
JAFFIER.
RENAULT.

SPINOSA.
BEDAMAR.
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.
OFFICER.
ELLIOT.

THEODOR.
MEZZANA.
DURAND.
CONSPIRATORS.
BELVIDERA.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter PRIULI and JAFFIER.

Pri. No more: I'll hear no more. Be gone, and leave me.

Jaf. Not hear me? By my sufferings but you shall!

*My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance
throws*

*Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?*

Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself,
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wrong'd you?

Pri. Yes, wrong'd me! In the nicest point,

The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you look'd
on,

By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing virtue, I receiv'd you;
Court'd, and sought to raise you to your merits;
My house, my table, nay, my fortune, too;
My very self was yours; you might have us'd me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me;
Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh, Belvidera!

Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her;
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.

You may remember, scarce five years are past,
 Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
 The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
 And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
 Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat
 You made for safety: enter'd first yourself,
 Th' affrighted Belvidera following next,
 As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
 Was, by a wave, wash'd off into the deep;
 When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
 And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
 Redeem'd her life to half the loss of mine.
 Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
 And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
 That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.
 I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
 Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
 Rose in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,
 Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,

At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose
 To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
 May all your joys in her prove false, like mine:
 A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
 Attend you both; continual discord make
 Your days and nights bitter and grievous; still
 May the hard hand of a vexatious need
 Oppress and grind you; till at last, you find
 The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestow'd in vain:

Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful loves
 With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty;
 May he live to prove more gentle than his grand-
 sire,

And happier than his father.

Pri. Rather live,
 To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
 With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
 Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould, by heav'n!

Jaf. Would I were in my grave!

Pri. And she, too, with thee:

For, living here, you're but my curst remembran-
 cers,

I once was happy.

Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
 Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
 My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
 Oh! could my soul ever have known satiety;
 Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs,
 As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
 But I might send her back to you with contumely,
 And court my fortune where she would be kinder?
Pri. You dare not do't.

Jaf. Indeed, my lord I dare not.

My heart that awes me, is too much my master:
 Three years are past, since first our vows were
 plighted,

During which time, the world must bear me
 witness,

I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
 The daughter of a senator of Venice:
 Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
 Due to her birth, she always has commanded.
 Out of my little fortune I've done this;
 Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
 The world might see I loved her for herself;
 Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.

Pri. No more.

Jaf. Yes, all: and then adieu for ever.
 There's not a wretch that lives on common charity,

But's happier than me: for I have known
 The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
 Have slept with soft content about my head,
 And never walk'd but to a joyful morning;
 Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
 Whose Blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the
 ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
 Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
 Those pageants of thy folly:
 Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife
 To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
 Then, to some suburb cottage both retire;
 Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats and
 starve—
 Home, home, I say.

[Exit.

Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me—
 This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
 But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
 Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors,
 Watchful as fowlers when their game will spring.
 I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
 Yet still I am in love and pleas'd with ruin.
 Oh, Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife;
 And we will bear our wayward fate together,
 But ne'er know comfort more.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. My friend, good-morrow;
 How fares the honest partner of my heart?
 What, melancholy? not a word to spare me?

Jaf. I'm thinking Pierre, how that damn'd
 starving quality,

Call'd honesty, good footing in the world.

Pier. Why, powerful villainy, first set it up,
 For its own ease and safety. Honest men
 Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
 Repose and fatten. Were all mankind villains,
 They'd starve each other; lawyers would want
 practice,

Out-throats reward; each man would kill his
 brother

Himself; none would be paid or hang'd for
 murder.

Honesty! 'twas a cheat invented first
 To bind the hands of bold, deserving rogues,
 That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
 And lord it uncontroll'd above their betters.

Jaf. Then honesty is but a notion?

Pier. Nothing else;

Like wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd:
 He that pretends to most, too, has least share in't,
 'Tis a ragged virtue. Honesty! no more on't.

Jaf. Sure, thou art honest!

Pier. So, indeed, men think me;

But they're mistaken, Jaffier: I'm a rogue
 As well as they;

A fine, gay, bold-fac'd villain, as thou seest me.
 'Tis true, I pay my debts, when they're contracted;
 I steal from no man; would not cut a throat,
 To gain admission to a great man's purse,
 Or a whore's bed! I'd not betray my friend,
 To get his place or fortune; I scorn to flatter
 A blown-up fool above me, or crush the wretch
 beneath me;

Yet, Jaffier, for all this, I'm a villain.

Jaf. A villain!

Pier. Yes, a most notorious villain;
 To see the sufferings of my fellow creatures,
 And own myself a man: to see our senators
 Cheat the deluded people with a shew
 Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.
 They say, by them our hands are free from fetters;

Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow;
Drive us, like wrecks, down the rough tide of
power,

Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction.
All that bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
That make us slaves, and tell us, 'tis our charter.

Jaf. I think no safety can be here for virtue,
And grieve, my friend, as much as thou, to live
In such a wretched state as this of Venice,
Where all agree to spoil the public good;
And villains fatten with the brave man's labours.

Pier. We've neither safety, unity, nor peace;
For the foundation's lost of common good:
Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us;
The laws (corrupted to their ends that make 'em)
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
That ev'ry day starts up, 't'enslave us deeper.
Now could this glorious cause but find out friends,
'I o do it right, oh, Jaffer! then might'st thou
Not wear these seals of woe upon thy face;
The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
And learn to value such a son as thou art.
I dare not speak, but my heart bleeds this mo-
ment.

Jaf. Curs'd be the cause, though I thy friend be
part on't:

Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
For I am us'd to misery, and perhaps
May find a way to sweeten't to thy spirit.

Pier. Too soon 'twill reach thy knowledge.
Jaf. Then from these
Let it proceed. There's virtue in thy friendship,
Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.

Pier. Then thou art ruined!
Jaf. That I long since knew;
I and ill fortune have long been acquainted.

Pier. I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;
The sons of public rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
Nay, more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale;
There was another, making villainous jests
At thy undoing: he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient, most domestic ornaments,
Rich hangings intermix'd and wrought with
gold;

'The very bed, which on thy wedding night
Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy, dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Jaf. Now thank heaven—

Pier. Thank heaven! for what?

Jaf. That I'm not worth a ducat.

Pier. Curse thy dull stars, and the worse fate of
Venice,
Where brothers, friends, and fathers, all are
false;
Where there's no truth, no trust; where inno-
cence

Stoops under vile oppression, and vice lords it.
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how, at last,
Thy beautiful Belvidera, like a wretch,
That's doomed to banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through tears, like April suns in showers,
That labour to o'ercome the cloud that loads 'em:

Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she
lean'd,

Kindly look'd up, and at her grief grew sad,
As if they catch'd the sorrows that fell from her.
Ev'n the lewd rabble, that were gather'd round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld
her;

Govern'd their roaring throats, and grumbled
pity.

I could have hugg'd the greasy rogues: they pleas'd
me.

Jaf. I think thee for this story, from my soul;
Since now I know the worst that can befall me.
Ah, Pierre! I have a heart that could have borne
The roughest wrong my fortune could have done
me;

But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
I own myself a coward: bear my weakness:
If throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my sorrows.

Pier. Burn,
First, burn and level Venice to thy ruin.
What, starve like beggars' brats, in frosty weather,
Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death!
Thou or thy cause shall never want assistance.
Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee:
Command my heart, thou'rt every way its master.

Jaf. No, there's a secret pride in bravely dying.
Pier. Rats die in holes and corners, dogs run
mad;

Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow:
Revenge, the attribute of gods; they stamp'd it,
With their great image, on our natures. Die!
Consider well the cause, that calls upon thee:
And, if thou'rt base enough, die then. Remember
Thy Belvidera suffers; Belvidera!
Die—damn first—What! be decently interr'd
In a church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues, that rot in winding-sheets,
Surfeit-slain fools, the common dung o' th' soil!

Jaf. Oh!

Pier. Well said, out with't, swear a little.
Jaf. Swear! By sea and air; by earth, by heav'n,
and hell,

I will revenge my Belvidera's tears.
Hark thee, my friend—Priuli—is—a senator.

Pier. A dog.

Jaf. Agreed.

Pier. Shoot him.

Jaf. With all my heart.

No more; where shall we meet at night?

Pier. I'll tell thee;

On the Rialto, every night at twelve,
I take my evening's walk of meditation;
There we two will meet, and talk of precious
Mischiefs.

Jaf. Farewell.

Pier. At twelve.

Jaf. At any hour; my plagues

Will keep me waking. [Exit Pierre]

Tell me why, good heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man? Ah, rather, why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burthens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on
me?

Is this just dealing, nature?—Belvidera!
Poor Belvidera!

Enter BELVIDERA.
Bel. Lead me, lead me, my virgins,

To that kind voice. My lord, my love, my refuge!

Happy my eyes, when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh smile! as when our loves were in their spring.

And cheer my fainting soul.

Jaf. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has then our fortune chang'd?

Art thou not Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?

If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?

Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,

When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
Beats not my heart, as 'twould alarm thine
To a new charge of bliss?—I joy more in thee
Than did thy mother, when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the gods for all her travail past.

Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?

Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven:
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;

I have so much, my heart will surely break with't:

Vows can't express it. When I would declare
How great's my joy, I'm dumb with the big thought;

I swell, and sigh, and labour with my longings.
O! lead me to some desert wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every listening planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught:
Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,
Give loose to love, with kisses kindling joy,
And let off all the fire that's in my heart.

Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,

Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banish'd by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,

For charitable succour; wilt thou, then,
When in a bed of straw, we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads:

Wilt thou, then, talk thus to me? Wilt thou, then,
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Bel. Oh! I will love thee, even in madness love thee:

Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should 'sauge itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,

Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swell'd with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

Jaf. Hear this, you heaven! and wonder how you made her:

Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine!
Like gaudy ships th' obsequious billows fall,
And rise again to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you;
I, in my private bark, already wreck'd,
Like a poor merchant driven to unknown land,
That had by chance, pack'd up his choicest treasure

In one dear casket, and sav'd only that;
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my fate no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Rialto.*

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. I'm here; and thus the shades of night around me,

I look as if all hell were in my heart,
And I in hell. Nay, surely, 'tis so with me!—
For every step I tread, methinks some fiend
Knocks at my breast, and bids me not be quiet.
I've heard how desperate wretches, like myself,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of night,
To meet the foe of mankind in his walk.

Sure I'm so curs'd, that though of heaven forsaken,

No minister of darkness cares to tempt me.
Hell, hell! why sleep'st thou?

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Sure I've staid too long:
The clock has struck, and I may lose my proselyte.

Speak, who goes there?

Jaf. A dog, that comes to howl
At yonder moon. What's he that asks the question?

Pier. A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,

And ne'er betray their masters: never fawn
On any that they love not. Well met, friend;
Jaffier!

Jaf. The same.

Pier. Where's Belvidera?

Jaf. For a day or two
I've lodg'd her privately, till I see further
What fortune will do for me. Pr'ythee, friend,
If thou wouldst have me fit to hear good counsel,
Speak not of Belvidera.

Pier. Not of her!

Jaf. Oh, no.

Pier. Not name her! May be I wish her well.

Jaf. Whom well?

Pier. Thy wife; thy lovely Belvidera.

I hope a man may wish his friend's wife well,
And no harm done.

Jaf. Your's merry, Pierre.

Pier. I am so;

Thou shalt smile, too, and Belvidera smile:

We'll all rejoice. Here's something to buy pins;
 Marriage is chargeable. *(Gives him a purse.)*

Jaf. I but half wish'd
 To see the devil, and he's here already. Well?
 What must this buy? Rebellion, murder, treason?
 Tell me, which way I must be damn'd for this.

Pier. When last we parted, we'd no qualms like these,

But entertain'd each other's thoughts like men
 Whose souls were well acquainted. Is the world
 Reform'd since our last meeting? What new mi-
 racles

Have happen'd? Has Priuli's heart relented?
 Can he be honest?

Jaf. Kind heav'n, let heavy curses
 Gail his old age; cramps, aches, rack his bones,
 And bitterest disquiet wring his heart.

Oh! let him live till life become his burden:

Let him groan under't long, linger an age
 In the worst agonies and pangs of death,
 And find its cause, but late.

Pier. Nay, couldst thou not
 As well, my friend, have stretch'd the curse to all
 The senate round, as to one single villain?

Jaf. But curses stick not: could I kill with cursing,

By heaven, I know not thirty heads in Venice
 Should not be blasted! Senators should rot
 Like dogs on dunghills. Oh, for a curse
 To kill with!

Pier. Daggers, daggers are much better.

Jaf. Ha!

Pier. Daggers.

Jaf. But where are they?

Pier. Oh, a thousand

May be dispos'd of, in honest hands, in Venice.

Jaf. Thou talk'st in clouds.

Pier. But yet, a heart, half wrong'd
 As thine has been, would find the meaning, Jaffier.

Jaf. A thousand daggers, all in honest hands!
 And have not I a friend will stick one here?

Pier. Yes, if I thought thou wert not cherish'd
 T' a nobler purpose, I would be thy friend;
 But thou hast better friends: friends, whom thy
 wrongs

Have made thy friends! friends, worthy to be call'd
 so.

I'll trust thee with a secret: There are spirits
 This hour at work.—But as thou art a man,
 Whom I have pick'd and chosen from the world,
 Swear thou wilt be true to what I utter;
 And when I've told thee that which only gods,
 And men like gods, are privy to, then swear
 No chance or change shall wrest it from thy
 bosom.

Jaf. When thou wouldst bind me, is there need
 of oaths?

For thou'rt so near my heart, that thou may'st
 see

Its bottom, sound its strength and firmness to
 thee.

Is coward, fool, or villain in my face?

If I seem none of these, I dare believe
 Thou wouldst not use me in a little cause,

For I am fit for honour's toughest task,
 Nor ever yet found fooling was my province;

And for a villainous, inglorious enterprise,
 I know thy heart as well, I dare lay mine

Before thee, set it to what point thou wilt.

Pier. Nay, 'tis a cause thou wilt be fond of,
 Jaffier;

For it is founded on the noblest basis;
 Our liberties, our natural inheritance.

There's no religion, no hypocrisy in't:

We'll do the business, and ne'er fast and pray
 for't;

Openly act a deed, the world shall gaze
 With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

Jaf. For liberty!

Pier. For liberty, my friend.

Thou shalt be free from base Priuli's tyranny,
 And thy sequester'd fortunes heal'd again:
 I shall be free from those opprobrious wrongs
 That press me now, and bend my spirits down-
 ward:

All Venice free, and ever growing merit
 Succeed to its just right: fools shall be pull'd
 From wisdom's seat; those baleful unclean birds,
 Those lazy owls, who, perch'd near fortune's top,
 Sit only watchful with their heavy wings
 To cuff down new-fledg'd virtues that would rise
 To nobler heights, and make the grove harmo-
 nious.

Jaf. What can I do?

Pier. Canst thou not kill a senator?

Jaf. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill
 him,

For herding with that nest of fools and knaves.

By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
 Were to be had; and the brave story warms me.

Pier. Swear, then!

Jaf. I do, by all those glittering stars,
 And you great ruling planet of the night;
 By all good pow'rs above, and all below;
 By love and friendship, dearer than my life,
 No pow'r or death shall make me false to thee.

Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my
 heart.

A council's held hard by, where the destruction
 Of this great empire's hatching: there I'll lead
 thee.

But be a man! for thou'rt to mix with men

Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,

And rule it when it's wildest.

Jaf. I give thee thanks

For this kind warning. Yes, I'll be a man;
 And charge thee, Pierre, whene'er thou seest my
 fears

Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine
 Out of my breast, and shew it for a coward's.
 Come, let's be gone, for from this hour I chase
 All little thoughts, all tender human follies
 Out of my bosom: Vengeance shall have room.
 Revenge!

Pier. And liberty!

Jaf. Revenge—revenge!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Aquilina's House.*

Enter BENAULT.

Ren. Why was my choice ambition? the worst
 ground

A wretch can build on! It's, indeed, at distance,
 A goodly prospect, tempting to the view:
 The height delights us, and the mountain top
 Looks beautiful, because it's high to heav'n.
 But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation,
 What storm will batter, and what tempest shake
 us.

Who's there?

Enter SPINOSA.

Spin. Benault, good morrow, for by this time
 I think the scale of night has turn'd the balance,
 And weighs up morning. Has the clock struck
 twelve?

Ren. Yes; clocks will go as they are set; but
 man,

Irregular man's ne'er constant, never certain

I've spent at least three precious hours of darkness
In waiting dull attendance: 'tis the curse
Of diligent virtue to be mix'd, like mine,
With giddy tempers, souls but half resolv'd.

Spin. Hell seize that soul amongst us it can
frighten.

Ren. What's then the cause that I am here alone?
Why are not we together?

Enter ELLIOT.

O, sir, welcome!

You are an Englishman; when treason's hatching,
One might have thought you'd not have been be-
hindhand.

In what whore's lap have you been lolling?

Give but an Englishman his whore and ease,
Beef, and a sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever.

Ell. Frenchman, you are saucy.

Ren. How! *(Puts his hand on his sword.)*

*Enter BEDAMAR, the Ambassador; and the rest
of the Conspirators. Spinosa is endeavouring to
pacify Elliot; Bedamar goes behind Elliot and
Spinosa.*

Bed. At difference? Fie!

Is this a time for quarrels? Thieves and rogues
Fall out and brawl: should men of your high call-
ing,

Men separated by the choice of Providence
From the gross heap of mankind, and set here
In this assembly as in one great jewel,
T'adorn the bravest purpose it e'er smil'd on;
Should you, like boys, wrangle for trifles?

Ren. Boys!

Bed. Renault, thy hand.

Ren. I thought I'd given my heart
Long since to every man that mingles here;
But grieve to find it trusted with such tempers,
That can't forgive my froward age its weakness.

Bed. Elliot, thou once hadst virtue. I have seen
Thy stubborn temper bent with godlike goodness,
Not half thus courted. 'Tis thy nation's glory
To hug the foe that offers brave alliance.

*(They advance in front of Bedamar, and give
their hands.)*

One more embrace, my friends—we'll all embrace.
United thus, we are the mighty engine
Must twist this rooted empire from its basis.
Totters not it already?

Ell. Would 'twere tumbling.

Bed. Nay, 't shall down; this night we seal its
ruin.

Enter PIERRE.—All bow to him.

Oh, Pierre, thou art welcome.
Come to my breast, for by its hopes thou look'st
Lovely dreadful, and the fate of Venice
Seems on thy sword already. Oh, my Mars!
The poets that first feign'd a god of war,
Sure prophesied of thee.

Pier. Friend, was not Brutus
(I mean that Brutus, who in open senate
Stabb'd the first Cæsar that usurp'd the world.)
A gallant man?

Ren. Yes, and Catiline too;
Though story wrong his fame: for he conspir'd
To prop the reeling glory of his country:
His cause was good.

Bed. And our's as much above it,
As, Renault, thou'rt superior to Cethegus,
Or Pierre to Cassius.

Pier. Then to what we aim at.
When do we start? or must we talk for ever?

Bed. No, Pierre, the deed's near birth; fate seems
to have set

The business up, and given it to our care;
I hope there's not a heart or hand amongst us,
But is firm and ready.

All. All.

We'll die with Bedamar.

Bed. O men,

Matchless! as will your glory be hereafter:
The game is for a matchless prize, if won;
If lost, disgraceful ruin.

Pier. Ten thousand men are armed at your nod,
Commanded all by leaders fit to guide
A battle for the freedom of the world:
This wretched state has starv'd them in its service;
And by your bounty quicken'd, they're resolved
To serve your glory, and revenge their own:
They've all their different quarters in this city,
Watch for th' alarm, and grumble 'tis so tardy.

Bed. I doubt not, friend, but thy unwearied
diligence

Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease;
After this night it is resolv'd we meet
No more, till Venice owns us for her lords.

Pier. How lovely the Adriatic whore,
Dress'd in her flames, will shine! Devouring flames!
Such as shall burn her to a watery bottom,
And hie in her foundation.

Bed. Now if any

Amongst us, that owns this glorious cause,
Have friends or interest he'd wish to save,
Let it be told: the general doom is seal'd;
But I'd forego the hopes of a world's empire,
Rather than wound the bowels of my friend.

Pier. I must confess, there you have touch'd my
weakness.

I have a friend; hear it! such a friend.—
My heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay, I'll tell you;
He knows the very business of this hour;

(All start, and look at each other.)

But he rejoices in the cause, and loves it;
We've chang'd a vow to live and die together,
And he's at hand to ratify it here.

Ren. How! all betray'd!

Pier. No; I've nobly dealt with you;
I've brought my all into the public stock;
I've but one friend, and him I'll share amongst you
Receive and cherish him; or if, when seen
And search'd, you find him worthless: as my
tongue

Has lodg'd this secret in his faithful breast,
To ease your fears, I wear a dagger here
Shall rip it out again, and give you rest.—
Come forth, thou only good I e'er could boast.

Enter JAFFIER, with a dagger.—All bow to him.

Bed. His presence bears the shew of manly
virtue.

Jaf. I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncall'd
I dare approach this place of fatal councils;
But I'm amongst you, and by heav'n, it glads me
To see so many virtues thus united
To restore justice, and dethrone oppression.
Command this sword, if you would have it quiet,
Into this breast; but, if you think it worthy

*(Renault, Elliot, and Spinosa, observe Jaffier
narrowly.)*

To cut the throats of reverend rogues in robes,
Send me into the curs'd assembled senate:
It shrinks not, though I meet a father there.
Would you behold this city flaming? here's
A hand that shall bear a lighted torch at noon
To th' arsenal, and set its gates on fire.

Ren. You talk this well, sir.

Jaf. Nay—by heav'n, I'll do this!
Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces;

You fear me villain, and indeed it's odd
To hear a stranger talk thus, at first meeting,
Of matters that have been so well debated;
But I come ripe with wrongs, as you with counsels.
I hate this senate, am a foe to Venice;
A friend to none, but men resolv'd like me
To push on mischief. Oh! did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!

Bed. Pierre, I must embrace him.

(Advances to Jaffier, and embraces him.)

My heart beats to this man, as if it knew him.

Ren. I never lov'd these huggers.

Jaf. Still I see

The cause delights ye not. Your friends survey
me

As I were dangerous; but I come arm'd
Against all doubts, and to your trust will give

A pledge, worth more than all the world can pay
for.

My Belvidera! Ho! my Belvidera!

Bed. What wonder's next?

Jaf. Let me entreat you,

As I have henceforth hopes to call you friends,

That all but the Ambassador, and this
Grave guide of counsels, with my friends that own
me,

Withdraw awhile to spare a woman's blushes.

(Bedamar signs to them to retire.)

*[Exeunt all but Bedamar, Renault, Jaffier,
and Pierre.]*

Bed. Pierre, whither will this ceremony lead us?

Jaf. My Belvidera! Belvidera!

Bel. (Within.) Who,

Who calls so loud at this late, peaceful hour?

That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers?

And fill my ears with the soft breath of love.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where art
thou?

Jaf. Indeed, 'tis late.

*Bel. Alas! where am I? whither is't you lead
me.*

Methinks I read distraction in your face,
Something less gentle than the fate you tell me.
You shake and tremble, too! your blood runs cold!
Heav'n guard my love, and bless his heart with
patience.

*Jaf. That I have patience, let our fate bear wit-
ness,*

Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I

(Thou, the divinest good man e'er possess'd,

And I, the wretched'st of the race of man)

This very hour, without one tear, must part.

*Bel. Part! must we part? Oh, am I then for-
saken?*

Why drag you from me?

Whither are you going?

My dear! my life! my love!

(Following him, and falling on her knees.)

Jaf. Oh, friends!

Bel. Speak to me.

Jaf. Take her from my heart,

She'll gain such hold else, I shall ne'er get loose.

I charge thee take her, but with tender'st care

Believe her troubles, and assuage her sorrows.

*Ren. Rise, madam, and command amongst your
servants.*

(Renault and Bedamar raise her up.)

*Jaf. To you, sirs, and your honours, I bequeath
her;*

And with her this, whene'er I prove unworthy—

(Gives a dagger to Renault.)

You know the rest—Then strike it to her heart;

And tell her, he who three whole happy years
Lay in her arms, and each kind night repeated
The passionate vows of still increasing love,
Sent that reward for all her truth and sufferings.

*Bel. Nay, take my life, since he has sold it
cheaply.*

Oh! thou unkind one!

Never meet more! have I deserv'd this from
you?

Look on me, tell me, speak, thou fair deceiver—

Why am I separated from thy love?

If I am false, accuse me; but if true,

Don't pry thee don't, in poverty forsake me:

But pity the sad heart that's torn with parting.

Yet hear me, yet recall me—

[Exeunt Renault, Bedamar, and Belvidera.]

Jaf. Oh! my eyes,

Look not that way, but turn yourselves awhile
Into my heart, and be wean'd altogether.

My friend, where art thou?

Pier. Here, my honour'd brother.

Jaf. Is Belvidera gone?

Pier. Renault has led her

Back to her own apartment; but, by heav'n
Thou must not see her more, till our work's
over.

Jaf. No!

Pier. Not for your life.

Jaf. Oh, Pierre! wert thou but she,

How I would pull thee down into my heart,
Gaze on thee, till my eye-strings crack'd with
love;

Then, swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,

Come like a panting turtle to thy breast;

On thy soft bosom hovering, bill and play,

Confess the cause why last I fled away;

Ow'n 'twas a fault, but swear to give it o'er,

And never follow false ambition more.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chamber

Enter BELVIDERA.

*Bel. I'm sacrific'd! I'm sold! betray'd to
shame!*

Inevitable ruin has enclas'd me!

He that should guard my virtue has betray'd it;

Left me! undone me! Oh, that I could hate
him!

Where shall I go? Oh, whither, whither,
wander?

Enter JAFFIER.

*Jaf. Can Belvidera want a resting place,
When these poor arms are ready to receive her?
There was a time—*

*Bel. Yes, yes, there was a time,
When Belvidera's tears, her cries, and sorrows,
Were not despis'd; when, if she chanc'd to sigh,
Or look'd but sad—there was indeed a time,
When Jaffier would have ta'en her in his arms,
Eas'd her declining head upon his breast,
And never left her till he found the cause.*

*Jaf. Oh, Portia, Portia! What a soul was
thine!*

*Bel. That Portia was a woman; and when
Brutus,*

Big with the fate of Rome, (heav'n guard thy
safety!)

Conceal'd from her the labours of his mind;

She let him see her blood was great as his,

Flow'd from a spring as noble, and a heart

Fit to partake his troubles as his love.

Fetch, fetch that dagger back, the dreadful
dower,

Thou gav'st last night in parting with me; strike
it.

Here to my heart; and as the blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure as Cato's daughter's.

Jaf. Oh! Belvidera!

Bel. Why was I last night deliver'd to a vil-
lain?

Jaf. Ha! a villain!

Bel. Yes, to a villain! Why at such an hour
Meets that assembly, all made up of wretches?
Why, I in this hand, and in that a dagger,
Was I deliver'd with such dreadful ceremonies?
"To you, sirs, and to your honours, I bequeath
her,

And with her this: Whene'er I prove unworthy—
You know the rest—then strike it to her heart."

Oh! why's that rest conceal'd from me? Must I
Be made the hostage of a hellish trust?

For such I know I am; that's all my value.

But, by the love and loyalty I owe thee,

I'll free thee from the bondage of the slaves;

Straight to the senate, tell 'em all I know,

All that I think, all that my fears inform me.

Jaf. Is this the Roman virtue; this the blood

That boasts its purity with Cato's daughter?

Would she have e'er betray'd her Brutus?

Bel. No:

For Brutus trusted her. Wert thou so kind,

What would not Belvidera suffer for thee?

Jaf. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all.

Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further;

Think I've a tale to tell will shake thy nature,

Melt all this boasted constancy thou talk'st of,

Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:

Then if thou should'st betray me!—

Bel. Shall I swear?

Jaf. No, do not swear; I would not violate

Thy tender nature with so rude a bond;

But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,

And love thee long, lock this within thy breast;

I've bound myself by all the strictest sacraments,

Divine and human—

Bel. Speak!

Jaf. To kill thy father.

Bel. My father!

Jaf. Nay, the throats of the whole senate

Shall bleed, my Belvidera. He, amongst us,

That spares his father, brother, or his friend,

Is damn'd!

Bel. Oh!

Jaf. Have a care, and shrink not even in thought;

For, if thou dost—

Bel. I know it; thou wilt kill me.

Do; strike thy sword into this bosom; lay me

Death on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe.

Murder my father! though his cruel nature

Has persecuted me to my undoing;

Driven me to basest wants; can I behold him,

With smiles of vengeance, buteber'd in his age?

The sacred fountain of my life destroy'd?

And canst thou shed the blood that gave me being?

Nay, be a traitor, too, and sell thy country?

Can thy great heart descend so vilely low,

Mix with hir'd slaves, braves, and common stab-
bers?

Join with such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,

To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?

Jaf. Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera! I've engag'd

With men of souls; fit to reform the ill

Of all mankind: there's not a heart amongst them

But's stout as death, yet honest as the nature

Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were fashion.

Bel. What's he, to whose curs'd hands last night
thou gav'st me?

Was that well done? Oh, I could tell a story,
Would rouse the lion heart out of its den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury.

Jaf. Speak on, I charge thee.

Bel. O, my love! If e'er

Thy Belvidera's peace deserv'd thy care,
Remove me from this place. Last night, last
night!—

Jaf. Distract me not, but give me all the truth.

Bel. No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the power of that old son of mischief;
No sooner was I laid on my sad bed,
But that vile wretch approach'd me! Then my
heart

Throbb'd with its fears: Oh, how I wept and
sigh'd;

And shrunk and trembled! wish'd in vain for him
That should protect! Thou, alas! wert gone.

Jaf. Patience, sweet heav'n, till I make van-
geance sure.

Bel. He drew the hideous dagger forth, thou
gav'st him,

And with upbraiding smiles, he said, "Behold it;
This is the pledge of a false husband's love:"

And in my arms then press'd, and would have
clasp'd me:

But with my cries, I scar'd his coward heart,
Till he withdrew, and mutter'd vows to hell.

These are thy friends! with these thy life, thy
honour,

Thy love, all stak'd, and all will go to ruin.

Jaf. No more: I charge thee keep this secret
close.

Clear up thy sorrows; look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a friend,

As no complaint were made. No more; retire,
Retire, my life, and doubt not of my honour;

I'll heal thy failings, and deserve thy love.

Bel. Oh! should I part with thee, I fear thou
wilt,

In anger leave me, and return no more.

Jaf. Return no more! I would not live without
thee

Another night, to purchase the creation.

Bel. When shall we meet again?

Jaf. Anon, at twelve

I'll steal myself to thy expecting arms,
Come like a travell'd dove, and bring thee peace.

Bel. Indeed!

Jaf. By all our loves.

Bel. 'Tis hard to part;

But sure no falsehood ever look'd so fairly.

Farewell; remember twelve. [Exit.

Jaf. Let heav'n forget me,
When I remember not thy truth, thy love.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Jaffier!

Jaf. Who calls?

Pier. A friend, that could have wish'd
T' have found thee otherwise employed. What
hunt

A wife on the dull soil! Sure a staunch husband
Of all hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from candles and confections?
What feminine tales hast thou been listening to,
Of unair'd shirts, catarrhs, and tooth-ache, got
By thin-sol'd shoes? Damnation! that a fellow,
Chosen to be a sharer in the destruction
Of a whole people, should sneak thus into corners
To ease his fulsome lusts, and fool his mind.

Jaf. May not a man then trifle out an hour

With a kind woman, and not wrong his calling?

Pier. Not in a cause like ours.

Jaf. Then, friend, our cause

Is in a damn'd condition; for I'll tell thee,
That canker-worm called lechery, has touch'd it;
'Tis tainted vilely. Wouldst thou think it? Be-
nauld,

(That mortified, old, wither'd, winter rogue.)

He visited her last night, like a kind guardian:
Faith! she had some temptation, that's the truth
on't.

Pier. He durst not wrong his trust.

Jaf. 'Twas something late, though,
To take the freedom of a lady's chamber.

Pier. Was she in bed?

Jaf. Yes, faith, in virgin sheets,
White as her bosom, Pierre, dish'd neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste.

Oh! how the old fox stunk, I warrant thee,
When the rank fit was upon him!

Pier. Patience guide me!

He us'd no violence?

Jaf. No, no; out on't, violence!

Play'd with her neck, brush'd her with his grey
beard;

But not a jot of violence.

Pier. Dama him.

Jaf. Ay, so say I; but hush, no more on't.
All hitherto is well, and I believe
Myself no monster yet. Sure it is near the hour
We all should meet for our concluding orders.
Will the ambassador be here in person?

Pier. No, he hast sent commission to that villain,
Renault,

To give the executing charge:
I'd have thee be a man, if possible,
And keep thy temper; for a brave revenge
Ne'er comes too late.

Jaf. Fear not, I am cool as patience.

Pier. He's yonder, coming this way through the
hall;

His thoughts seem full.

Jaf. Prythee retire, and leave me
With him alone; I'll put him to some trial;
See how his rotten part will bear the touching.

Pier. Be careful, then.

(*Exit.*)

Jaf. Nay, never doubt, but trust me.
What! be a devil, take a damning oath
For shedding native blood! Can there be a
sin

In merciful repentance! Oh, this villain!

(*Retires.*)

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. Perverse and peevish! What a slave is
man,

To let his rebel passions master him!
Despatch the tool her husband—that were well.
Who's there?

(*Jaffier advances.*)

Jaf. A man.

Ren. My friend, my near ally,
The hostage of your faith, my beauteous charge, is
very well.

Jaf. Sir, are you sure of that?
Stands she in perfect health? Beats her pulse
even?

Neither too hot nor cold?

Ren. What means that question?

Jaf. Oh! women have fantastic constitutions,
Inconstant in their wishes, always wavering,
And never fix'd. Was it not boldly done,
Even at first sight, to trust the thing I lov'd

(A tempting treasure too) with youth so fierce
And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.

Ren. Who dares accuse me?

Jaf. Curs'd be he that doubts

Thy virtue! I have tried it, and declare,
Where I to choose a guardian of my honour,
I'd put it in thy keeping, for I know thee.

Ren. Know me!

Jaf. Ay, know thee. There's no falsehood in
thee:

Thou look'st just as thou art. Let us embrace.
Now wouldst thou cut my throat, or I cut
thine.

Ren. You dare not do't.

Jaf. You lie, sir.

(*A noise without.*)

Ren. How?

Jaf. No more:

'Tis a base world, and must reform, that's all.

Enter SPINOSA, ELLIOT, THEODORE,
DURAND, REVILLIDO, BRAMVELL, and the
rest of the Conspirators.

Ren. Spinosa! Theodore!

Spin. The same.

Ren. You are welcome.

Spin. You are trembling, sir.

Ren. 'Tis a cold night, indeed, and I am aged;
Full of decay and natural infirmities:

(*They Retire.*)

Re-enter PIERRE.

We shall be warm, my friends, I hope, to-mor-
row.

Pier. 'Twas not well done; thou shouldst have
strok'd him,
And not have gall'd him.

(*Aside to Jaffier.*)

Jaf. Damn him, let him chew on't!

(*Aside to Pierre.*)

Heav'n! where am I? beset with cursed fiends,
That wait to damn me! What a devil's man,
When he forgets his nature!

(*Conspirators advance.*)

Hush, my heart.

Ren. My friends, 'tis late; are we assembled
all?

To-morrow's rising sun must see you all
Deck'd in your honours. Are the soldiers
ready?

Pier. All, all.

Ren. You, Durand, with your thousand, must
possess

St. Mark's; you, captain, know your charge al-
ready;

'Tis to secure the ducal palace:

Be all this done with the least tumult possible,
Till in each place you post sufficient guards:
Then sheathe your swords in every breast you
meet.

Jaf. Oh! reverend cruelty! damn'd bloody vi-
lain!

(*Aside.*)

Ren. During this execution, Durand, you
Must in the midst keep your battalia fast:

And, Theodore, be sure to plant the cannon
That may command the streets;

This done, we'll give the general alarm,
Apply petards, and force the arsenal gates;

Then fire the city round in several places,
Or with our cannon (if he dare resist)

Batter to ruin. But above all, I charge you,
Shed blood enough: spare neither sex nor age,

Name nor condition: If there live a senator
After to-morrow, though the dullest rogue

That e'er said nothing, we have lost our ends.
If possible, let's kill the very name
Of senator, and bury it in blood.

Jaf. Merciless, horrid slave. Ay, blood enough!
Shed blood enough, old Ren: ult! how thou charm'st
me!

(Aside.)

Ren. But one thing more, and then farewell, till
fate

Join us again, or sep'rate us for ever.
Let's all remember,
We wear no common cause upon our swords:
Let each man think that on his single virtue
Depends the good and fame of all the rest;
Eternal honour or perpetual infamy.
You droop, sir.

(To Jaffier.)

Jaf. No; with most profound attention
I've heard it all, and wonder at thy virtue.
Oh, Belvidera! take me to thy arms,
And shew me where's my peace, for I have lost
it.

[Aside and exit.]

Ren. Without the least remorse, then, let's re-
solve
With fire and sword to exterminate these tyrants:
Under whose weight this wretched country la-
bours;

The means are only in our hands to crown them.
Pier. And may those pow'rs above that are pro-
pitious

To gallant minds, record this cause and bless it.

Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish
for,
Should there, my friends, be found among us
one

False to this glorious enterprise, what fate,
What vengeance were enough for such a vil-
lain?

All. Death here without repentance, hell here-
after.

Ren. Let that be my lot, if, as here I stand,
Listed by fate among her darling sons,
Though I had one only brother, dear by all
The strictest ties of nature; could I have such a
friend

Join'd in this cause, and had but ground to fear,
He meant foul play; may this right hand drop from
me,

If I'd not hazard all my future peace,
And stab him to the heart before you. Who,
Who would do less? Wouldst thou not, Pierre,
the same?

Pier. You've singled me, sir, out for this hard
question,

As if 'twere started only for my sake.

Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my
bosom,

Search it with all your swords. Am I a traitor?

Ren. No: but I fear your late commended friend
Is little less. Come, sirs, 'tis now no time
To trifle with our safety. Where's this Jaffier?

Spin. He left the room just now, in strange dis-
order.

Ren. Nay, there is danger in him; I observ'd
him

During the time I took for explanation:
He was transported from most deep attention
To a confusion which he could not smother,
His looks grew full of sadness and surprise,
All which betray'd a wavering spirit in him,
That labour'd with reluctance and sorrow.
What's requisite for safety must be done
—peedy execution: he remains

Yet in our power: I, for my own part, wear
A dagger—

(Taking out the dagger Jaf. gave him.)

Pier. Well?

Ren. And I could wish it—

Pier. Where?

Ren. Buried in his heart.

Pier. Away!

(Takes the dagger from him, and puts it in his pocket.)

We're yet all friends;

No more of this, 'twill breed ill blood among us.

Spin. Let us all draw our swords, and search the
house,

Pull him from the dark hole where he sits
brooding

O'er his cold fears, and each man kill his share of
him.

Pier. Who talks of killing? Whose he'll shed the
blood

That's dear to me? Is't you, or you, or you, sir?

What! not one speak? how you stand gaping all

On your grave oracle, your wooden god there!

Yet not a word? Then, sir, I'll tell you a secret;

Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue.

(To Renault.)

Ren. A coward!

(Handles his sword.)

Pier. Put up thy sword, old man;

Thy hand shakes at it. Come, let's heal this
breach;

I am too hot: we yet may all live friends.

Spin. Till we are safe, our friendship cannot be
so.

Pier. Again! Who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

Theo. And I.

Ren. And I.

All. And all.

Ren. Who are on my side?

Spin. Every honest sword.

Let's die like men, and not be sold like slaves.

Pier. One such word more, by heav'n I'll to the
senate.

And hang ye all, like dogs, in clusters.

(They half draw their swords.)

Why peep your coward swords half out their
shells?

Why do you not all brandish them like mine?

You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing.

Ren. Go to the senate and betray us! haste!

Secure thy wretched life; we fear to die

Less than thou dar'st be honest.

(Going.)

Pier. That's rank falsehood.

(Seizes Renault's arm.)

Fear'st thou not death? Fie! there's a knavish
itch

In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting,
Had Jaffier's wife prov'd kind, he'd still been
true.

Faugh, how that stinks! Thou die? thou kill my
friend?

Or thou? or thou? with that lean wither'd face?

Away! disperse all to your several charges,

And meet to-morrow where your honour calls you.
I'll bring that man whose blood you so much thirst
for,

And you shall see him venture for you fairly.

Hence! hence, I say?

(Exit Renault, angrily.)

Spin. I fear we've been to blame,

And done too much.

Theo. 'Twas too far urg'd against the man you
lov'd.

Ren. Here, take our swords, and crush them
with your feet.

Spin. Forgive us, gallant friend.

Pier. Nay, now you've found

The way to melt and cast me as you will.

Whence arose all this discord?

Oh, what a dangerous precipice have we 'scap'd!

How near a fall was all we'd long been building!

What an eternal blot had stain'd our glories,

If one, the bravest and the best of men,

Had fall'n a sacrifice to rash suspicion,

Butcher'd by those whose cause he came to
cherish!

Come but to-morrow, all your doubts shall end,

And to your loves me better recommend,

That I've preserv'd your fame, and sav'd my friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rialto.*

Enter JAFFIER and BELVIDERA.

Jaf. Where dost thou lead me? Every step I
move,

Methinks I tread upon some mangled limb

Of a rack'd friend. Oh, my charming ruin!

Where are we wandering?

Bel. To eternal honour;

To do a deed shall chronicle thy name

Among the glorious legends of those few

That have sav'd sinking nations. Thy renown

Shall be the future song of all the virgins,

Who by thy piety have been preserv'd

From horrid violation. Every street

Shall be adorn'd with statues to thy honour;

And at thy feet this great inscription written,

"Remember him that propp'd the fall of Venice."

Jaf. Rather, remember him, who, after all

The sacred bonds of oaths, and hollier friendship,

In fond compassion to a woman's tears,

Forgot his manhood, virtue, truth, and honour,

To sacrifice the bosom that reliev'd him.

Why wilt thou damn me?

Bel. Oh, inconstant man!

How will you promise; how will you deceive!

Do, return back, replace me in my bondage,

Tell all thy friends how dangerously thou lov'st
me,

And let thy dagger do its bloody office.

Or if thou think'st it nobler, let me live,

Till I'm a victim to the hateful lust

Of that infernal devil.

Last night, my love!

Jaf. Name, name it not again:

It shows a beastly image to my fancy,

Will wake me into madness.

Destruction, swift destruction,

Fall on my coward head if I forgive him!

Bel. Delay no longer, then, but to the senate,

And tell the dismal'st story ever utter'd:

Tell 'em what bloodahed, rapines, desolations,

Have been prepar'd: how near's the fatal hour.

Save thy poor country, save the reverend blood

Of all its nobles, which to-morrow's dawn

Must else see shed.

Jaf. Oh! think what then may prove my lot:

By all heav'n's powers, prophetic truth dwells in
thee;

For every word thou speak'st strikes through my
heart;

Just what thou'st made me, take me, Belvidera,

And lead me to the place where I'm to say

This bitter lesson; where I must betray

My truth, my virtue, constancy, and friends.

Must I betray my friend? Ah! take me quickly:
Secure me well before that thought's renew'd;
If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

Bel. Hast thou a friend more dear than Belvi-
dera?

Jaf. No: thou'rt my soul itself; wealth, friend-
ship, honour,

All present joys, and earnest of all future,

Are summ'd in these.

Enter Officers and Guards.

Off. Stand! who goes there?

Bel. Friends.

Off. But what friends are you?

Bel. Friends to the senate, and the state of Ve-
nice.

Off. My orders are to seize on all I find

At this late hour, and bring 'em to the council,

Who are now sitting.

Jaf. Sir, you shall be obeyed.

Now the lot's cast, and fate, do what thou wilt.

[*Exeunt, guarded.*]

SCENE II.—*The Senate-house, where appear sit'ing,
the Duke of VENICE, PRIULI, and other Sena-
tors.*

Duke. Anthony Priuli, Senators of Venice,
Speak, why are we assembled here this night?

What have you to inform us of, concerns

The state of Venice' honour, or its safety?

Pri. Could words express the story I've to tell
you,

Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears

That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause

We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,

And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down

On the sad earth, and cry aloud to heav'n:

Heav'n knows, if yet there be an hour to come

Ere Venice be no more.

All Sen. How!

Pri. Nay, we stand

Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.

Within this city's form'd a dark conspiracy,

To massacre us all, our wives and children,

Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples

To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fix'd;

The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this mo-
ment,

And the wild waste begun. From unknown
hands

I had this warning; but, if we are men

Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do something

That may inform the world, in after ages,

Our virtue was not ruin'd, though we were.

[*A noise without.*]

Capt. Room, room, make room for some pri-
soners!

[*Without.*]

Enter Officer and Guards.

Duke. Speak, there. What disturbance?

Off. Two prisoners have the guards seized in the
street,

Who say, they come to inform this reverend council
About their present danger.

All Sen. Give 'em entrance.

Enter JAFFIER, Captain and Guards.

Well, who are you?

Jaf. A villain!

Would every man that hears me,

Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

Duke. 'Tis rumour'd, that a plot has been con-
triv'd

Against this state; and you've a share in't, too.

If you are a villain, to redeem your honour,
Unfold the truth, and be restor'd with mercy.

Jaf. Think not, that I to save my life came hither;

I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice;
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.

Duke. The slave capitulates;
Give him the tortures.

Jaf. That you dare not do;
Your fear won't let you, nor the longing itch
To hear a story which you dread the truth of:
Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.

Cowards are scar'd with threatenings; boys are whip'd

Into confessions; but a steady mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body's counsel.
Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing
Again, by heav'n I'll shut these lips for ever.
Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels,
Shall force a groan away, that you may guess at

Duke. Name your conditions.

Jaf. For myself full pardon,
Besides the lives of two-and-twenty friends,
Whose names are here enroll'd. Nay, let their crimes,

Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
And sacred promises of this reverend council,
That, in a full assembly of the senate
The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secret of your danger.

Duke. Propose the oath.

Jaf. By all the hopes
Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
Swear. Ye swear!

All Sen. We swear. *(All the Council bow.)*

Jaf. And, as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be bless'd,
Or curs'd for ever.

All Sen. Else be curs'd for ever.

(They bow again.)

Jaf. Then here's the list, and with't the full disclosure
Of all that threatens you.

(Delivers a paper to the Officer, who gives it to the Duke.)

Now, fate, thou hast caught me.

Duke. Give order that all diligent search be made

To seize these men; their characters are public.

(The Duke gives the first paper to the Officer.)

The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of a fam'd Grecian courtesan,
Call'd Aquilina; see that place secur'd.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning
To be our prisoner.

Jaf. Would the chains of death
Had bound me safe, ere I had known this minute!

Duke. Captain, withdraw your prisoner.

Jaf. Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me;

Where I may doze out what I've left of life.
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehood.
Cruel remembrance! how shall I appease thee?

(Exit, guarded.)

Off. (Without.) More traitors; room, room! make room there!

Duke. How's this? guards!

Where are your guards? Shut up the gates: the treason's
Already at our doors.

Enter Officer.

Off. My lords, more traitors,
Seiz'd in the very act of consultation;
Furnish'd with arms, and instruments of mischief.
Bring in the prisoners.

Enter ELLIOT, THEODORE, RENAULT, REVILLIDO, PIERRE, and other conspirators, in fetters.

Pier. You, my lords, and fathers
(As you are pleas'd to call yourselves) of Venice;
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often labour'd in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumph ye bestow
On those that bring you conquest home, and honours?

Duke. Go on; you shall be heard, sir.

Sen. And hang'd too, I hope.

Pier. Are these the trophies I've deserv'd for fighting

Your battles with confederated powers?

When winds and seas conspir'd to overthrow you:
And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbours;

When you, great duke, shrank trembling in your palace,

And saw your wife, the Adriatic plough'd,
Like a lewd whore, by bolder prow than yours;
Stepp'd not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
The task of honour, and the way of greatness?

Rais'd you from your capitulating fears
To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?

And this my recompense! If I'm a traitor,
Produce my charge; or shew the wretch that's base

And brave enough to tell me I'm a traitor.

Duke. Know you one Jaffier?

(Conspirators murmur.)

Pier. Yes, and know his virtues.
His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings

From a hard father taught me first to love him.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Enter JAFFIER, guarded.

Pier. Mr friend, too, bound! nay, then
Our fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall.
Why droops the man whose welfare's so much mine,

They're but one thing? These reverend tyrants,
Jaffier,

Call us traitors: art thou one, my brother?

Jaf. To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave,
That e'er betray'd a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.

All our fair hopes which morning was to have crown'd,

Has this curs'd tongue o'erthrown.

Pier. So, then, all's over:

Venice has lost her freedom, I my life.

No more: Farewell!

Duke. Say: will you make confession
Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy.

Pier. Curs'd be your senate! curs'd your constitution:

The curse of growing factions and divisions,
Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,

And make the robes of government you wear
Hateful to you, as these base chains to me

Duke. Pardon, or death?

Pier. Death! honourable death!

Ren. Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give;

No shameful bonds, but honourable death.

Duke. Break up the council. *Captain*, guard your prisoners.

Jaffier, you're free, but these must wait for judgment.

[The Captain takes off Jaffier's chains. The Duke and Council go away through the arch. The Conspirators, all but Jaffier and Pierre, go off, guarded.]

Pier. Come, where's my dungeon? Lead me to my straw:

It will not be the first time I've lodg'd hard
To do the senate service.

Jaf. Hold, one moment.

Pier. Who's he disputes the judgment of the senate?

Presumptuous rebel! *(Strikes Jaffier.)* On! *(To officer.)*

Jaf. By heav'n, you stir not;
I must be heard; I must have leave to speak.
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, with a vile blow:
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me;

For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries:
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me:
And as there dwells a god-like nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pier. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,

That would encroach upon my credulous ears.
And canst thou thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not!
Leave, hypocrite!

Jaf. Not know me, Pierre?

Pier. No, I know thee not. What art thou?

Jaf. Jaffier, thy friend! thy once-lov'd, valu'd friend;

Though now deservedly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

Pier. Thou Jaffier! thou, my once-lov'd, valu'd friend!

By heaven, thou liest! the man so call'd, my friend,

Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely:
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou,—a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,

Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect!
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.

Pr'ythee avoid; nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaf. I have not wrong'd thee; by these tears I have not.

Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me? Dar'st thou call thyself

That once lov'd, valu'd friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence these chains?

Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?

Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaf. All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking

Pier. What's that?

Jaf. To take thy life, on such conditions

The council have propos'd: thou and thy friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain, for the privilege to breathe!
And carry up and down this cursed city,
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burthensome to itself, a few years longer:
To lose it, may be at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!

No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like these are fit to live in't.

Jaf. By all that's just—

Pier. Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaf. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,

Till, to thyself, at least thou'rt reconcil'd,
However thy resentment deal with me.

Pier. Not leave me!

Jaf. No, thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;

Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty:

Lie at thy feet, and kiss 'em though they spurn me,

Till wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pier. Art thou not—

Jaf. What?

Pier. A traitor!

Jaf. Yes.

Pier. A villain?

Jaf. Granted.

Pier. A coward, a most scandalous coward;
Spiritless, void of honour: one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame, for shameless life?

Jaf. All, all, and more, much more: my faults are
numberless.

Pier. And would'st thou have me live on terms
like thine?

Base, as thou art false—

Jaf. No: 'tis to me that's granted:

The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

Pier. I scorn it more, because preserved by thee:

And, as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from the state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plung'd thee,

To rank thee in my list of noble friends,
All I receiv'd, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Giv'n with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stol'n:

So I restore it back to thee again;
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,

Never, from this curs'd hour, to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years

Were to exceed those limited the world.

Take it; farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaf. Say, thou wilt live, then.

Pier. For my life, dispose it

Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

Jaf. Oh, Pierre!

Pier. No more.

Jaf. My eyes won't lose sight of thee,
But languish after thee, and ache with gazing.

Pier. Leave me. Nay then, thus, thus I throw
these from me;
And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee.
[Exit guarded.]

Jaf. Amen.

He's gone, my father, friend, preserver!
And here's the portion he has left me:

(Holds the dagger up.)

This dagger. Well remember'd! with this dagger,
I gave a solemn vow, of dire importance;
Parted with this and Belvidera together.
Have a care, mem'ry, drive that thought no
farther:

No, I'll esteem't as a friend's last legacy;
Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That when they meet they start not from each
other.

So, now for thinking. A blow!—call'd a traitor,
villain,

Coward, dishonourable coward! laugh!
Oh! for a long, sound sleep, and so forget it!
Down, busy devil!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. Whither shall I fly? —

Where hide me and my miseries together?

Where's now the Roman constancy I boasted?

Sunk into trembling fears and desperation,

Not daring to look up to that dear face

Which us'd to smile, ev'n on my faults; but down,

Bending those miserable eyes on earth,

Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.

Jaf. Mercy! kind heav'n has surely endless
stores,

Hoarded for thee, of blessings yet untasted:

Oh, Belvidera! I'm the wretched'st creature

E'er crawl'd on earth.

My friend, too, Belvidera, that dear friend,

Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoic'd in,

Has us'd me like a slave, shamefully us'd me:

'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.

Bel. What has he done?

Jaf. Before we parted,

Ere yet his guards had led him to his prison,

Fell of severest sorrows for his sufferings,

With eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding heart,

As at his feet I kneel'd and sued for mercy;

With a reproachful hand he dash'd a blow:

He struck me, Belvidera! by heav'n, he struck
me!

Buffeted, call'd me traitor, villain, coward!

Am I a coward? Am I a villain? Tell me:

Thou'rt the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so!

Damnation! Coward!

Bel. Oh! forgive him, Jaffier;

And, if his sufferings wound thy heart already,

What will they do to-morrow?

Jaf. Ah!

Bel. To-morrow,

When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the
agonies

Of a tormenting and a shameful death:

His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,

Insulted o'er, by a vile butchering villain;

What will thy heart do then? Oh! sure 'twill
stream,

Like my eyes now.

Jaf. What means thy dreadful story?

Death, and to-morrow!

Bel. The faithless senators, 'tis they've decreed
it:

They say, according to our friends' request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage:

Declare their promis'd mercy all as forfeited.

False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession,

Warrants are pass'd for public death to-morrow.

Jaf. Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd unheard!
unpleaded!

Bel. Nay, cruel'st racks and torments are pre-
paring

To force confession from their dying pangs.

Oh, do not look so terribly upon me!

How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd!

What means my love?

Jaf. Leave me, I charge thee, leave me—Strong
temptations.

Wake in my heart.

Bel. For what?

Jaf. No more, but leave me.

Bel. Why?

Jaf. Oh! by heav'n, I love thee with that fond-
ness,

I would not have thee stay a moment longer

Near these curs'd hands: Are they not cold upon
thee?

*(Pulls the dagger half out of his bosom, and
puts it back again.)*

Bel. No, everlasting comfort's in thy arms.

To lean thus on thy breast, is softer ease

Than downy pillows deck'd with leaves of roses.

Jaf. Alas! thou think'st not of the thorns 'tis
fill'd with:

Fly, ere they gall thee. There's a lurking serpent,

Ready to leap and sting thee to the heart:

Art thou not terrified?

Bel. No.

Jaf. Call to mind.

What thou hast done, and whither thou hast
brought me.

Bel. Ha!

Jaf. Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling
mischief!

Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late; thou should'st
have fled

When thy guilt first had cause; for dire revenge

Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!

Hark, how he groans! his screams are in my
ears!

Already, see, they've fix'd him on the wheel,

And now they tear him—Murder! Perjur'd senate!

Murder—oh—Hark thee, traitress, thou hast done
this,

Thanks to thy tears and false persuading love.

How her eyes speak! Oh, thou bewitching crea-
ture!

(Feeling for his dagger.)

Madness can't hurt thee. Come, thou little trem-
bler,

Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe:

'Tis thy own citadel.—Ha!—yet stand off.

Heav'n must have justice, and my broken vows

Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy.

I'll wink, and then 'tis done—

Bel. What means the lord

Of me, my life, and love? What's in thy bosom,

Thou grasp'st at so? Nay, why am I thus treated!

*(Jaffier draws the dagger, and offers to
stab her.)*

Jaf. Know, Belvidera, when we parted last,

I gave this dagger with thee, as in trust,

To be thy portion if I e'er prov'd false.

On such conditions was my truth believ'd:

But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.

(Offers to stab her again.)

Bel. Oh, mercy!

Jaf. Nay, no struggling.

Bel. Now then, kill me.

(Kneeling.)

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck.

Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

(Leaps on his neck, and kisses him.)

Jaf. I am, I am a coward; witness heav'n,
Witness it, earth, and every being witness:
'Tis but one blow! yet, by immortal love,
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.

(He throws away the dagger, and embraces her.)

The seal of providence is sure upon thee:
And thou wert born for yet unheard of wonders.
Oh, thou wert either born to save or damn me!
By all the power that's giv'n thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
By the victorious love that still waits on thee,
Fly to thy cruel father, save my friend,
Or all our future quiet's lost for ever.
Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees,
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears,
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him,
Crush him in th' arms, torture him with thy soft-
ness;

Nor, till thy prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast conquer'd me.

[Exeunt.]

AOT V.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Priuli's house.

Enter PRIULI.

Pri. Why, cruel heav'n, have my unhappy days
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh, dishonour
And deathless infamy is fallen upon me.
Was it my fault? Am I a traitor? No.
But then, my only child, my daughter wedded:—
There my best blood runs foul, and a disease
Incurable has seiz'd upon my memory.

Enter BELVIDERA, in a long mourning veil.

Bel. He's there; my father, my inhuman father,
That for three years has left an only child
Expos'd to all the outrages of fate,
And cruel ruin!—Oh—

Pri. What child of sorrow
Art thou, that com'st wrapt up in weeds of sad-
ness,

And mov'st as if thy steps were tow'rd's a grave?

Bel. A wretch, who from the very top of happi-
ness

Am fall'n into the lowest depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up again.

Pri. What would'st thou beg for?

Bel. Pity and forgiveness. *(Throws up her veil.)*

By the kind, tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints, and take me to your love.

Pri. My daughter!

Bel. Yes, your daughter:

And you've oft told me,
With smiles of love and chaste paternal kisses,
I'd much resemblance of my mother.

Pri. Don't talk thus.

Bel. Yes, I must, and you must hear me, too.

I have a husband.

Pri. Damn him.

Bel. Oh! do not curse him;
He would not speak so hard a word towards you,
On any terms, howe'er he deals with me.

Pri. He! what means my child?

Bel. Oh! my husband, my dear husband,
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom,
To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera.

Pri. Kill thee!

Bel. Yes, kill me! When he pass'd his faith
And covenant against your state and senate,

He gave me up an hostage for his truth:
With me a dagger and a dire commission,
When'er he fall'd, to plunge it through this bo-
som.

I learn't the danger, chose the hour of love
To attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
Great love prevail'd, and bless'd me with success!
He came, confess'd, betray'd his dearest friends
For promis'd mercy. Now they're doom'd to suffer.
Gall'd with remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows to appease the gods
With this poor life, and make my blood the atone-
ment.

Pri. Heav'n's!

Bel. If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the senate, save the promis'd lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.

Pri. Oh, my heart's comfort!

Bel. Will you not, my father?

Weep not, but answer me.

Pri. By heav'n I will.

Not one of them but what shall be immortal.
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past?
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as those eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.
Peace to thy heart. Farewell.

Bel. Go, and remember,

'Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Garden.

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. Final destruction seize on all the world!
Bend down, ye heav'n's, and shutting round this
earth,
Crush the vile globe into its first confusion!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. My life.

Jaf. My plague.

Bel. Nay, then I see my ruin.

If I must die!—

Jaf. Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy
fancy;

But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.

Bel. I will, when I have done weeping.

Jaf. Fie! no more on't—

How long is't since that miserable day

We wedded first?

Bel. Oh! Oh!

Jaf. Nay, keep in thy tears,

Least they unman me too.

Bel. Heav'n knows I cannot;

The words you utter sound so very sadly,
The streams will follow.

Jaf. Come, I'll kiss 'em dry then.

Bel. But was't a miserable day?

Jaf. A curs'd one.

Bel. I thought it otherwise; and you've often
sworn,

In the transporting hours of warmest love,

When sure you spoke the truth, you've sworn you
bless'd it.

Jaf. 'Twas a rash oath.

Bel. Then why am I not curs'd too?

Jaf. No, Belvidera; by th' eternal truth,

I do with too much fondness.

Bel. Still so kind?

Still then do you love me?

Jaf. Man ne'er was blest

Since the first pair met, as I have been.

Bel. Then sure you will not curse me?

Jaf. No, I'll bless thee.

I came on purpose, *Belvidera*, to bless thee.

'Tis now, I think three years, we've liv'd together.

Bel. And may no fatal minute ever part us,

Till, reverend grown for age and love, we go

Down to one grave, as our last bed, together:

There sleep in peace, till an eternal morning.

Jaf. Did I not say, I came to bless thee?

Bel. You did.

Jaf. Then hear me, bounteous heav'n:

Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,

Where everlasting sweets are always springing,

With a continual giving hand:—let peace,

Honour, and safety, always hover round her!

Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see

A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning:

Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,

Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue,

To bear the loss of one that too much lov'd;

And comfort her with patience in our parting.

Bel. How! parting? parting?

Jaf. Yes, for ever part;

I have sworn, *Belvidera*, by yon heav'n,

That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,

We part this hour for ever.

Bel. Oh! call back

Your cruel blessing; stay with me, and curse me.

Jaf. Now hold, heart, or never.

Bel. By all the tender days we've liv'd together,

Pity my sad condition; speak, but speak.

Jaf. Oh! oh!

Bel. By these arms, that now cling round thy neck,

By these poor streaming eyes—

Jaf. Murder! unhold me:

Or by th' immortal destiny that doom'd me

(*Draws the dagger.*)

To this curs'd minute, I'll not live one longer;

Resolve to let me go or see me fall.—

Hark the dismal bell (*Passing bell tolls.*)

Tells out for death! I must attend its call too;

For my poor friend, my dying *Pierre*, expects me:

He sent a message to require I'd see him

Before he died, and take his last forgiveness.

Farewell, for ever.

Bel. Leave thy dagger with me;

Bequeath me something. Not one kiss at parting?

Oh, my poor heart, when wilt thou break?

(*Going out, looks back at him.*)

Jaf. Yet stay:

We have a child, as yet a tender infant:

Be a kind mother to him when I am gone:

Breed him in virtue, and the paths of honour,

But never let him know his father's story.

I charge thee, guard him from the wrongs my fate

May do his future fortune, or his name:—

Now—nearer yet— (*Approaching each other.*)

Oh, that my arms we rivetted

Thus round thee ever! But my friend! my oath!

This, and no more. (*Kisses her.*)

Bel. Another, sure another,

For that poor little one you've ta'en such care of.

I'll give him truly.

Jaf. So, now farewell.

Bel. For ever?

Jaf. Heav'n knows, for ever; all good angels

guard thee. (*Exit.*)

Bel. All ill ones sure had charge of me this mo-

ment.

Curs'd be my days, and doubly curs'd my nights,

Oh, give me daggers, fire, or water:

How could I bleed, how burn, how drown; the waves

Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,

Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!

Oh! there's all quiet; here, all rage and fury:

The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain;

I long for thick, substantial sleep; hell! hell!

Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,

If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—*A Scaffold, and a wheel prepared for the execution of Pierre.*

Enter Officer, PIERRE, Guards, Executioner, and a great Rabble.

Pier. My friend not come yet?

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. Oh, *Pierre*!

(*They embrace.*)

Pier. Yet nearer.

Dear to my arms, though thou'st undone my fame,

I can't forget to love thee. Pr'ythee, *Jaffier*,

Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;

I'm now preparing for the land of peace,

And fain would have the charitable wishes

Of all good men like thee to bless my journey.

Jaf. Good! I am the vilest creature, worse than e'er

Suffer'd the shameful fate thou'rt going to taste of.

Off. The time grows short; your friends are dead already.

Jaf. Dead!

Pier. Yes, dead, *Jaffier*; they've all died like men, too,

Worthy their character.

Jaf. And what must I do?

Pier. Oh, *Jaffier*!

Jaf. Speak aloud thy barthen'd soul,

And tell thy troubles to thy tortur'd friend.

Pier. Friend! Could'st thou yet be a friend, a generous friend,

I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows.

Heav'n knows, I want a friend.

Jaf. And I a kind one,

That would not thus scorn my repenting virtue,

Or think, when he's to die, my thoughts are idle.

Pier. No! live, I charge thee, *Jaffier*.

Jaf. Yes, I will live:

But it shall be to see thy fall reveng'd

At such a rate as Venice shall long groan for.

Pier. Wilt thou?

Jaf. I will, by heav'n!

Pier. Then still thou'rt noble,

And I forgive thee. Oh—yet—shall I trust thee?

Jaf. No; I've been false already.

Pier. Dost thou love me?

Jaf. Rip up my heart and satisfy thy doubts.

Pier. Curse on this weakness.

(*Weeps.*)

Jaf. Tears! Amazement! Tears!

I never saw thee melted thus before;

And know there's something lab'ring in thy bosom,

That must have vent: though I'm a villain, tell me.

Pier. Seest thou that engine?

(*Pointing to the wheel.*)

Jaf. Why?

Pier. Is't fit a soldier, who has liv'd with honour,

Fought nation's quarrels, and been crown'd with conquest,

Be expos'd a common carcass on a wheel?

Jaf. Ha!

Pier. Speak! Is't sitting?

Jaf. Flitting?

Pier. Yes! Is't flitting?

Jaf. What's to be done?

Pier. I'd have thee undertake

Something that's noble, to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attain it.

Off. The day grows late, sir.

Pier. I'll make haste. Oh, Jaffier!

Though thou'st betray'd me, do me some way justice.

Jaf. No more of that: thy wishes shall be satisfied;

I have a wife, and she shall bleed: my child too,
Yield up his little throat, and all
T' appease thee.

Pier. No—this—no more. *(Going away, Pierre holds him.)*

Jaf. Ha! Is't then so?

Pier. Most certainly.

Jaf. I'll do it.

Pier. Remember.

Off. Sir.

Pier. Come, now I'm ready.

(Pierre and Jaffier ascend the scaffold.)
Captain, you should be a gentleman of honour;
Keep off the rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my fate, and die with decency.
Come.

(Takes off his gown, executioner prepares to bind him.)

You'll think on't

(To Jaffier.)

Jaf. I won't grow stale before to-morrow.

Pier. Now, Jaffier! now I'm going. Now—

(Executioner having bound him.)

Jaf. Have at thee
Thou honest heart, then—here—

(Stabs him.)

And this is well too.

(Stabs himself.)

Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.
This was done nobly—We have deceiv'd the senate.

Jaf. Bravely.

Pier. Ha, ha, ha—Oh! oh!

(Dies.)

Jaf. Now, ye curs'd rulers,
Thus of the blood y' have shed, I make libation,
And sprinkle it mingling. May it rest upon you,
And all your race. Be henceforth peace a stranger
Within your walls; let plagues and famine waste

Your generation.—Oh, poor Belvidera!

Sir, I have a wife, bear this in safety to her.

A token that with my dying breath I bless'd her

And the dear little infant left behind me.

I'm sick—I'm quiet.

(Dies. Scene shuts upon them.)

SCENE IV.—An Apartment at Priuli's.

Enter BELVIDERA, distracted; PRIULI, and Servants.

Pri. Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying
heav'n!

Bel. Come, come, come, come, come, nay, come
to bed,

Prythee, my love. The winds! hark how they
whistle;

And the rain beats: Oh, how the weather shrinks
me!

You are angry now; who cares? Pish! no indeed,
Choose then; I say you shall not go, you shall not:

Whip your ill nature: get you gone then. Oh!

Are you return'd? See, father, here, he's come
again:

Am I to blame to love him? Oh, thou dear one!
Why do you fly me? are you angry still then?

Jaffier, where art thou? Father, why do you thus?
Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here
somewhere!

Stand off, I say; What, gone? Remember't, ty-
rant:

I may revenge myself for this trick, one day.

Enter Officer.

Pri. News; what news?

(Officer whispers Priuli.)

Off. Most sad, sir;

Jaffier, upon the scaffold, to prevent

A shameful death, stabb'd Pierre, and next him-
self;

Both fell together.

Pri. Daughter!

Bel. Ha! look there!

My husband bloody, and his friend too! Murder!
Who has done this? Speak to me, thou sad vision:

On these poor trembling knees I beg it. Vanish'd—
Here they went down. Oh, I'll dig, dig the den
up!

You sha'n't delude me thus. Ho! Jaffier, Jaffier,
Peep up, and give me but a look. I have him!

I've got him, father. Oh!

My love! my dear! my blessing! help me! help
me!

They have hold on me, and drag me to the bottom.
Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell. *(Dies.)*

(The curtain falls to slow music.)

GUY MANNERING;

OR, THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

A MUSICAL PLAY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY DANIEL TERRY.



Act III, scene 3.

Persons Represented.

COLONEL MANNERING.
HENRY BERTRAM.
DOMINIE SAMPSON.
DANDIE DINMONT.
DIK HATTERAICK.
BAILLIE MUCKLETHRIFT.
GILBERT GLOSSIN.

GABRIEL.
SEBASTIAN.
FRANCO.
JOCK JABOS.
FIRST FARMER.
SECOND FARMER.
SERJEANT.

JULIA MANNERING.
LUCY BERTRAM.
MRS. M'CANDLISH.
MEG MERRILIES.
FLORA.
GIPSIES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Mrs. M'Candlish's Inn—a large comfortable fire.

Several Farmers and others sitting on forms at a long table, drinking, &c.—Three Farmers seated in chairs at a round table near it.—MRS M'CANDLISH (the Landlady), and BAILLIE MUCKLETHRIFT, seated in chairs at another round table, at tea—discovered as the curtain rises to the symphony of the following

GLEE.

*The winds whistle cold,
And the stars glimmer red,
The flocks are in fold,
And the cattle in shed.*

*When the hoar frost was chill,
Upon moorland and hill,
And was fringing the forest-bough,
Our fathers would trawl
The bonny brown bowl,
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now!*

*Gaffer Winter may seize
Upon milk in the pail;
'Twill be long ere he freezes
The bold brandy and ale!
For our fathers so bold,
They laugh'd at the cold,
When Boreas was bending his brow
For they quaff'd mighty ale,
And they told a blythe tale,
And so will we do now, &c.*

Mrs. M'C. A merry, social glee, and well sung, good neighbours.

First P. Then, here's your good health, landlady, in the parting glass! for we must away up to West-green to-night, to be ready for the fair on Monday.

Mrs. M'C. Well then, good evening, and a good sale to you, farmer. I wonder I haven't seen your old friend, Andrew Dimmont, on his way there; he generally leaves his little horse, Dumpling, here at fair time.

Second F. You'll see him, never fear; there'd be no cattle worth the handling, and no cudgelling worth a broken head, without Dandle Dimmont at the fair.—But come along, neighbours; the evening wears, and we must be jogging. Good night t'ye, mistress. *[Exeunt Farmers.]*

Mrs. M'C. He's as kind a heart, and as strong an arm, that Dimmont, as any for forty miles round the country.

Bai. And of good worldly substance, they say, *Mrs. M'Candlish*, considering the instability of human affairs.

Mrs. M'C. He's e'en as good as yourself, Baillie, —and would I were no worse; but I need not complain, for who would have thought, when I was housekeeper at Ellangowan Castle, and Sir Godfrey Bertram member for the county, that I should sit here this night, landlady of the Gordon Arms in Kippeltringan, expecting his only child to come to this poor house of mine, to pay off all his servants, without knowing, poor girl, where she's to go next.

Bai. Aye, aye, the instability of human concerns. —And who would have thought that Gibbie Glossin, the attorney, (whom I, Robin Mucklethrift, the hardware-man, remember to have refused credit for a sixpenny penknife,) should have been giving a grand dinner, and claret, in your house this very day, on purchasing the estate of his aforesaid benefactor, and turning that only child out of doors; and he'll pay the bill, ready money, doubtless, *Mrs. M'Candlish?*

Mrs. M'C. That he does, or the devil a drop of wine shall go down his throat in this house. I wish I had the tying a halt—*[A bell rings violently without.]* But, there, I must be waiting on them; they'll be wanting another magnum of claret. *[Takes up a large bottle, and is going, but stops.]* No, take it you, Grizzy, and say I'm gone to bed. *[Grizzy comes from the bar, takes the bottle from her, crosses, and exits.]* I have not the heart to look at them, making merry on the orphan's substance! the property that should, by right, belong to poor Miss Bertram! If it were not that we victualliers must keep open doors to all cattle, I'd soon clear the house of them. I trust, Miss Bertram will not come up till to-morrow; I would not for a silver pound she found them ranting and rioting here. *[Knocking heard without.]* And there she is, I doubt.

Enter JOCK JABOS (the Ostler.)

Well, Jock, is it miss Bertram?

Jock. No, it's only a single rider, mistress.

Mrs. M'C. A single rider! some Manchester lad in the cotton line. Well, he must just come in here.

[Exit Jock.]

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, wrapped up in a great coat, as from horseback, ushered in by JOCK.

Col. Let me disturb nobody, landlady: your house is full, I understand; I can sit very well here.

(Crosses to the fire place.)

Mrs. M'C. (Looking at him.) Not much of the rider, either.

Jock. I'll tell you what, mistress; he's got as pretty a piece of horseflesh as ever stood in your stable. I'm a judge, I reckon, by this time, and one may always know a gentleman by his horse.

[Exit]

Col. (Seating himself near the fire.) It's lucky the old inn was at hand to shelter me in this sudden storm; but great changes, I perceive, have taken place since I saw it. I wish I may find my kind friend at the castle well; but he'll scarcely recollect me, I dare say. Sixteen years' hard military service in India is apt to rub a young man's features a little out of memory. *[Pulls off his great coat.]*

Mrs. M'C. (Approaching and receiving it.) I beg your honour's pardon; would your honour choose any refreshment after your ride?

Col. (Seating himself.) If you please, my good lady.

Bai. (Aside.) Your honour to a Manchester rider! Peh! *[Apart to Mrs. M'Candlish, after eyeing the Colonel.]* I'll soon find out what he is. *(Crosses to the Colonel, draws a chair, and sits facing him.)* Any news of trade, friend? How's cotton in the market now?

Col. (Drily.) Cotton! really, sir, I do not know.

Bai. Aye, you don't know—humph! *(Apart to Mrs. M'Candlish.)* He's in the hard-ware line. *(To the Colonel.)* You'll be dealing in the steel article, I fancy.

Col. (Smiling.) Steel! why, sir, you are a little nearer the mark.

Bai. I thought so. Pray, do you Birmingham folk find the patent never-spilling coal-scuttle answer in the trade? They go off pretty bobbishly here, when they are double janned; I sent five to Ellangowan Castle last week.

Col. Ellangowan Castle, sir! I was on my road thither.

Bai. You need not trouble yourself, sir; I furnish them with all articles in your line, at the lowest Birmingham prices.

Col. Sir!

Bai. (Consequently.) Yes, sir, in the hard-ware line, and I shall suffer no interlopers!

Col. Sir, you're an impudent little fellow! *(Raising his cane.)* Perhaps this is harder ware than you would like to deal in.

Mrs. M'C. (Interposing.) Our Baillie, sir, is an honest little body, but he's apt to mistake. You were asking after Ellangowan, sir. Was it the old family, or the present, that you came to visit, sir?

Col. I mean Sir Godfrey Bertram, of Ellangowan.

Mrs. M'C. Alas! you came too late for him, poor gentleman; he died last week, sir, under sad circumstances.

Col. Sir Godfrey Bertram dead?

Bai. A melancholy instance of the mutability of worldly matters—fallen from all his greatness, and twenty-seven pounds six shillings and eightpence halfpenny in my books.

Col. Dead! good heaven! I owed him much.

Bai. If you please to make me payment of the aforesaid sum, sir, I will give you a receipt of so much of your debt.

Col. Has he no child?

Mrs. M'C. An only daughter, sir,—thought to be an only child.

Bai. My receipt will be exactly the same hers.

Col. Thought to be an only child! When I was in India, I heard he had a son.

Mrs. M'C. Ah! well-a-day! you heard right, sir, he had a son indeed,—but, oh me!

Bai. Now, don't begin whimpering. (To the Colonel.) She lost her husband, sir, on the very day that son disappeared.

Mrs. M'C. Aye, I did indeed! sixteen years ago. Bai. Well, don't cry so far back. He was a revenue officer, sir, and was found murdered in the wood, hard by—by smugglers it was supposed, headed by a desperate fellow—one Dirk Hatteraick—half devil—half Dutchman.

Mrs. M'C. The villain! that there should be such lawless, contraband ruffians, suffered in a Christian land.

Col. I beg your pardon, madam; but may I ask what connection the misfortune of your first husband had with the young heir of Ellangowan?

Mrs. M'C. Yes, surely, your honour.—Little Harry Bertram, then a beautiful boy, five years old, and his tutor, one Dominic Sampson, as they call him,—you'll maybe remember him, sir, if you remember Ellangowan long ago.

Col. A tall, stiff, silent man, is he not?

Bai. The same, sir, half crazed with his learning, poor silly man, and knows nothing of business.

Mrs. M'C. He's a little absent indeed, poor man; but very affectionate, and as simple as any child. Well, sir, this Dominic Sampson, and little Henry Bertram, were walking in the wood, and by came my husband from looking down the coast, and offered to give the boy a ride on his horse, and bring him back to dinner to the castle in an hour; but, lack-a-day! lack-a-day! that hour never came, for poor Duncan was found weltering in his blood!

Col. And was the child murdered, too?

Bai. That no man can tell, sir, for he was never found.

Mrs. M'C. There was an old gipsy-woman (that then lived on the estate, and used to nurse the infant), was suspected of stealing him, out of revenge for Sir Godfrey's transporting one of her sons for poaching.

Col. And has nothing ever been heard of him since?

Mrs. M'C. Nothing, sir; but from that day, the old gentleman, Sir Godfrey Bertram, who was never over careful, became worse and worse, and wasted and wanted, and wanted and wasted, and trusted and trusted—

Bai. Till he trusted an attorney.

Mrs. M'C. And then, sir, distresses broke his heart, and he died, leaving his poor daughter penniless and unprotected on the wide world.

Bai. His affairs in utter disorder, and twenty-seven pounds six shillings and eightpence halfpenny in my books.

Mrs. M'C. But, the worst of it, Baillie, was the advantage it gave that rogue of an attorney.

Bai. Yes, sir; for, if the boy had lived, the old gentleman could not have burdened, or parted with an acre, it was all so strictly settled on heirs male. But Glossin contrived, they say, while his mind was so distressed, to wheedle him out of some rash deed.

Mrs. M'C. But it will never prosper; if he has cheated the helpless, and oppressed the fatherless, he'll die—mark my words, Baillie—a good-for-nothing beggar, yet.

Bai. Why, I hope the young heir may cast up; the mutability of human affairs is great, and there's news of Dirk Hatteraick's running a cargo on these shores again, for the first time since the business;

—if so, the gipsy's wife, if she's alive, won't be far off, I dare say.

Mrs. M'C. The murderous wretches! if I catch them, I'll bring them to justice, if I sell the very sign over my door. (A noise heard without.) Gracious heaven! I hope that's not Miss Bertram come just now, before the house is clear of those drunken—and if it is, what shall I do?—for their room's close to the only one I have to show her into.

(Goes and listens.)

Bai. (To the Colonel.) There was some little mistake between you and me, sir; you said you dealt in steel, whereby I thought—

Col. (Smiling.) I have dealt in steel, sir; I am an officer in the army, retired from service.

Bai. (Aside.) Retired from service! Then it would not be worth my while to offer him my shop-bill.

Col. And am just arrived from India, to settle in this neighbourhood.

(Retires.)

Bai. (Aside.) From India! and settling here!—that's a different story!

[Goes to the table, fumbles in his pockets, pulls out a spectacle case, large pocket-book, &c.]

Re-enter JOCK JABOS.

Jock. Mistress! mistress! there's Miss Bertram, poor young lady, just stepping out o' the chaise, w' Mistress Flora, and Dominic Sampson buried up to the chin in old books,—you must go to them directly;—and mistress, who do you think you gentleman is?

Mrs. M'C. Who, Jock?

Jock. The great Colonel Mannering!

Mrs. M'C. What? for whom the Woodbourne estate was bought?

Jock. The very same.

Mrs. M'C. No, sure!

Bai. Jock Ay, as sure as boots are not brogues—he was daily expected, you know. There's his servant, just rode in—a genteel lad like myself, and a good judge of horses; and there's his sister, and the devil and all, following as fast as they can—there's news for ye, mistress. [Exit.]

Mrs. M'C. He shall see Miss Bertram; he may be a good friend to the poor young lady. (Crossing to the Colonel.) Your honour will excuse me, I must attend to Miss Bertram, who is just arrived, sir.

Col. If you would take an opportunity of informing a friend of her late father is anxious to be acquainted with her, you will greatly oblige me.

Mrs. M'C. That will I, sir, and gladly; for I am quite fearful of that Glossin's riotous party up stairs; perhaps some of 'em may intrude on her, and your presence may be a protection to her. I am but a poor double widow, sir! and as for the Dominic, worthy soul! he's just nobody at all—Your servant, sir.

[Exit.—The Baillie, who has found his advertisement, struts up to the Colonel and presents it.]

Bai. Colonel Mannering, sir!—If, on your settlement in a strange land, you should have occasion for fire-garths, tongs, poker, shovels, coal-scuttles plain or patent, candlesticks, snuffers, extinguishers, sawells, &c., &c., &c. You may be supplied as far as an extensive stock—

Col. And the mutability of human affairs—

Bai. True, sir,—will permit—and that at the sign

of the Three Trouts and the Frying-pan, kept by your humble servant, Robin Mucklethrift, from-monger and brazier, of Kippieترین in Scotland.

[Exit.

Col. The honest, and worshipful magistrate, I perceive, musn't lose sight of the main chance, in the uncertainty of affairs. (*Looking off, &c.*) But yonder goes Miss Bertram—poor girl! how pale and melancholy, and yet how engaging! Well, the daughter of my earliest, and best friend, shall not be left without a protector, to shield her sorrows from injustice and oppression.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another Room, in the Inn—large doors, —a table, two chairs and two lighted candles, are brought on and placed.*

Enter LUCY BERTRAM

AIR.

*Ye dear paternal scenes, farewell!
The home where early fortune smil'd!
No longer there must Lucy dwell—
Of fortune robb'd, from home exil'd,
A wretched orphan child
Now weeps her last farewell,
Farewell!*

*Tha' doom'd to wander far and wide,
A maiden, friendless, desolate,
With Heaven my innocence to guide,
I fear not, tho' I mourn my fate;
But all that it ordains await.
And weep my last farewell!
Farewell!*

Enter MRS. MCANDLISH, with a lighted candle, which she places on the table, FLORA, and a Man Servant, bringing in boxes and various light luggage.

Mrs. M'C. Dear Miss Bertram, I ask pardon—I never was so sorry in my life—my house quite full, and a noisy party of gentlemen in the best room. I have not another place but this to show your ladyship into, and this is but a public sort of a room neither, and I didn't expect your ladyship till to-morrow.

Lucy. Do not disturb yourself; I shall be but a few minutes in any one's way. I will bid dismiss my servants, and retire to my bed-room.

Mrs. M'C. And here is Dominie-Sampson, your ladyship's old tutor stalking up stairs out of your carriage.

Lucy. Do not suffer your people, my good dame, to exercise their merriment at the expense of that worthy man.

Mrs. M'C. Not for the world, my dear lady.

Lucy. His person, his retired habits, and great absence of mind are, at times, I own, calculated to excite somewhat more than a smile; but when the impulse of his excellent heart breaks forth, he rather forces a tear from the eye of sentiment, than a laugh from the lungs of ribaldry.

Mrs. M'C. Very true, indeed. But I beg pardon, Miss Bertram, there is a stranger, a gentleman now in the house, a particular friend, he says, of my late honoured master, who wishes to be permitted to speak with you.

Lucy. If he has business, I suppose I must see him; but do not let me be unnecessarily troubled.

[She retires, pays, and dismisses the Man Servant—Mrs. M'Candlish turns to go out.

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, with an immensely large book under his arm, in old fashioned binding, and brass clasps, his appearance puritanical, ragged black clothes, blue worsted stockings, pewter headed long cane, &c.

Mrs. M'C. You're welcome to Kippieترین, Mr. Sampson; how have you been this long time?

Dom. Thanks, worthy, madam. And how is your husband, Mr. Kennedy? (*Observing her surprise*) Eh eh! out upon my tongue, he's dead!—I mean honest Provost M'Candlish.

Flora. (*Pulling him by the sleeve.*) Why, Dominie Sampson, what are you about? he's dead too. Would you bring both the poor woman's husbands alive one after the other?

Dom. Prodigious!

(*He is confounded and silent, and retires.*)

Flora. Come, Mistress M'Candlish, don't take it amiss; the poor Dominie, you know, is apt to make mistakes.

Mrs. M'C. 'Twas kindly meant in Mr. Sampson, I dare say; but both my dear, departed husbands, to be called to mind at once!—Oh! 'twas too distressing!

Flora. 'Twas indeed—too much for any woman to bear.

[Exit Mrs. M'Candlish.—Dominie by this time has opened his great book and sat down to read upon some band boxes, which give way under him.

Flora. Oh! my best bonnet! I had rather have had twenty husbands at once than had it spoiled.

Dom. Prodigious! "Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?"

Flora. Pecey! What's your pecey to my bonnet? Your head's too learned for the rest of your body, Mr. Sampson, and leads it into sad errors. What do you do with that great lumbering book now?

Dom. Josephus's history—light reading, Mistress Flora, for travellers.

(*Goes to the table.*)

Lucy. (*Calling.*) Flora.

Flora. Yes, ma'am. (*Looking at Dominie, who has put his hat upon one of the lighted candles.*) Mercy on me.

(*Goes to Lucy.*)

Lucy. Before I part with you, my good girl, I must thank you for the affectionate attention you have shown to me under my misfortunes. In this purse you will find an additional remembrance of your kindness; it is indeed but a trifle, yet—

Flora. (*Half crying.*) Don't mention it, madam, I shall never find such another mistress, I'm sure.

Lucy. Not so; I hope you will find, at least, as kind a mistress in the English young lady, Miss Mannerling.

Flora. I hope I may, ma'am; but I shall never cease to think of you and all your goodness—and poor Mr. Sampson, though he has spoiled my bonnet, poor dear, good man!—what will become of him now?

Lucy. That, indeed, is a grievous question. He was the tutor of my youth, my dear father's last and only friend; it is like a second separation from him; but it is part of the severity of my fate, and

must be endured, however hard the struggle. (*Calling.*) Mr. Sampson! Mr. Sampson!

(*Domine is deeply involved in his book, and does not hear her.*)

Flora. (*Looking over him.*) Come, Mr. Sampson, leave Jo—heefus, and attend to Miss Bertram.

Dom. My honoured young lady! I crave pardon! I was oblivious.

(*He jumps up, and, with awkward eagerness and ludicrous officiousness, snatches up the snuffers, and snuffs out one candle, then another—Flora relights them.*)

Flora. Only see now; the poor dear man thinks himself in the parlour at Ellangowan, trimming the candles for my poor old master, to read the newspapers.—Oh! he has a rare head!

Lucy. You give yourself too much trouble, Mr. Sampson; it was not that I wanted of you: but I have a small account to settle. (*Putting a little pocket-book into his hand.*) Permit me—

Dom. (*Looking at it.*) Truly, a very small duodecimo! (*Opens it, takes out the bank note, and unfolds it.*) It is for the sum of fifty pounds—prodigious! Is it your pleasure that I should his me forth to procure little notes in exchange for the same?

Lucy. No, Mr. Sampson; but, in my present circumstances, alone, almost without fortune, it is impossible—I have not indeed the means—to support a household, and that note is your own, till some other situation—

Dom. (*Slow at first to comprehend, he becomes agitated, and speaks with great feeling.*) No! Miss Lucy, never! If your father, whom I served and loved in prosperity and adversity, should rise from the dead, and bid me leave you, it were impossible, impossible!—And that note—(*Returning it.*)—that note befits not me, young lady.

Lucy. I know it is inadequate. Yet trifling as the recompense is, take it—oh! take it, I beseech you.

Dom. (*Gently pushing back her hand.*) Peradventure, Miss Lucy, you are too proud to share my pittance, and I grow wearisome unto you.

Lucy. (*Greatly distressed.*) Oh no! you were my father's old, his only faithful friend; I am not proud—heaven knows, I have no reason to be so—but what, what can we do?

Dom. I can teach! I can write! I can cypher! I can labour! Heaven will protect! Heaven will provide, always! if our wills and endeavours be not wanting.

Lucy. Oh! sir!

Dom. (*Solemnly.*) But I cannot, cannot be severed from the child of my affections! the daughter of my dear, dear master! I will be no burden—I will be, Heaven willing, an aid—I—

(*Lucy turns away much affected.*)

Enter COLONEL MANNERING and MRS. M'CANDLISH, unperceived.

Flora. (*Interposing.*) Dear Mr. Sampson, you only distress yourself and Miss Bertram; you had better take the—

Dom. Woman, no! It is not the lucre—it is not the lucre! but I have eaten of her father's loaf, and drank of his cup for thirty years and upwards; and to think that I would leave his daughter, and leave her now, in her distress and dolour! No, Lucy Bertram—I crave pardon, Miss Bertram, I would say—you need never opine it. You would not have put a favourite dog of your father's from your door, and will you use me worse than a hound? En-

treat me not to leave thee, I beseech thee; for while Abel Sampson liveth, he will never, never be separated from thee!

(*Rests upon the table, covering his face with his hands.—Exit Flora.*)

Mrs. M'C. (*Aside to the Colonel.*) Good lord, sir! did you ever hear any thing like that, from one who scarcely speaks three words on an ordinary occasion? The man's inspired!

Col. (*Aside to Mrs. M'Candlish.*) 'Tis the eloquence of the heart, my good lady,—whose fervour no efforts of the imagination can equal.

Lucy. Well, then, Mr. Sampson, we will not separate! no, even though our joint labours should procure our daily bread!

Dom. Gratias! beatissime!

Lucy. Alas! for the pride of birth! Of all the rich and noble, who claimed kindred with me, an heirless of that house, which was the source of their nobility—of all who shared my father's favour and hospitality, this being alone remains attached to me, who was the too frequent object of mockery and derision. [*A burst of loud and boisterous mirth is heard behind the doors.*] What noise of revelry is this?

Mrs. M'C. Lord preserve us! they're breaking up, and, perhaps, some of 'em will be coming through here! (*To Colonel Mannering, who retires a little.*) Just bide a-bit here, sir.

Lucy. Gracious heaven! I thought I heard the voice of Glossin among them.

(*The noise heard again.*)

Dom. Mrs. M'Candlish, this vicinity to hilarious drunkards besemeth not the chamber of Miss Lucy Bertram.

(*Noise and laughter again heard—the doors fly open.*)

Enter GILBERT GLOSSIN, flushed with wine, and singing.

Lucy. (*Drawing down her mourning veil.*) Glossin himself! What am I doomed to suffer!

Mrs. M'C. (*Running up and opposing Glossin's entrance.*) You really can't come this way, sir—it's impossible! there's a lady here, Mr. Glossin—a lady who would not wish to see you, sir.

Glo. Egad! I shall indulge no such caprice, Mrs. M'Candlish. I have settled my bill, ma'am, and I have a right to walk into any public room in your house, ma'am. A lady not wish to see me! Egad! perhaps that's a civil hint that I should come to see her. (*Advancing to Lucy.*) I beg pardon, madam, if I intrude—but my name is Glossin, madam, Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, at your service.

Lucy. (*Raising her veil with dignity.*) I know it too well, sir, and how you became so. I remember my father's death-bed, and, who embittered his last moments, by pressing his alleged rights, how acquired, I leave between heaven and your own conscience.

Glo. (*Aside, disconcerted.*) Stand by me, good claret. Why, Miss Bertram, there are things which may have seemed harsh to you, doubtless, or any lady; but they flow from the law! from the law!

Lucy. (*Calmly.*) No, sir, not from the law, but from such as pervert it to their own sinister purposes, as empirics poison their patients by the undue use of medicine.

Glo. You are severe, Miss Bertram. (*Assuming an air of confident familiarity.*) But I trust you will see this matter otherwise. It is yet in your power to

be mistress of Ellangowan Castle and your paternal state—had you listened to my—

Lucy. Sir, I understand your meaning, and will save you the pain of speaking it more explicitly. When you formerly addressed the daughter of your patron, then with all the advantages of high birth and supposed fortune, I rejected your intrusion, but it was without reproving your audacity; but, sir, when you insult the poverty of the daughter of Ellangowan, by inviting her to share the spoils of her own house, so dishonestly acquired, she turns from you with loathing and contempt!

Dom. Prodigious!

Glo. (Fiercely.) Come, come, madam, you may repent this!

Dom. (Who has by degrees become agitated, comes fiercely up.) Avoid thee, thou evil one! thou hast slain and taken possession—

Glo. Come, Mr. Dominie Sampson, we'll have no preaching here.

Lucy. Mrs. M'Candlish, is this intrusion on an unprotected female—

Col. (Coming suddenly up between Glossin and Lucy.) Not unprotected, Miss Bertram, while the obliged and grateful friend of Sir Godfrey, your father, can defend you! *(To Glossin.)* Sir, your company is unpleasant—your absence desired. There's the door, and you will oblige particularly by leaving the room this instant.

Glo. (In a bullying tone.) I don't know who you are, sir—but I know the law, and I know I can split a pistol-bullet against a pen-knife, and I shall suffer no man to use such damned freedom with me.

Col. (Coming close up to him.) Look you, Mr. Glossin; it will avail you nothing here, to call either the rogue or the ruffian, the bully, or the attorney;—that you do not know me matters not; I know you, and if you do not instantly descend those stairs, by the heaven above us, you shall take but one step from the top to the bottom.

Dom. Prodigious!

Glo. (Retiring.) I—I—I don't choose to brawl here, sir, sir, before a lady, but you shall hear more of me, sir.

Col. When I do, sir, I shall treat the information as it deserves.

Mrs. M'C. This way, Mr. Glossin, if you please; I'll attend you, sir. I never showed any one down stairs with greater pleasure in all my life.

[Exeunt Mrs. M'Candlish and Glossin.]

Dom. Jubilate! the evil one is discomfited and fled!—Jubilate!

Col. I beg pardon, Miss Bertram; my temper is naturally impetuous, and I have alarmed you; hear my apology at once. Though personally unknown to you, you, perhaps, have heard the name of Mannering—Guy Mannering.

(Dominie Sampson comes forward.)

Lucy. I think I have heard my father mention it, sir; but, at this moment—

Col. Hear me, then, briefly.—The son of an ancient family, I came at fourteen years old, with my widowed mother, to your northern capital. We were distressed then, as you are now; a circumstance drew on me the notice of your father,—he became our friend and his interest procured me a military appointment in India, where I have been successful beyond my wishes. Paternal estates, also, have since opened to me in England—but my attachment was here. I wrote to a friend, to purchase property in this neighbourhood, and learned, on my landing in Britain, I was proprietor of Woodburne.—Surmises of distress in Sir Godfrey's

family also reached me, and I hurried down to pay my debt of gratitude. I came, alas! too late to offer it to my generous benefactor; let me have the satisfaction of finding I may be useful to his daughter.

Dom. I have scanned him well, and believe him to be the very Guy Mannering who was the inmate of your father's house some sixteen years ago. And for his military propensities I will avouch, inasmuch as he was wont to put gunpowder into my tobacco-pipe, and amuse himself with the explosion thereof.

Lucy. Colonel Mannering, your generosity, and still more, your affection for my dear father, entitle you to my kindest thanks,—I will add, my confidence,—but distress must excuse caution, and—

Col. I will presume no farther; my sister, whose carriage I have out rode by nearly an hour, will soon be here, and to her intercession I shall leave my suit.

Dom. I do myself prefer the equestrian to the vehicular mode of conveyance, but, to say sooth, I am much accustomed unto the pedestrian.

Lucy. Colonel Mannering then will excuse me for the present, nor think that my hesitation arises from anything, but a wish that the acceptance of his friendship should be as proper as the offer is kind. *[Exit.]*

Col. Mr. Sampson, you must forgive me my boyish tricks; I did not know the worth I teased. I was then a spoilt urchin—spoilt by your patron and mine; but fortune has cured me.

Dom. And fortune, sir, (as the heathens call her)—I should rather say Providence, has been kinder to me; for, for thirty years, I have never had to seek a home or a table, until this present moment of time.

Col. And you never shall have to seek either, Mr. Sampson, if you will accept the shelter of my roof. Your learning and patience will bring a blessing with them.

Dom. Of learning, sir, it doth not become me to speak,—albeit, I know most ancient and modern tongues. And of patience I have had but little exercise, since five-and-thirty years ago, when I was boarded for twenty pence a week at Luckie Sour-kalls in the High-street of St. Andrew's. And there, though I hungered somewhat, I was nothing a-thirst, being near the principal fountain or pump of that town, so that I might drink daily, and no one say, Sampson, thou excoedest in thy potations. But hath your honour no son, whom I might train up in polite letters, and elegant accomplishments, as a requital for my daily bread?

Col. I have only a sister, Mr. Sampson, about ten years younger than myself; how far she may profit by your instructions—

Dom. (Assuming great confidence.) She may—she will—she shall! I will teach her the Hebrew language—or I should rather say, the Chaldaic, since your honour is aware that the generic Hebrew hath been lost from the time the ten tribes were led into captivity by Tigleth Peleazer.

Col. I believe, sir, you will have an instant opportunity of consulting her own taste upon the matter, for here she comes.

Enter JULIA MANNERING, dressed in a fashionable travelling habit.

Julia. (Running immediately up to Colonel Mannering.) My dear brother, how fast you must have ridden.

Col. Rather, how slowly you must have followed.

my dear sister;—but I am glad you are here, for I need your assistance most particularly and immediately.

Julia. Well, well, you shall have it, but don't be impatient! I must attend to my own affairs first. Where's the landlady?

Re-enter MRS. M'CANDLISH and FLORA.

Mrs. M'C. (Curtsying low.) Here, my lady, at your service.

Julia. Oh! do me the favour to tell me if there be a young woman here, who has enquired after Miss Mannering.

Mrs. M'C. (Presenting Flora.) This is the person, I believe, my lady.

Col. Landlady, let me speak a word with you.

Mrs. M'C. Directly, your honour.

(She goes to the Colonel, and after receiving his directions, goes off.—Dominie, during the conversation of Julia with Flora, circles round Julia, as if about to address her, with characteristic formality and awkwardness—he starts back when she looks, which she does with some surprise, as if amused at his strange figure.)

Julia. (To Flora.) You served a young lady of this country, I am told.

Flora. Yes, ma'am.

(Curtsies at the several breaks in Julia's speech.)

Julia. A Miss—Miss—Miss Bertram, I think; I never heard the name before.

Dom. Prodigious!

Julia. However, I understand she's an excellent young lady, and her character of you is quite satisfactory. (Sampson seems pleased.) I believe Miss Bertram dressed her own hair?—That won't quite suit me. I shall wish you to study a little under my brother's valet de chambre; that you may be able to arrange my hair a-la-Chinois, to dispose my aigrette, and circassian turban, so as to throw fair imposture over my figure.

Dom. (Shaking his head.) This is harder than Chaldaic—yea—than Hebrew;—Tigleth Peleazer himself would have been puzzled at it. I dubitate whether this damsel will fructify by my learned endeavours.

Re-enter MRS. M'CANDLISH, showing in LUCY BERTRAM, whom the Colonel instantly presents to his sister.

Col. Julia, let me solicit your sisterly intercession with this young lady, the daughter of Sir Godfrey Bertram, the friend by whom your brother's fortunes were entirely promoted, and for whose recent loss, I grieve to say, she now suffers. It is my wish she should honour Woodburne with her presence, and find in it a retreat suited to her present feelings. Miss Bertram, let me introduce to your friendship a soldier's sister—rather a hair-brained girl, but well-deserving the kindest regards, I assure you.

(They retire up and converse—Dominie listens to their discourse.)

Mrs. M'C. (Coming forward.) I'm as glad as if any one had ordered a rump and dozen, or the commissioners bespoke a county dinner. I hope they may persuade Miss Bertram—who knows what may happen if they do?—The great Colonel Mannering, with sacks full of diamonds, from the India wars, and who was loved by her father too!—If it should happen, there'll be fine doings in the Gordon Arms that day, I'll warrant.

Dom. (Jumping forward from the party.) She will

consent to go to the mansion of the great man o' battle!—*Exultemus! Venite! Exultemus!*—I will rejoice—I will uplift a slave of joy—yes, I will sing! I do remember me of a catch, which I was wont to sing twice a-year, when a bursar of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrew's, with good approbation. (He makes many contortions and efforts, like one who first forgets words then time, at length breaks out with absurd bashfulness, at which they laugh.)

"The fox jump'd over the parson's gate.
Fal la koo! fo lero, lero loo!"

Bear with me, my friends; it is but seldom I am thus jocose. I will again essay, and with more audacity, for my own voice did somewhat abash me!—(Singing.)

"The fox jump'd over—"

Verily, I need support. Worthy Mrs. M'Candlish sing with me.

Mrs. M'C. I!

Dom. Yes; cantate with me.

Mrs. M'C. Heaven help you! I never sung in all my life!—But there's two of our honest neighbours in the next room, who hate Glossin, and all such oppressors, will be glad enough to cantate with you, I warrant.

Dom. Then announce the glad tidings unto them, and bid them hither. [Exit Mrs. M'Candlish. In the meantime will I preludize.]

FINALE.

Enter two Neighbours during the symphony.

Dom. "The fox jump'd over the parson's gate,
And stole his poultry from under his nose
'Aha!' quoth the parson, who popp'd out his pate,
'A good fat hen, and away she goes!'"

Julia. [Leading Lucy forward.]
Calm, lady! calm your troubled breast!
Beneath our roof of friendship rest;
There say what most may soothe your woes—

Dom. "A good fat hen and away she goes!"

Lucy. Friendship, thou can'st balm impart
To the wounded, suffering heart!

A mourner, to thy generous roof I fly!
And, then, should silent tears intrude,
The gleam of glistening gratitude,
Shall light the pendent drops in sorrow's eye.

TRIO.—JULIA, DOMINIE, and Chorus.

Julia. Away with old care, let the dullard go drown,
Mirth and pleasure, life's short, rosy moments
should crown,
For what gain or what good e'er from sorrow
arose.

Dom. "A good fat hen, and away she goes!"

Chorus. Let's rejoice!

Dom. It doth becom us!

Chorus. Let's be jovial!

Dom. *Exultemus!*

Chorus. Hence, ye sordid and litigious!
Hence, oppression, hence,

Dom. *Prodigious!*

[Exit]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Julia's Boudoir, in the house at Woodburne—a door, another, leading into Julia's apartment—large folding doors, through which is seen the library—Venetian windows, opening on a balcony, with steps leading to the lake beneath. The moonlight gleaming upon it, with strong, clear and, distinct illumination—the apartment is decorated with Indian curiosities, horns, skins of tigers, &c., dresses of Indian tribes—book-stands—dressing and work tables—three chairs—four lights on the table—a harp, &c.

JULIA, LUCY, and COLONEL MANNERING
discovered.

Julia. Upon my word, brother, it is quite time to send you about your business. Formerly, I had to beg for your society. I admit there was little temptation in those days.

Col. Pardon, Julia; but now you will allow it is doubled.

Julia. Aye, as you double a cypher, by placing a figure before it, and render its value tenfold.

(Points to Lucy.)

Col. Julia, pray prevail upon Miss Bertram to sing that lovely air she was beginning when the servant interrupted us—it was a most beautiful thing! wild, yet so pathetic.

Lucy. It has borrowed its tone of feeling, Colonel Mannering, from the situation of the singer. It is said, from a very ancient period to have been sung in our family to soothe the slumbers of the infant heir.

Julia. Oh! pray sing it.

Lucy. It is not worth refusing.

AIR.—LUCY BERTRAM.

*Oh! slumber, my darling,
Thy sire is a knight;
Thy mother a lady,
So lovely and bright.
The hills and the dales,
From the towers which we see,
They all shall belong,
My dear infant, to thee.*

*Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day!
Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.*

*Oh! rest thee, my darling,
The time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum.
Then, rest thee, my darling,
Oh! sleep while you may;
For war comes with manhood,
As light comes with day.*

Oh! rest thee, babe, &c.

Julia. And was this really made for your own family?

Lucy. Oh, yes,—and a hundred more such ditties. While my only brother, little Harry, was spared to my parents, it was sung to him every night, by an old gipsy nurse; and I have heard, though so young, he could sing it quite well. There is not a milk-maid on the estate once ours, but can chaunt it, and knows its history; and, I have heard—though it hardly deserves mentioning—that the person now in possession,—this Glesin, has, as far as he can, forbid them to sing it, which makes it doubly a favourite with me.

Col. That's not surprising; music and poetry were never made for so base-born and wretched a chicaner.

Julia. And, brother, they are not made for you neither, high-born and chivalrous as you are, after twelve o'clock at night, in a quiet house in the country.

Col. I obey your hint. Good night, Julia! *(Salutes her with kindness and familiarity, then turns to Lucy very respectfully.)* That every morning may bring Miss Bertram nearer to the restoration of all her heart can hope, is my most earnest prayer, and shall be the object of my most zealous exertion.

[Exit.]

Julia. A lion in the toils! Oh, Lucy! dear Lucy! if you knew what measles have been spread for that proud Colonel in vain.

Lucy. Good night, Miss Mannering; and, if I do not chide you for these speeches, it is because your kindness always atones for your—your—

Julia. For my folly, eh? Well, well, sleep and dream of gallant knights vanquishing wicked robbers, and restoring forlorn damsels to their rightful homes—

Lucy. Good night! good night!

[Exit.]

Enter FLORA.

Julia. She is a charming girl! But, how can she remember all the names of her ancestors—these Rolands, and Mac-Dingwales, and Donagilds—*(Seeing Flora.)* Oh, Flora! did my old servant, Grace, whom my brother sent back to the house in London, say nothing to you, before she went away?

Flora. Oh, yes, ma'am; *(Significantly.)* she told me your ladyship might have some occasion for my services in a very confidential way; that there was a gentleman, of whose addresses Colonel Mannering disapproved rather, ma'am.

Julia. But she should have added also, that my brother could find no possible objection to him, but, in his own prejudices against a man of unknown birth, who could bring no Mac-Dingwales nor Donagilds to back his suit. Now, though I cannot sympathise in such prejudices, I have, since the unhappy duel between them, in which my lover was wounded, endeavoured to avoid all communication with him; yet, I fear, he is at this moment perhaps too near me.

Flora. What, here, madam?

Julia. Twice have I heard about this hour on the lake a flute, playing an Indian air, which, in happier hours, we used to sing together.

Flora. Ay, madam, it's he, I warrant; no one but a lover, or a madman, would come fluting on a lake, at moonlight, in a cold winter-night. *(A flute heard playing without.)* Hark, madam! as I live, I think I hear it now!

Julia. Hush! *(A flute is heard to play the symphony of an Indian air, under the window.)* Is it earthly music?—I'm in the land of superstition, and begin to share its influence, I think.

Flora. Wait a little, ma'am; you'll find the fluting gentleman no ghost, I warrant.

Julia. It is, indeed, the very air he taught me; I'll sing it—if it should be he, he will answer it.

AIR.—JULIA and BERTRAM.

Julia.

*Oh, tell me, love, the dearest hour
The parted anxious lover knows,
When passion, with enchanter's pow'r
Across his faithful memory thro'ws
Its sweetest brightest flame.*

Bertram. (*Without.*)

'Tis when he sings on some lone shore,
Where echo's vocal spirits throng;
Whose airy voices, o'er and o'er,
On still and moonlight lake prolong
One dear-loved, thrilling name.

Enter HENRY BERTRAM, rushing up the balcony steps, from the lake.

Ber. Julia! beloved Julia!

Julia. 'Tis he himself! Begone! begone! What will this end in? (*Turns away from him.*)

Flora. A ring, a person, and a cradle; I warrant, ma'am. [*Retires.*]

Ber. Will you refuse me even the privilege of a friend, Julia?

Julia. You deserve not the name. Thus to seek a stolen interview, which I am forced to endure, because my giving any alarm would again involve you in a quarrel with my brother, and bring your life once more in danger.

Ber. Do you then blame me, Julia, for what was forced upon me by his caprice, his injustice? Oh, let me now enforce you to fulfil the hopes you once gave me, and trust to time to reconcile your proud brother!

SONG.—HENRY BERTRAM.

Be mine, dear maid, my faithful heart
Can never prove untrue;

'Tis easier far from life to part,
Than cease to live with you.

My soul, gone forth from this lone breast,
Lives only, love, in thine;
There is its holy home of rest,
Its dear, its chosen shrine.

Then turn thee not away, my dear,
Oh! turn thee not away to-e,

For by the light of truth, I swear
To love thee night and day, to-e.

'Tis not mine eye thy beauty loves,
Mine ear thy tuneful voice,
But 'tis my heart thy heart approve,
A life-enduring choice.

The lark shall first forget to sing,
When morn unfolds the east,
E'er I by change or coldness wing
Thy fond confiding breast.

Then turn thee not away, &c.

[A heavy lumbering noise heard without in the library.

Julia. (*Alarmed.*) What noise is that?

Flora. (*Looking out.*) Only Mr. Sampson, madam, stumbling up and down the library. Never mind the good soul; with him, even seeing is not believing.

Julia. For heaven's sake, sir, begone the way you came!

Flora. Ay, do—here, here, sir.

Ber. (*Running to the balcony.*) I cannot, my boat is in possession of your brother's servants.

Julia. To what difficulty has your folly reduced me?

Flora. (*Watching.*) Mr. Sampson has blundered this way, sure enough.

[DOMINIE SAMPSON is seen through the library, in his night gown and cap, with a long candlestick in his hand.

Julia. What's to be done?

Flora. I have it, I have it! Do, ma'am, let the

gentleman put on one of those outlandish Indian dresses, and squat down behind the harp: Mr. Sampson won't notice him, and if he does, let me alone.

Ber. Nay, if I cannot play a Brahmin after being so many years in India, it's very hard.

[*They assist to dress him, and conceal him behind the harp.*]

Julia. But how shall we account for his being here, if he is discovered?

Flora. Ma'am, we must take our cue from circumstances.

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON from the library, with a light in his hand.

Dom. Of a verity, this is not the way to mine own apartment, neither; nay, it doth seem that of a lady.

Flora. (*Whispering.*) There, ma'am, did I not say he would not see us?

Dom. I would I had the clue of Ariadne, for this dwelling is a Cretan labyrinth. I will again essay to extricate myself. (*He walks forward—Flora advances, whom he does not see till close to her.*) Prodigious!

Flora. Why, who would have thought this of you, Mr. Sampson, to be prying about so very near my young lady's dressing-room, at this time of night! I assure you I take it very strange of you!

Dom. I was erratic, Mistress Flora.

Flora. Never mistress me, man! but get away as fast as you can; lord only knows what Colonel Mannerling will say, if he should know of it!

Dom. And that might, perchance, prejudices my young mistress, Miss Bertram, in his opinion. Woe-ful man that I am! who shall deliver me?

Flora. Pray go immediately, Mr. Sampson.

Dom. I obey—I will begone swiftly—I am beset with fears and trepidations.

(*Goes towards the door of Julia's bed-room.*)

Flora. (*Running after him and pulling him back.*) Worse and worse, Mr. Sampson! that's not your way. Would you burst into my young lady's bed-room? Indeed, Mr. Dominie, I begin to suspect you. Is that the way you propose to teach her Hebrew? Oh, fie! fie! fie!

Dom. Prodigious!—I am confounded! (*Peeping in.*) Assuredly, there is a four-post bed, with crimson furniture. I will gird up my loins and flee. (*He struggles out of Flora's grasp, stumbles forward, and overturns the harp, upon which he falls—he rises he sees Bertram, and stares at him with great surprise—Bertram retains his cross-legged position of an Indian priest, and stares at him again with great composure.*) Mirifice! whom have we here?

Flora. Why, Mr. Sampson, what mischief will you do next? that you should disturb that learned Indian gentleman, just when he was occupied in teaching my young mistress the—the—(*Aside.*) what shall I say? Dear, dear, where shall I find a word?

Dom. Is he a teacher? then I reverence him. In what is he profound?

Flora. Astrology.

Dom. Prodigious! Nay, then, I will uplift my voice against him. (*Loudly.*) The occult sciences are a snare of the enemy!—delusions of darkness!—works of the wicked one!

Julia. (*Aside.*) I must stop his clamours! (*Aloud.*) Nay, Mr. Sampson, I see no more harm in the learned gentleman teaching me the Sanscrit, than in your proposal to teach me Hebrew.

Dom. Pardon me, most honourable; I knew not, when I proffered my poor endeavours, that there

is a learned Pandit, who, doubtless, is better provided. Nevertheless, I will accost him in the stern tongue. *(To Bertram.)* Salam alicum! *entrance rises and salams, which salutation is returned ludicrously by Dominic.* Expound unto me, most learned Pandit, whether we shall confer in the desert of Bengal, in the Telinga, or in the Malay language? Praise to the blessing of heaven, on my or endeavour, I am indifferently skilled in these three tongues.

Ber. (Aside.) Confound your skill!—I am aground I know only a few words of the Moorish gibberish.

(A knocking heard at the door.)

Julia. Flora, there's my brother knocking.

Flora. (To Bertram.) Follow me down the back stairs, most learned Pandit. *(Apart to Julia, as she assess her.)* Face down the Dominic when your brother comes in, that there was nobody here, I am; I'll return directly.

(Exit, with Bertram.)

Dom. Where has the damsel conveyed the learned Pandit? I would converse with him.

Julia. Come in, brother!

Re-enter COLONEL MANNERING, at the door.

Col. What has been the matter? I heard a heavy all in your room—no accident I hope?

Julia. You heard Mr. Sampson, brother, who has chosen this strange time of night to rummage out the Indian manuscripts in these cabinets, and has stumbled over my harp.

Col. How's this, Mr. Sampson? You should take other time and place for your oriental studies, than so close to my sister's dressing-room at midnight.

Dom. Honoured sir! I crave your forgiveness; I wandered unwittingly, and was detained by my thirst of learning. That erudite Moonshee, whom I sought to converse withal—

Julia. (Alarmed, and fetching a book from the table.) This is the book you sought, I believe, sir.

Dom. (Opening a fine illuminated manuscript.) Prodigious! I profess it is an exemplar of the Shah-Nameh of the illustrious Ferdusi! *(Putting it under his arm.)* But, touching that Sanerit interpreter, whom—

Re-enter FLORA.

Julia. Indian Interpreter, sir! here it is in three volumes, folio.

(Pushes them to Sampson.)

Flora. (Apart to Julia, while Sampson examines the books.) I have sent your Pandit safe off, and told him to wait at the village till further advice.

Julia. (Apart to Flora.) Thank heaven for that! But how shall we get safe from the Dominic? he'll talk of nothing else.

Dom. I profess this is a most erudite work, and of great scarcity! I have observed it, honoured Colonel, noted in catalogues with four R's, which denoteth "rarissimus." But, worthy sir, as concerning this learned Pandit—

Flora. Is this the book, sir?

Dom. It is rare;—but the Ulemat—

Julia. Or this, sir?

Dom. It is precious!—but the aforesaid Brahmin—
Flora. Oh, 'tis this, I'm sure.

Dom. It is of the last rarity!—but the Moonshee—
Julia. Or this—

Dom. It is curious—but the Moonshee—the Pandit—the—

[They thrust books upon him, which he cannot refuse himself the pleasure of opening, until his hands and arms become embarrassed, and he begins to let them fall, one or two always escaping, as he picks up the others.]

Col. Come, Mr. Sampson, I fancy you had better retire, and what books you wish for shall be brought you. Barnes!

Enter BARNES.

Light Mr. Sampson to his room. *(Sampson gathers up what books he can carry.)* And, hark ye, when you have showed him in, lock the door. I must take precautions against this extravagant thirst for information.

Barnes. This way, Mr. Sampson, if you please to follow.

Dom. I pre, Sequar! Prodigious!

[As he is going off, loaded with books, he drops them all, exclaiming, "Prodigious!"—Exit, following Barnes, at the door.]

Col. Once more, Julia, good night.

[Exit, at the door.]

Julia. Good night, and thanks for this narrow escape. Go to my chamber, Flora; I'll follow directly.

Flora. Yes, ma'am,

[Exit at the door.]

Julia. I declare, I am frightened at my own imprudence. Should my brother discover this business, what will be the consequence? Oh, dear! I wish he would but sympathise a little more with love, and a little less with honour; but, alas!—

AIR.—JULIA MANNERING.

*In ancient times, in Britain's isle,
Lord Henry well was known;
No knight in all the land more famed,
Or more deserved renown.
His heart was all on honour bent,
He ne'er could stoop to love,
No lady in the land had power
His frozen heart to move.*

*Yet, in that bosom, deem'd so stern,
The kindest feelings dwell;
Her tender tale, when pity told,
It never fail'd to melt.
But, for no idle passion form'd,
His high heroic mood,
Glory's sublimer charms alone
With lover's ardour woo'd.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A desolate Heath between Woodburne and Kippitringan.—The moon declining.

Enter HENRY BERTRAM, bewildered and uncertain of his way.

Ber. Now, the devil take all glib-tongued ladies' maids! would any one have thought to hear that chattering monkey, that I'd more to do than just to follow my nose straight across the heath, to this Kip-Kap-Kapple—what the devil did she call the place? And here I am, fairly thrown out. The moon's going down, too, and I may stray further out of my way. *(Shouting.)* Holloo! I wish some one was within hail, friend or foe, I care not.

[Retires.]

Enter DANDIE DINMONT, a little tipsy.

Din. (Coming forward, and staggering.) Fair and softly, Dandie, my lad! Who was that hollering, I wonder? I should like to fall in with a companion, for it's growing confounded dark—I'll be hanged if I can see my way. I wish I had got Dumpling; many people pretend to guide their horse,—now I always let my horse guide me—he'd have carried me to the next ale house, right enough, dark or light. Steady, my head's a little queerish. To think that three poor bottles of rum should have done this now, among four! *(Bertram advances.)* Who goes there? *[He raises his whip.]*

Ber. A friend!

Din. Stand fast a bit though—parley a little.
(Aside.) Dandle, few friends on a moor at midnight.
(Aloud.) What do you want?

Ber. I am a stranger.

Din. And I am Dandle Dinmont, reckoned the best bruiser in this country. I'll eat, drink, or fight w' any man—so, stand off!

Ber. I don't mean to dispute it, I assure you, my friend. I am an Englishman, my name Brown, a captain in the fusiliers. I have lost my way, and am really in want of a guide to the next town.

Din. Eh—no! are you really? Ye shall have one, then. If I had but my little horse, now, you might have rode on his crupper; he always finds the way, when I lose it, and his back's main strong; he'd carry six, if 'twere long enough. But, come away—steady! are ye big or little?

Ber. Why, middling.

Din. That will do, for this moor, ye must know, is not in great reputation—there's galeves and gipsies haunt it.

Ber. Gipsies! pooh!

Din. Oh, man, we ha' great faith in 'em in our country. They prophesy, and knock down, like nobody knows what, so everybody believes in 'em; and there's an old woman, the queen of 'em they say, that deals w' the devil, and can make 'em do anything, if she but lifts up her finger: she's known for a witch all over these parts.

Ber. Well, my friend, I'll stand by you.

Din. Will ye? then give me a rough shake of the hand.

Ber. With all my heart.

[Bertram gives him a hearty shake, which Dinmont returns.

Din. Gad! and if your heart be like your hand, it be a plaguy hard one. But look! yonder's a couple of lights dancing bonnily before us.

Ber. A couple! I see but one, friend, and that seems pretty steady.

Din. Does it? then I've a notion you don't see with both your eyes as I do. But come on; let's make our way to it, border-fashion, side by side.

Ber. (Aside.) The fellow gipes like a smith's vice. Come along, friend, then, side by side.

Din. Aye, like true men; and if we meet with rogues, we'll shew 'em another border-fashion, hand to hand. I say, you were bawling lustily just now,—I can bawl a bit myself. Suppose we try if we can't have a kind of a—which d'ye call it—a—double song together, just to cheer the way over the heath.

Ber. With all my heart.

DUET.—BERTRAM and DINMONT.

Dinmont.

Without a companion, what's life but a heath,
That's wearisome, murky, and long?

But Dandle d'fles dulness, danger, and death.

With his friend, and his glass, and his song.

Bertram.

You're right; with a friend, man, you heighten your
rest.

And march o'er life's road brisk and brightly;
With double delight on its green-meads you rest,
And trip o'er its rough places lightly.

Both.

Then came on, side by side, and as long as I've breath,
Here's an arm that's both willing and strong!
Jolly hearts bid defiance to danger and death,
Make light of the dark roads, and short of the long.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A wild and romantic part of the Chase or Forest—a scattered Copse Wood, with branches of decayed oaks—Cliffs rising behind them—Hills in the distance—Gipsy Tent, with a fire within.

GABRIEL, SEBASTIAN, and other Gipsies, male and female, discovered occupied in cooking, &c.—Children are seen mingling in the group.

Gab. Sebastian, where's the old gun with the Spanish barrel?

Seb. Why, will you need her to-night?

Gab. Aye: Dirk Hatterack, the Dutchman's on the watch.

Seb. What, another shark to be harpooned among us gipsies? (Coming forward and whispering.) I'll have nought to do with it. I haven't forgotten how he cried and groaned.

Gab. What he?

Seb. (In a low voice.) He of the wood of Ellan-gowan, sixteen years ago, when they stole the child. No, no, I'll have no more of that. Let Dirk Hatterack do his own bloody business.

Gab. But it is business that concerns us all. The child—that very child is now a man, and escaped from Batavia; has served in the army, and is come home again.

Seb. How do you know this?

Gab. I saw him myself at Oarlisle two days since, and you know that I knew him in India.

Seb. Well, well, let him alone; he'll never remember any thing of this country.

Gab. Dirk doesn't think so, and is determined at least to ship him over the herring pond again. Besides, he has other plans about it. We have had him close watched: he has been seen twice to take boat on the lake, and was in the house of Woodborne this very night; that Franco knew, and watched him out of it. He must cross this way to Kipple-tringan—

Seb. I say again, I'll not meddle. What does Meg Merrilies say?—she, to whom we all look up.

Gab. She say! Why, she doats—she's no more what she was, or ought to be—she's turned tender hearted, and swears she'll hinder us from lifting a finger against the Lad of Ellan-gowan, and that, if we attempt to keep him from his own, we but fight against fate!

Seb. Well, and we dare not dispute her bidding.

Gab. Pooh! thou art as bad as she: let us only be secret, and do the business before she knows any thing about it. Do you go, and tell Dick Hatterack I'll be at Mirkwood path shortly, with a party to help him. Tell him to keep his ground, and not begin till I come. [Exit Sebastian.] Come, fellows, to our several stations.

GIPSY GLEE AND CHORUS.

FRANCO, GIPSY GIRL, and GABRIEL.

Franco. The cough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray,—
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our op'ning day.

Chorus. Up-rouse ye, &c.

Gipsy G. Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower,

*Bewilder'd hinds, with shorten'd ken,
Shrink on th'ir murky way,—
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our opening day.*

Chorus.

Up-rouse ye, &c.

Gab.

*Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof, nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
To bless a good man's store.
Noon tulle us in our gloomy den,
And night is grown our day,—
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
And use it as ye may.*

Chorus.

Up-rouse ye, &c.

[*Exeunt, all but Gabriel, Franco, the boy,
and the Gipsy Girl.*]

Voices. (Without.) Holloa! Holloa!

Gab. What voices are those? (*Calling off.*) Holloa! who's there?

*Enter HENRY BERTRAM, and DANDIE
DINMONT.*

(*Aside seeing Bertram.*) 'Tis he himself, by all that's lucky! Then, all's safe.

Din. (*Apart to Bertram.*) They are the gipsies, but there's only one man with them; the rest are not far off, I reckon. Well, never fear! we are two. By the light, you seem no baby, and for me, fair play, and I'll face any three of them! Bless ye! they're not fed like the like of us.

Ber. I fear them not; and with you at my side, friend, there's not many things ought to alarm me.

Gab. What seek ye here?

Din. We have lost our way, man, and are seeking that. Know ye which way Kippetering lies?

Gab. Right over the hill, through the ford, cross the bog, through the thicket, and you have it.

Din. (*Aside.*) Hill, ford, bog, thicket! The gipsy knave is making fun, I think. (*To Gabriel.*) Hark ye, friend, have you a head on your shoulders?

Gab. Aye, sir; and what of that?

Din. Why, how think you it would sort with the butt end of a Liddesdale whip?

(*Shakes it at him.*)

Gipsy G. (*Apart to Gabriel.*) Take care, give good words; that's fighting Dinmont of Liddesdale; I know him well; I've seen him clear Staneshaw-bank fair from end to end, driving fifty men before him.

Ber. Come, sirs, there's no occasion for quarrelling: this gentleman and I want a guide to the town he mentioned, and I will willingly pay him handsomely.

Din. It's more than he deserves, to refuse two poor bewildered young creatures help at such a time of night.

Gipsy G. I'm sure, gentlemen, you'll excuse us; we are not accustomed to see the like of you; but if there is anything that you would take—

Din. Can there be anything we won't take, my dear? for I have not taken meat or drink this four or five hours, and the cold blast on the hills has given me such an appetite, that, as the Yorkshire man says, "I could eat a horse behind a saddle."

Gipsy G. Well, sir, such as we have—

Din. That's a good lass. Come, stir. Come, my sulky lad, lend a hand here.

[*They draw forward a rude table, and place meat and drink upon it—Gabriel and Franco retire, and whisper together.*]

Din. (*To Bertram.*) Try a leg of her, man; she's a moor-fowl. (*Helping him.*) Did you ever see a moor-fowl in your part of the world?

Ber. No, indeed, unless stuffed, upon the shelves of a museum.

MEG MERRILIES darts from behind the tent, she advances softly a step or two, and gazes intently on Bertram.

Din. Lord! the ignorance of your southern gentlemen! stuff it into your own stomach, man. (*Drinks.*) This is capital too! it will be moonshine brandy I reckon. The smugglers and gipsies are all one man's children.—But, lord, captain—since you say you are a captain—did you ever in your life see a woman stand staring, as that old gipsy has been staring at you? That's she, I take it, I told you of, she they call Meg Merrilies, the ruler and terror of them all.

Ber. (*Turning round, and observing Meg.*) My good woman! do you know me, that you look at me so hard?

Meg. Better than you know yourself.

Ber. Aye, aye—that is, you'll tell my future fortune.

(*Rises.*)

Meg. Yes! because I know your past.

Ber. Indeed! then you have read a perplexed page.

Meg. It will be clearer soon.

Ber. Never less likely.

Meg. Never more so.

Ber. (*Offering money.*) Your manner is wild and oracular enough—come, give me a proof of your art.

Meg. Offer it not. If with a simple spell I cannot recall times, which you have long forgotten, hold me the miserablest impostor.—Hear me, hear me, Henry—Henry Bertram!

Ber. Henry Bertram! sure, I have heard that name—but when, and where?—

Meg. Mark!—hark to the sound of other days!—Listen, and let your heart awake! Girl, come hither,—sing me the song I used to sing to Bertram's babe,

[*The Gipsy Girl comes forward, and sings the Air which Lucy sung, but more wildly.*]

AIR.

Oh! hark thee, young Henry,

Thy sire is a knight,

Thy mother a lady,

So lovely and bright;

The hills and the dales,

From the towers which we see,

They all shall belong,

My dear Henry, to thee.

Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day!

Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.

Ber. These words, do, indeed, thrill my bosom with strange emotions. Woman, speak more plainly, and tell me why these sounds thus agitate my inmost soul,—and what ideas they are, that thus darkly throng upon my mind at hearing them.

Meg. (*speaking.*)

Listen, youth, to words of pow'r—

Swiftly comes the rightful hour!

They, who did thee scathe and wrong,

Shall pay their debts by death e'er long.

The dark shall be light,

And the wrong made right.

*And Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
Shall me ! on Ellangowan's height !
[Exit Gabriel, suddenly, up the cliffs, after giving Franco some directions.*

Ber. (Gazing on Meg, thoughtful and surprised.)
Bertram—Bertram! why does that name sound so familiar to me?

Dia. He is bewitched, for certain:—there was always witchcraft and devilry among them gipsy clan, I have heard.

Meg. (Who has watched Gabriel up the cliff.) And now, begone! Franco, guide these strangers on their way to Kippitringan. *(To Bertram.)* Yet, stay—let me see your hand. *(Leading him forward.)* What say these lines of fortune past! Wandering and woe, and danger, and crosses in love, and in friendship. What of the future? Honour, wealth, prosperity, love rewarded, and friendship re-united. But what of the present? Aye! there's a trace, which speaks of danger, of captivity perchance, but not of death. *(Looking cautiously round, then beckoning Dinmont and spiking in a very low, deep voice.)* If you are attacked, be men, and let your hands defend your heads. I will not be far distant from you in the moment of need. And now, begone! Fate calls you.—Away! away! away!

[She retires behind the tent.]

Dia. Lord, captain, I wish she may be all right, and not familiar with other things than live in this world.

Ber. Don't be afraid, my friend.

Dia. Feared! damn'd a whistle fear I! Be she witch or devil, it's all one to Dandie;—and yet, I felt but queer like, just now, when she was conjouring. If I could ha' mustered a bit of a prayer, I don't know but I'd have given it her.—But, as I said, devil take me if I baulk you, captain.—(To Franco.)* So forward, my little fellow! and we'll follow.*

Franco. This way, gentlefolks;

[Exit Franco up the rocks, Dinmont and Bertram following.]

SCENE IV.—A wild Landscape.

Enter GABRIEL, cautiously, and looking back.

Gab. Franco has observed my track, I see. That's a promising chick in our craft, and loves his profession. He has as quick an eye to mischief, as the oldest of our gang.

Enter FRANCO, hastily.

Well, my little decoy duck, are they far behind?

Fra. Not far; I watched you, and sported on before, to get a word with you, now we're free from old Meg.

Gab. Well, then, lead 'em down the pass in the rocks, to Hatteraick's point, and contrive to loiter there, till I come up the glen with my party; but, be sure not to give Dirk the signal, till you see us.

Fra. Trust to me, Gabriel. Hush! they are here.

Enter DANDIE DINMONT and HENRY BERTRAM.

Dia. (To Gabriel.) Holloa! you, sir! You here, too? What are you saying to the boy?

Gab. I only came to give him directions; I feared he might mistake the road.

Dia. Look you, friend: your people sometimes come up our water-side: now, they have always and a barn, and clean straw, and a bellyful at

Charlie's-Hope;—but if you play us any trick now, the devil take me, if you or they shall ever have any thing but your shirts full of broken bones! Damn it! I could find the way myself; for the brandy has cleared my eyes, the rum had blinded. Gab. There's no cause for your suspicion, sir; you'll be taken care of, depend 'on it.

SONG.—GABRIEL.

*Follow him, nor fearful dream,
Danger lurks in gipsy guise;
Rude, and lawless, though we seem,
Simple hearts we bear the while.*

*Robber fierce, nor thief is here,
Who shroud by night in savage den;
Fearless then, o'er mosses dear,
Gloomy thickets, darksome glen!
Safely follow, follow him!*

[Exit Gabriel, Dinmont and Bertram following Franco.]

SCENE V.—A Dell, or Pass, with Cliffs, ragged and broken—shaggy underwood growing on each side—in the offing, the Sea, or rather an inlet from it, and a Smuggler's lugger lying in the distance.—The grey dawn of morning, with the sun faintly seen to light the extreme horizon.

Two Smugglers seen lurking on the rocks.

Enter DIRK HATTERAICK and SEBASTIAN down the rocks.

Hat. By the element, your fire's out, your spirits gone, Sebastian! You're turned cowards and cravens every man of you! Oh, the pretty lads I have seen you gipsy tribe turn out, to land a cargo, or to fight the land sharks! And to wince at such a trifle as this.

Seb. But I tell you, Dirk Hatteraick, that Meg will not consent that there should be a hair of his head hurt; and thou knowest well the weight she has with all our tribe, and why she has it. We dare not disobey even her signs and looks.

Hat. Aye, aye, because your people think she is hand and glove with old Satan.

Seb. And what is your promise, Captain Hatteraick? I think I have a good right to know it.

Hat. Why, right?

Seb. Why, before a man slips his neck within the compass of a halter, I think he may be allowed to ask a civil question, why?

Hat. Well, then, you suspicious hound! If thou wert at the top of that cliff, what large house would you see?

Seb. Ellangowan Castle, to be sure. What of that?

Hat. And to whom does Ellangowan Castle belong?

Seb. Why, they say it belongs to your old acquaintance, Gilbert Glossin.

Hat. It does; but if this lad—this Brown as they call him, this heir-male, were safe under hatches yonder, in my lugger, ready to be produced with the documents which I can give him, whose would the estate be then, eh?

Seb. I begin to see your drift, captain.

Hat. Why, mine, man, and thine, and all who hold the secret to threaten Glossin with. He shall be our factor only, and draw the rents for us; the castle's our own to revel in, and he shall not dare to say us nay. So, set your foot to mine, lads, and we secure the younger in a moment, and

keep him like a bagged fox, to be turned out as we see cause.

Ser. But you had better wait for Gabriel and his fellows. Young Bertram's a powerful man; if he resists, and—

Hat. And is killed, you mean—why, then we must keep the secret, and make that scoundrel Glossin believe him still alive.—But sounds! have done with your buts and ands; here they come. *(To the Smugglers.)* Stand back, lads, behind the cliff!

(They conceal themselves.)

Enter BERTRAM and DINMONT, preceded by FRANCO, down the winding path of the cliff.

Din. (Coming down the cliff.) I tell you, my cock-sparrow, I have had a special notion this some time past, that you are leading us out of the road to Kippeltringan; and if you are, my chicken, I'll think no more of ringing your neck round, than a moor-fowl pout! *(Advancing to the front, Franco anxiously looking off.)* And what ails ye now, you devil's bird, that you stand staring down the glen? *(Shaking him.)* I have not the truth out of you!

Fra. I only thought, perhaps, the gentleman might like to see the rocks—many southern gentlemen come to see this glen,—it's famous!

Din. Rocks and glens! when we want to get to a town and our beds! Come, come, where's the way next?

Fra. (Affecting great fear.) You terrify me so, I don't know.

Din. If I take you in hand, young one—

Ber. Oh, let him alone; you frighten him—he is but a boy.

Din. A boy! there's as much mischief in the devil's little finger, they say, as there is in all his body—he's hatching a lie at this moment.

Fra. (Aside.) I see 'em. *(To Dinmont.)* Dear sir, if you heard the curious echo that is here, you would not be angry.

Ber. Echo! what echo, my little lad?

Fra. You shall hear.

(He whistles, and at the same instant springs with great agility out of Dinmont's hands.)

Re-enter DIRK HATTERAICK and his Sailors, rushing forward—GABRIEL, with several Gipsy men. Just as they are about to attack, MEG MERRILLIES suddenly appears upon an eminence, between the parties, and waves off the Gipsies, who shrink back at her signal.

Meg. Gipsies, strike not at your peril. Children, obey me and depart.

Hat. Witch—fiend—hag! Cowards! will ye desert me at a woman's bidding? Then we must do it ourselves—at 'em, lads!

(A violent struggle—the Sailors are worsted and driven off—Hatteraick is knocked down, and made prisoner—Meg disappears.)

Din. Well, the devil; such sport as this, captain, I never saw. How that fellow fought!

Ber. What shall we do with our prisoner; he seems resolved not to walk?

Din. I cannot blame him, it's a rough road to the gallows. *(To Hatteraick.)* Come, lad, will ye get up and walk, or shall I carry you on my shoulders, as if you were a sheep?

(Bertram assists Dinmont to lift up Hatteraick, whose arms they bind—he looks dogged and stern, but makes no resistance.)

Ber. Now, sir, be pleased to use your legs. No; motionless and silent. We'll find a way to make you march. *[Bag-pipes—a march heard without.]*

Din. And as good luck would have it, yonder comes the Highland party I saw at the fair yesterday, and a troop of the village lads and lassies following the merry bag-pipes. 'Gad, we'll have enough to carry you now, lad, gaily and lightly. *(Looking off.)* And its my old acquaintance, Sergeant M'Oran with them too.

Enter the SERGEANT, with a party of Soldiers, followed by Villagers, male and female.

How is all with you, sergeant? and how came you in this queer out-of-the-way bit?

Ser. Why, we're ordered here to look out for some smugglers and banditti.

Din. We have been beforehand with you, man; fought them, beat them, and made a prisoner; and you must help us to take him to the next justice's, Gibbie Glossin's, at Ellangowan.

Ser. With all my heart. I'll now refresh my party.

[He gives orders. Escort four Soldiers, with Dirk Hatteraick, followed by Bertram.]*

Din. And what will refresh them?

Ser. A dram.

Din. And what more?

Ser. A song.

Din. And what more?

Ser. A dance.

Din. Bravo, sergeant! ye keep a right highland heart still.

SONG AND CHORUS.

*Now fill the glass, and let it pass
From hand to hand, we'll glee, man,
The faint are bold, the young, the old,
When whiskey fires their ee' man.
The kilted lads frae Scotland hills,
When taking off their native gills,
Find every nerve with courage fills;
A dauntless band,
Like rocks they stand,
And wield the brand
Wi' deadly hand,
Till foes all fall or flee, man.*

A SCOTCH DANCE.

[In the heat of the Dance, Dinmont takes off his great coat, his under coat, and at last his waistcoat—the others whirl off one by one, and Dinmont is left alone dancing, as the drop falls.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Ellangowan—The Sea-Shore, with the Castle on the Rocks.

Enter MEG MERRILLIES.

Meg. From one peril I have preserved young Bertram, his greatest and his last is still to come.—From that, too, will I protect him. I told Hatteraick and his murderous crew, when they forced the child away, e'en when the villain's dagger at his infant-throat forced my unwilling secrecy to their devilish plan,—that should the sweet blossom live to ripen into manhood, and return to his native land, I'd set him in his father's seat again.—I'll it! though I dig my own grave in the attempt.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Now, Sebastian, thy tidings?

Seb. Dirk Hatteraick has sent his orders by me, for our crew to meet him instantly at the Old Tower of Dorncleugh.

Meg. Hatteraick! Why, was he not secured, and taken by Dinmont and the youth to Glossin's? Is he not in the hands of justice?

Seb. Yes; but he has slipped through its fingers, and without much difficulty, for they were opened to him on purpose.

Meg. What mean'st thou?

Seb. Why, that his old friend, Justice Glossin, contrived that he should effect his escape from the Castle-Keep, where he was confined; and the friendly smuggler and lawyer meet to-night in the cavern by Dorncleugh Tower, where we are to assist in making sure (as they call it) of that younker of Ellangowan, whom Glossin is to separate from his sturdy companion, and send over the heath alone.

Meg. Ha! his death is purposed, then, and they have chosen the scene of one murder to commit another. Right! The blood spilt on that spot has long cried for vengeance, and it shall fall upon them! Sebastian, speed to Dinmont and the youth, tell them not to separate for their lives;—guide them to the Glen near the Tower; there let them wait till Glossin and Hatteraick meet in the cavern—away! and do my bidding. (Exit Sebastian.) Now to send to Mannerling. I must remain on the watch myself; Gabriel I dare not trust. (Looking off.) Ha! who comes now?—the girl herself and Abel Sampson, Henry Bertram's ancient tutor. It shall be so—Hush! away! away!

[Retires behind the rock.]

Enter JULIA MANNERLING and LUCY BERTRAM.

Julia. Upon my word, my dear Lucy, this Scotland of yours is the most gallant country in the world. There's even Mr. Sampson yonder turned as arrant a coxcomb as my brother, in our service. How delightful the old gentleman does look in his new suit! What wonders will you work next?—an old, abstracted philosopher, dangling after us, a bean-companion, and a proud, stern, stoical soldier, melted down into your forlorn true lover, Lucy!

Lucy. Why will you thus continue to persecute me with speeches, which gratitude and delicacy, and above all, the remembrance of my deep and recent afflictions should forbid me listening to.

Julia. By no means, my dear; gratitude and delicacy, and everything in the world should bid you listen to a man, who—I can tell you from good authority—is over head and ears in love with you. What say you, dearest Lucy, will you be my sister?

Lucy. Oh, Julia! what can, what ought I to say? Spare me, I entreat you! my heart is too full—let yours speak for me.

AIR.—LUCY BERTRAM.

Oh! blame me not, that such high worth
Hath raised of love the gentle flame,
Yet, as I own it—quicker throbs
The timid, trembling pulse of shame.
When pity dries the falling tear,
Love, unperceived, will venture in;
And kindness to a wounded heart,
Is sure that wounded heart to win.

*My faltering tongue, my downcast eyes,
Reveal my bosom's thoughts too plain;
But where love wears a form so good,
Ah! tell me, could it plead in vain?
This heart without a resting place,
Was like the wand'ring weary dove,
Return'd from sorrow's storms to seek
A shelter in the ark of love.*

Julia. Thanks, dearest Lucy! I've a story to tell you in return about myself; but not just now, for here comes Mr. Sampson.

Lucy. Pray endeavour to divert the poor man's attention, for his change of dress quite confuses him. How could you play such a roguish trick upon the good, absent soul, as to make the servant put new clothes in his room, in the place of old ones?

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, looking at his clothes.

Dom. Truly, my outward man doth somewhat embarrass my sensations of identity. My vestments are renovated miraculously.

Julia. Mr. Sampson, will you favour us with your arm?

Dom. (Looking at her a moment, then at his clothes.) Of a verity, these sleeves are regenerated—so are the knees of my breeches, or subligaculi, as the ancients denominated them.

Lucy. Come, Mr. Sampson, we wait for you.

Dom. Honour'd young lady! I—Where can the patch and darning be removed unto?

[Meg Merrilies glides unperceived from the rock, and crosses at the back.]

Lucy. What's the matter, sir?

Dom. I know not—I am nubbions. Doubtless the air of Woodburne is favourable unto wearing apparel; for the surface of my garments is as fresh as when I first put them on, ten years ago! Miraculous! Idem et alter!! Prodigious!!! But I crave forgiveness, young ladies,—we will proceed. (He takes the ladies' arm and is going.)

Meg. (Moving forward suddenly and calling.) Stop!—I command you!

Dom. (Turning, and starting back.) Avoid thee! Julia, What a frightful creature! (To Dominie, holding out her purse.) Here—here, sir! Give her something, and bid her go.

Meg. I want not your trash!

Lucy. She's mad!

Meg. No, I am not mad!—I've been imprisoned for mad—scourged for mad—banished for mad,—but mad I am not.

Lucy. For mercy's sake, good woman, what is it you want?

Meg. Go hence, Lucy Bertram, and Julia Mannerling! There's no harm meant you, and may be much good at hand. Hence! 'tis Abel Sampson I want.

Dom. (Aside.) 'Tis Meg Merrilies, renowned for her sorceries! I haven't seen her for many a year. My blood curdles to hear her! (Aloud.) Young ladies, depart and fear not: I am somewhat tremulous, but I am vigorous—Lo! I will resist. (He edges round between the ladies and Meg, to cover their retreat.—Exit Julia and Lucy. As they go off, he points his long cane at Meg.) I am perturbed at thy words—Woman, I conjure thee! (Meg advances.) Nay then, will I flee incontinently!

Meg. Halt! stand fast, or ye shall rue the day, while a limb of you hangs together!

Dom. Conjuror te, nequissima, et scelestissima! Meg. What gibberish is that? Go from me to Colonel Mannerling.

Dom. I am fugacious; (*Attempts to escape.*)

Meg. (*Darting at him.*) Stay!—Thou tremblest!

Offering a flask. Drink of this!

Dom. I am not a thirst, most execrable—I mean, excellent—

Meg. Drink!

Dom. Lo; I obey! (*Drinks.*)

Meg. Can your learning tell what this is?

Dom. Praisèd be thy bounty,—brandy.

Meg. Will you remember my errand now?

Dom. I will, most pernicious—that is, pertinaciously.

Meg. Then tell Colonel Mannerling, if ever he owed a debt to the House of Ellangowan, and hopes to see it prosper, he must come instantly, armed, and well attended, to the Glen, below the Tower of Darnelough, and fall not on his life! you know the spot.

Dom. I do—where you once dwelt, most accursed—that is, most accurate.

Meg. Aye, Abel Sampson, there blazed my hearth for many a day! and there, beneath the willow, that hung its garlands over the brook, I've sat, and sung to Harry Bertram, songs of the old time.

Dom. (*Aside.*) Witch rhymes, and incantations. I would I could abscond.

Meg. That tree is withered now, never to be green again; and old Meg Merrilies will never sing blythe songs more. But I charge you, Abel Sampson, when the heir shall have his own—as soon as he shall—

Dom. Woman!—What say'st thou?

Meg. That you tell him not to forget Meg Merrilies, but to build up the old walls in the glen, for her sake, and let those that live there be too good to fear the beings of another world; for, if ever the dead come back among the living, I'll be seen in that glen many a night after these crazed bones are whitened in the mould.

Dom. (*Aside.*) Fear and perturbations creep upon me! but I will speak soothingly unto her. (*Aloud.*) Assuredly, Mrs. Margaret, Merrilies, I will go whither thou biddest me, and remember your behest. But, touching the return of little Harry Bertram, I opine—

Meg. I have said it, old man! you shall see him again, and the best lord he shall be that Ellangowan has seen this hundred years. But ye're o'er long here. To Mannerling! away! and bid him come to that spot instantly, or the heir of Ellangowan may perish for ever.

Dom. (*Going.*) I will hit me nimbly, most factitious—I would say, fascinating—(*Meg motions him off—she stands looking after him, her arm pointing in the direction he is going.*) Prodigious!—Prodigious!—Prodigious!

Meg. Now, then, to complete the work of fate, though every step I take be on a corpse. I was born to raise the old house of Ellangowan from its ruins,—and this moment is at hand, when you shall behold

*Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
Meet on Ellangowan's height.*

[*Erit.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Woodburne House—swords, guns, pistols, &c., over the mantel-piece.*

Enter COLONEL MANNERLING, followed by LUCY BERTRAM and JULIA MANNERLING.

Julia. Oh, my dear brother! you cannot think how frightened we were! she desired us to go

away—it was Mr. Sampson she said she wanted to speak with.

Lucy. I wish he were returned.

Dominie. (*Without, speaking to Flora.*) Avoid thee!—that is, where is Colonel Mannerling?

Flora. (*Without.*) This way, Mr. Sampson—follow me!

Dominie. (*Without.*) Conjurò te—I mean, show me to him.

Col. Here is Mr. Sampson—and now, perhaps, we shall know how to act.

Enter FLORA, followed by DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Flora. Gracious me, Mr. Sampson! what's the matter with you?

Dom. Exorciseo te!

Flora. Exercise me! What is't you mean, sir? Are you out of your wits?

Dom. Conjurò te!

Flora. Conjure me! You're bewitched yourself, for certain.

Dom. Of a surety, it is my belief—deprecò—that is, I would confer with the Colonel Mannerling.

Flora. Well, there is the Colonel, and the young ladies with him, Mr. Sampson.

[*Erit.*]

Col. Now, Mr. Sampson, what is the meaning of all this alarm?

Dom. Exorciseo!—

Col. Now, sir!

Dom. I crave pardon, honourable sir; but my wits—

Col. Seem rather disordered, I think;—but I beg you will arrange them, and explain your business.

Dom. I will; sed conjuro te!—I mean, I will deliver my message.

Col. Your message! from whom?

Dom. From Belzebub, I believe.

Col. This is an ill-timed jest, Mr. Sampson.

Dom. She, of whom I spake, is no jesting person.

Col. Whom—whom did you speak of?

Dom. Belzebub's mistress, Meg Merrilies.

Lucy. God heaven! was it she whom I saw? Oh, sir, what what said she?

Dom. Prodigious! I am oblivious!

Col. Mr. Sampson, how can you trifle thus?

Dom. Honourèd Colonel! bear with me a moment. The witch hath terrified me! It was touching little Harry Bertram.

Lucy. How! my lost brother?

Dom. Yea! who, though of a tender age, was, by a blessing upon my poor endeavours, a prodigy of learning.

Col. Well, sir, but what of him?

Dom. Of a verity, she prophesied his return.

Lucy. Gracious heaven!

Dom. And has commanded you, worthy Colonel, to attend her summons with armed men, at her ancient domicile, in the glen, by Darnelough Tower.

Col. With armed men?

Dom. Yea, and speedily, lest, as she said, the heir of Ellangowan perisheth for ever.

Lucy. Oh, sir, slight her not! vagrant and gipsy as she is, she nursed my little brother, and was said to doat on him. 'Tis a wild hope; but, for my sake, listen to it! should I find a brother to protect me, to thank you, too, for all your goodness!

Col. It shall be attended to this moment. [*Rings.*]

Enter a Servant.

Barnes, order the servants to provide themselves with weapons instantly. [*Erit Servant.*] Mr. Samp-

son, protect the ladies. Arm yourself, and follow me; your presence may be important. [Exit.]

Dom. (Taking down a gun and sword from the wall.) Young ladies, follow me and fear not. Lo! I have armed myself, and will smite lustily in the cause of little Harry. *(The gun goes off.)* Pro-o-o-digious!

[*Exeunt Lucy and Julia, running, Dominic after them, dragging the gun, and awkwardly shouldering the sword.*]

SCENE III.—*The Cavern near the Tower of Derrcleugh—a broken and lofty entrance at the top, near the back, from which descends a rugged path—a dark and narrow passage hewn in the rock below.*

DIRK HATTERAICK discovered walking up and down in the vault, near the embers of a fire.

Enter GILBERT GLOSSIN from the top cautiously with a dark lantern.

Glo. Hist! hist!

Hat. Is it you?

Glo. Are you in the dark, my dear Dirk?

Hat. Dark? Dark as the devil's mouth, and my fire is out.

Glo. We'll repair it in a trice. *(Gathering up some dry sticks, and repairing the fire, which burns up briskly.)* It is a cold place, to be sure.

Hat. (Eagerly warming himself.) Cold! snow-water, and hail! It is perdition! And I could only keep myself alive, by walking up and down this infernal hole, and thinking on the merry rouses we have had in it.

Glo. And shall again, boy. *(Producing a flask.)* See, here's something to warm your heart as well as your limbs.

Hat. Give it to me, give it to me! *(Drinks.)* Ah! this lights the fire within. I have dreamt of nothing but that damned dead fellow, Kennedy, ever since I've been here.

Glo. Come, come, the cold's at your heart still! take another pull. I left that bull-headed brute of a farmer, refreshing, as he calls it, with the soldiers, and the youngster crosses the heath alone; so, there's an easy trick to be won.

Hat. No, I'd rather fight for it; a few good blows puts a colour upon such a business,—besides, I should like my revenge on that Liddesdale bully for the hard knocks he gave me.

MEG MERRILIES appears through the dark narrow passage, attended by HENRY BERTRAM and DANDIE DINMONT.

Meg. (In a deep whisper to Bertram.) Will you believe me now? You shall hear them attest all I have said—but do not stir till I give the sign.

[*They retire back.*]
Hat. (Who has been warming himself.) Is Sebastian true, think you?

Glo. True as steel! I fear none of them but old Meg.

Meg. (Stepping forward.) And what d'ye fear from her?

Glo. (Aside.) What fury has brought this hag hither? *(To Meg.)* Nay, nothing, nothing, my good mother; I was only fearing you might not come here to see our friend, Dirk Hatteraick, before he left us.

Meg. What brings him back with the blood of the Kennedy upon his hands?

Hat. It has dried up, you hag! It has dried up twenty years ago.

Meg. It has not! It cries, night and day, from the bottom of this dungeon to the blue arch of

heaven, and never so loudly as at this moment! And, yet, you proceed, as if your hands were whiter than the lily.

Hat. Peace, you foul witch! or I'll make you quiet.

Glo. No violence, no violence against honest Meg! I will show her such good reasons for what we have further to do—you know our purpose, I suppose?

Meg. Yes!—To murder an unoffending youth, the heir of Ellangowan. And you, you treacherous cur! that bid the charitable hand that fed you! Will you again be helping to kidnap your master's son? Beware! I always told ye, evil would come on ye, and in this very cave.

Glo. Hark ye, Meg! we must speak plain to you! My friend, Dick Hatteraick, and I, have made up our minds about this youngster, and it signifies nothing talking, unless you have a mind to share his fate. You were as deep as we in the whole business.

Meg. 'Tis false; You forced me to consent that you should hurry him away, kidnap him, plunder him; but to murder him was your own device!—yours! And it has thriven with you well.

Hat. The old hag has croaked nothing but evil bodings these twenty years. She has been a rock-a-head to me all my life.

Meg. I, a rock-a-head! The gallows is your rock-a-head.

Hat. Gallows! Ye hag of Satan! the hemp is not sown that shall hang me.

Meg. It's sown, and it is grown, and hackled and twisted. Did I not tell you, that the boy would return in spite of you? Did I not say, the old fire would burn down to a spark, and then blaze up again?

[*The party appear on the watch in the narrow passage.*]

Hat. You did; but all is lost, unless he's now made sure. Ask Glossin else.

Meg. I do; and in the name of heaven, demand, if he will yet forego his foul design against his master's son?

Glo. What! and give up all to this Brown, or Bertram—this infernal heir-male, that's come back? Never!

Meg. Bear witness, heaven and earth! They have confessed the past deed, and proclaimed their present purpose.

[*She throws a little flax, dipped in spirits of wine, on the fire, which blazes up—at this signal Henry Bertram rushes upon Glossin—Dandie Dinmont upon Dirk Hatteraick, and masters his sword—Hatteraick suddenly fires a pistol at Meg, who falls, with a loud scream, into the arms of Dinmont—he then rushes up to the entrance of the cavern, he is met by COLONEL MANNERING and Soldiers, who instantly secure him and Glossin—Servants follow with lights.*]

Col. (To the Soldiers.) Carry off these villains! we have heard their own tongues seal their guilt. Justice shall do the rest. [*Exeunt Soldiers with Glossin and Hatteraick, through the passage.*] And look to this unfortunate woman. Hasten, some one, for proper assistance.

Meg. Heed me not—I knew it would be this way, and it hath ended as it ought—Bear me up—let me but see my master's son, let me but behold Henry Bertram, and bear witness to him, and the gipsy vagrant has nothing more to do with life.

Dominie. (Without.) This way, Miss Lucy—this

way! Where—where is little Harry Bertram? I must behold the infant, the dear child!

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON at the passage, followed by LUCY, JULIA, and Country People, who range at the back—Dominie rushes forward impatiently.

Dom. (Gazing on Bertram.) Beatissime! It is his father alive! It is, indeed, Harry, little Harry Bertram—look at me, my child! do you not remember me, Abel Sampson?

Ber. A light breaks in upon me—Yes, that was, indeed, my name, and that—that is the voice and figure of my kind old master.

Dom. Miss Lucy Bertram, look!—lo! behold!—is he not your father's image? Embrace him, and let fall your tears upon a brother's cheek.

Lucy. My brother! my long lost brother restored to his rights! Welcome!—oh! welcome to a sister's love!

Meg. (Suddenly raising herself.) Hearyethat! He's owned! he's owned!—There's a living witness, and here—here is one, who will soon speak no more. Hear her last words! There stands Harry Bertram—Shout! shout! and acknowledge him Lord of Ellangowan! *(The people shout.)* My ears grow dull—stand from the light, and let me gaze upon him—no, the darkness is my own eyes.

(Sinks into the arms of Dinmont.)

Col. Come hither, some of you—bear her to Woodburne House—let all care be taken of her—support and bear her gently away, she may yet recover. *[Exit Dinmont and Attendants, bearing off Meg.]* And now, Mr. Bertram, I hope no misunderstanding will prevent your accepting what I most sincerely offer, my friendship and congratulations, upon your restoration to birth and fortune.

Ber. Colonel Mannerling, I accept them most gladly; and if I am not deceived, the wishes of both our hearts may make us not only friends, but brothers. What say you, sister, am I right?

Julia. Oh, she can't speak, so I will. Give Miss Bertram your arm, brother, and here, Henry, is mine;—and now, let us go in before we talk more upon the subject.

Re-enter DANLIE DINMONT.

Ber. My hearty friend and brave defender, come! we cannot part with you yet.

Din. I beg pardon of your honour, and these young ladies; but I haven't got my Sunday's suit on, and this coat is rather the worse for the two or three tussles we have had to-day.

Ber. And can that be an objection to him, in whose cause it suffered? You may thank Mr. Dinmont's courage, ladies, for my life and safety.

Lucy. Thank him! ay, that we do, and bless him for it.

Din. Eh! and heaven bless you, my bonnie lass, wi' all my heart.

(He kisses Lucy, who, alarmed at his boldness, runs back confused.)

Dom. Prodigious!

Din. Lord's sake forgive me! I ask your pardon, I am sure; I forgot but ye'd been a bairn of my own. The captain here's so homely like! he just makes one forget one's self—and I'm so overjoyed like, at his good fortune—

Dom. So are we all; *(Advancing to the Audience.)* and if the heir of Ellangowan be welcomed here too, our joy will be—Prodigious!!!

FINALE AND CHORUS.

Julia. Oh! let your hands assure the youth,
There's nothing now to fear,
For his return is little worth
Unless he's welcomed here.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava',
There's little pleasure in this house,
When your smiles are awa'.

Chorus. For there's nae luck, &c.

Ber. The Heir of Ellangowan's fate
Depends upon this night,
If you deny him your support,
He's neither right nor might.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Chorus. For there's nae luck, &c.

Lucy. Then welcome home the rightful heir,
To native halls and lands,
There's right and might, and music, too,
In your approving hands.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Chorus. For there's nae luck, &c.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

A TRAGEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY GEORGE LILLO.



Young W.—"THE WEIGHT OF THIS, TO ME IS SOME INCUMBRANCE."—*Act ii, scene 3.*

Persons Represented.

ONE WILMOT.
YOUNG WILMOT.

EUSTACE.
RANDAL.

AGNES
CHARLOTTE.

MARIA.
SERVANT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Wilmot's House.*

OLD WILMOT *discovered.*

Old W. The day is far advanc'd. The cheerful sun

Pursues with vigour his repeated course :
No labour lessens, nor no time decays
His strength or splendour : evermore the same,
From age to age his influence sustains
Dependent worlds, bestows both life and motion
On the dull mass, that forms their dusky orbs,

Cheers them with heat, and gilds them with his brightness.

Yet man, of jarring elements compos'd,
Who posts from change to change, from the first hour

Of his frail being to his dissolution,
Enjoys the sad prerogative above him,
To think, and to be wretched ! What is life
To him that's born to die ?

Or, what the wisdom, whose perfection ends
In knowing we know nothing ?

Mere contradiction all ! A tragic farce,
Tedious, though short ; elaborate without art ;

Ridiculously sad—

Enter RANDAL.

Where hast been, Randal?

Rand. Not out of Penryn, sir; but to the strand,
To hear what news from Falmouth since the
storm
Of wind last night.

Old W. It was a dreadful one.

Rand. Some found it so. A noble ship from
India,

Ent'ring the harbour, run upon a rock,
And there was lost.

Old W. What came of those on board her?

Rand. Some few are sav'd; but much the greater
part,

'Tis thought are perish'd.

Old W. They are past the fear

Of future tempests, or a wreck on shore:

Those who escap'd, are still expos'd to both.

Where's your mistress?

Rand. I saw her pass the High-street, t'wards the
Minster.

Old W. She's gone to visit Charlotte. She doth
well!

In the soft bosom of that gentle maid,
There dwells more goodness than the rigid race

Of moral pedants e'er believ'd, or taught.

With what amazing constancy and truth

Doth she sustain the absence of our son,

Whom more than life she loves! How shun for
him,

Whom we shall ne'er see more, the rich and
great,

Who own her charms, and sigh to make her
happy!

Since our misfortunes we have found no friend,

None who regarded our distress, but her;

And she, by what I have observ'd of late,

Is wearied, or exhausted. Curs'd condition!

To live a burden to one only friend,

And blast her youth with our prodigious woe!

Who, that had reason, soul, or sense, would bear it

A moment longer? Then, this honest wretch!

I must dismiss him. Why should I detain

A grateful, gen'rous youth, to perish with me?

His service may procure him bread elsewhere,

Though I have none to give him. Fry thee, Ran-
dal,

How long hast thou been with me?

Rand. Fifteen years.

I was a very child when first ye took me

To wait upon your son, my dear young master.

I oft have wish'd I'd gone to India with him,

Though you, desponding, give him o'er for lost.

(*Old Wilmot wipes his eyes.*)

I am to blame: this talk revives your sorrow

For his long absence,

Old W. That cannot be reviv'd

Which never died.

Rand. The whole of my intent

Was to confess your bounty, that supplied

The loss of both my parents: I was long

The object of your charitable care.

Old W. No more of that: thou'st served me

longer since

Without reward; so that account is balanced,

Or, rather, I'm the debtor. I remember,

When poverty began to shew her face

Within these walls, and all my other servants,

Like pamp'ring vermin from a falling house,

Retreated with the plunder they had gain'd,

And left me, too indulgent and remiss

For such ungrateful wretches, to be crush'd
Beneath the ruin they had help'd to make.

That you, more good than wise, refus'd to leave
me.

Rand. May I beseech you, sir—

Old W. With my distress,

In perfect contradiction to the world,

Thy love, respect, and diligence, increas'd.

Now, all the recompense within my power,

Is to discharge thee, Randal, from my hard,

Unprofitable service.

Rand. Heaven forbid!

Shall I forsake you in your worst necessity?

Believe me, sir, my honest soul abhors

The barb'rous thought!

Old W. What! canst thou feed on air?

I have not left wherewith to purchase food

For one meal more!

Rand. Rather than leave you thus,

I'll beg my bread, and live on others' bounty,

While I serve you.

Old W. Down, down, my swelling heart,

Or burst in silence! 'Tis thy cruel fate

Insults thee by his kindness. He is innocent

Of all the pain it gives thee. Go thy ways:

I will no more suppress thy youthful hopes

Of rising in the world.

Rand. 'Tis true, I'm young,

And never try'd my fortune, or my genius,

Which may, perhaps, find out some happy means,

As yet unthought of, to supply your wants.

Old W. Thou tortur'st me! I hate all obliga-
tions

Which I can ne'er return. And who art thou,

That I should stop to take 'em from thy hand?

Care for thyself, but take no thought for me.

I will not want thee: trouble me no more!

Rand. Be not offended, sir, and I will go.

I ne'er repined at your commands before!

But heaven's my witness, I obey you now,

With strong reluctance, and a heavy heart.

Farewell, my worthy master!

(*Going.*)

Old W. Farewell! Stay;

As thou art yet a stranger to the world,

Of which, alas! I've had too much experience;

I should, methinks, before we part, bestow

A little counsel on thee. Dry thy eyes:

If thou weep'st thus, I shall proceed no farther.

Do not thou aspire to greatness or to wealth?

Quit books, and the unprofitable search

Of wisdom there, and study humankind:

No science will avail thee without that;

But that obtain'd, thou need'st not any other.

This will instruct thee to conceal thy views,

And wear the face of probity and honour,

Till thou hast gain'd thy end: which must be
ever

Thy own advantage, at that man's expense

Who shall be weak enough to think thee honest.

Rand. You mock me, sure.

Old W. I never was more serious.

Rand. Why should you counsel, what you scorn'd
to practise?

Old W. Because that foolish scorn has been my
ruin.

I've been an idiot, but would have thee wiser,

And treat mankind as they would treat thee,

Randal,

As they deserve, and I've been treated by them:

Thou'st seen by me, and those who now despise
me,

How men of fortune fall, and beggars rise;

Shun my example; treasure up my precepts;

The world's before thee—be a knave, and prosper.
What, art thou dumb?

Rand. Amazement ties my tongue.

Where are your former principles?

Old W. No matter;
Suppose I have renounc'd them: I have passions,
And love thee still; therefore, would have thee
think

The world is all a scene of deep deceit:
And he, who deals with mankind on the square,
Is his own bubble, and undoes himself.

Farewell; and mark my counsel, boy.

[*Exit.*]

Rand. Amazement!

Is this the man I thought so wise and just?

What, teach and counsel me to be a villain?

Sure, grief has made him frantic, or some fiend

Assum'd his shape. I shall suspect my senses.

High-minded he was ever, and improvident,

But pitiful and generous, to a fault.

Pleasure he loved, but honour was his idol.

Oh, fatal change! Oh, horrid transformation!

So a majestic temple, sunk to ruin,

Becomes the loathsome shelter and abode

Of lurking serpents, toads, and beasts of prey;

And scaly dragons hiss, and lions roar,

Where wisdom taught, and music charm'd be-
fore.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Charlotte's house.

Enter CHARLOTTE and MARIA.

Char. What terror and amazement must they
feel

Who die by shipwreck?

Mar. 'Tis a dreadful thought!

Char. Ay, is it not, Maria? To descend,

Living, and conscious, to the watery tomb!

Alas! had we no sorrows of our own,

The frequent instance of others' woe,

Must give a gen'rous mind a world of pain.

But you forget you promis'd me to sing.

Though cheerfulness and I have long been

strangers,

Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me.

There's, sure, no passion in the human soul,

But finds its food in music. I would hear

The song, compos'd by that unhappy maid,

Whose faithful lover, 'scap'd a thousand perils

From rocks and sands, and the devouring deep;

'And after all, being arriv'd at home,

Passing a narrow brook, was drowned there,

And perish'd in her sight.

SONG.—MARIA.

Cease, cease, heart-easing tears!

Adieu, you flatter'ing fears!

Which seven long tedious years

Taught me to bear.

Tears are for lighter woes;

Fear no such danger knows

As fate remorseless shews,

Endless despair!

Dear cause of all my pain,

On the wide stormy main,

There wast preserv'd in vain.

Though still ador'd.

Hadst thou died there unseen,

My wounded eyes had been

Saved from the direst scene

Maid e'er deplor'd.

Char. (*Finds a letter.*) What's this? A letter so
perscrib'd to me;

None could convey it here but you, Maria.

Ungentle, cruel maid! to use me thus!

To join with flatter'ing men to break my peace,

And persecute me to the last retreat!

Mar. Why should it break your peace to hear the
sighs

Of honourable love? This letter is—

Char. No matter whence: return it back un-
open'd:

I have no love, no charms, but for my Wilmot,

Nor would have any.

Mar. Alas! Wilmot's dead!

Or, living, dead to you.

Char. I'll not despair: patience shall cherish
hope;

Nor wrong his honour by unjust suspicion.

I know his truth, and will preserve my own.

But, to prevent all future importunity,

Know, thou incessant foe to my repose,

Whether he sleeps secure from mortal cares,

In the deep bosom of the boisterous main,

Or, toss'd with tempest, still endures its rage,

No second choice shall violate my vows;

High heaven, which heard them, and abhors the
perjur'd,

Can witness, they were made without reserve.

Never to be retracted, n'er dissolv'd

By accident or absence, time or death.

Mar. And did your vows oblige you to support

His haughty parents, to your utter ruin?

Well may you weep to think on what you've done.

Char. I weep to think that I can do no more

For their support. What will become of them?

The hoary, helpless, miserable pair!

Mar. What I can't praise, you force me to ad-
mire,

And mourn for you, as you lament for them.

Your patience, constancy, and resignation,

Merit a better fate.

Char. So pride would tell me,

And vain self-love, but I believe them not:

And if, by wanting pleasure, I have gain'd

Humility, I'm richer for my loss.

Mar. You have the heavenly art still to improve

Your mind by all events. But here comes one,

Whose pride seems to increase with her misfor-
tunes.

Her faded dress, unfashionably fine,

As ill conceals her poverty, as that

Strain'd complaisance, her haughty, swelling heart

Though perishing with want, so far from asking,

She ne'er receives a favour uncompe'd;

And, while she ruins, seems to be oblig'd:

Let me depart, I know she loves me not. [*Exit.*]

Enter AGNES.

Char. This visit's kind.

Agnes. Few else would think it so:

Those who would once have thought themselves

much honour'd

By the least favour, though 'twere but a look,

I could have shewn them, now refuse to see me.

'Tis misery enough to be reduc'd

To the low level of the common herd,

Who, born to beggary, envy all above them:

But 'tis the curse of curses to endure

The insolent contempt of those we scorn.

Char. By scorning, we provoke them to con-
tempt,

And thus offend, and suffer in our turns:

We must have patience.

Agnes. No, I scorn them yet;

but there's no end of suffering: who can say
Their sorrows are complete? My wretched husband,

'Tid with our woes, and hopeless of relief,
Brows sick of life;
And, urg'd by indignation and despair,
Would plunge into eternity at once,
By foul self-murder.

Char. Gracious heaven support him!

Agnes. His fix'd love for me,
Whom he would fain persuade to share his fate,
And take the same uncertain, dreadful course,
Alone withholds his hand.

Char. And may it ever!

Agnes. I've known with him the two extremes
of life;

The highest happiness, and deepest woe,
With all the sharp and bitter aggravations
Of such a vast transition. Such a fall
In the decline of life! I have as quick,
Is exquisite a sense of pain as he,
And would do anything, but die, to end it;
But there's no courage fails. Death is the worst
That fate can bring, and cuts off ev'ry hope.

Char. We must not choose, but strive to bear our lot

Without reproach or guilt. By one rash act
Of desperation, we may overthrow
The merit we've been raising all our days,
And lose our whole reward. And now, methinks,
Now, more than ever, we have cause to fear,
And be upon our guard. The hand of heaven
Spreads clouds on clouds o'er our benighted heads,
And wrapp'd in darkness, doubles our distress.
I had, the night last past, repeated twice,
A strange and awful dream: I would not yield
To fearful superstition, nor despise
The admonition of a friendly power,
That wish'd my good.

Agnes. I have certain plagues enough,
Without the help of dreams, to make me wretched.

Char. I would not stake my happiness or duty
On their uncertain credit, nor on aught
But reason, and the known decrees of heaven;
Yet dreams have sometimes shewn events to come,

And may excite to vigilance and care.
My vision may be such, and sent to warn us,
Now we are tried by multiply'd afflictions,
To mark each motion of our swelling hearts,
And seek deliverance by forbidden ways;
To keep our hopes and innocence entire,
Till we're dismiss'd to join the happy dead,
Or heaven relieves us here.

Agnes. Well, to your dream.

Char. Methought, I sat, in a dark winter's night,

On the wide summit of a barren mountain;
The sharp, bleak winds pierc'd through my
shivering frame,

And storms of hail, and sleet, and driving rains,
Beat with impetuous fury on my head,
Drench'd my chill'd limbs, and pour'd a deluge
round me.

On one hand, ever-gentle Patience sat,
On whose calm bosom I reclin'd my head;
And, on the other, silent Contemplation.
At length, to my unclose'd and watchful eyes,
That long had roll'd in darkness, dawn appear'd;
And I beheld a man, an utter stranger,
Put of graceful and exalted mien,
Who press'd with eager transports to embrace
me.

shunn'd his arms: but at some words he
spoke,

Which I have now forgot, I turn'd again;
But he was gone—and, oh! transporting sight!
Your son, my dearest Wilmot, fill'd his place!

Agnes. If I regarded dreams, I should expect
Some fair event from yours.

Char. But what's to come,
Though more obscure, is terrible, indeed!
Methought we parted soon, and when I sought
him,

You and his father (yes, you both were there,)
Strove to conceal him from me. I pursu'd you
Both with my cries, and call'd on heaven and
earth

To judge my wrongs, and force you to reveal
Where you had hid my love, my life, my Wil-
mout!

Agnes. Unless you mean to offend me, spare the
rest.

'Tis just as likely Wilmot should return
As we become your foes.

Char. Far be such thought
From Charlotte's breast! but when I heard you
name

Self-murder, it reviv'd the frightful image
Of such a dreadful scene!

Agnes. You will persist—

Char. Excuse me: I have done. Being a
dream,

I thought, at least, it could not give offence.

Agnes. You could not think so, had you thought
at all.

But I take nothing ill from thee. Adieu!
I've tarried longer than I first intended,
And my poor husband mourns the while alone.

[Exit.

Char. She's gone abruptly, and, I fear, dis-
pleas'd.

The least appearance of advice or caution,
Sets her impatient temper in a flame.
When grief, that well might humble, swells our
pride,

And pride, increasing, aggravates our grief,
The tempest must prevail till we are lost.
Heaven grant a fairer issue to her sorrows!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The Town and Port of Penryn.

Enter YOUNG WILMOT and EUSTACE, in Indian
habits.

Young W. Welcome, my friend, to Penryn! Here
we're safe.

Eust. Then we're deliver'd twice: first from the
sea,

And then from men, who, more remorseless, prey
Oh shipwreck'd wretches, and who spoil and
murder

Those whom fell tempests, and devouring waves,
In all their fury, spard.

Young W. It is a scandal.

(Though malice must acquit the better sort,)
The rude unpolish'd people here, in Cornwall,
Have long lain under, and with too much justice;
For 'tis an evil, grown almost inveterate,
And asks a bold and skilful hand to cure.

Eust. Your treasure's safe, I hope?

Young W. 'Tis here, thank heaven!
Being in jewels, when I saw our danger,
I hid it in my bosom.

Eust. I observed you,

And wonder how you could command your thoughts

In such a time of terror and confusion.

Young W. My thoughts were then at home. Oh! England, England!

Thou seat of plenty, liberty, and health,
With transport I behold thy verdant fields,
Thy lofty mountains rich with useful ore,
Thy numerous herds, thy flocks, and winding streams.

After a long and tedious absence, Eustace,
With what delight we breathe our native air,
And tread the genial soil that bore us first!
'Tis said, the world is ev'ry wise man's country;
Yet, after having view'd its various nations,
I'm weak enough still to prefer my own
To all I've seen beside. You smile, my friend!
And think, perhaps, 'tis instinct more than reason.

Why, be it so: instinct preceded reason
Ev'n in the wisest men, and may sometimes
Be much the better guide. But, be it either,
I must confess, that even death itself
Appear'd to me with twice its native horrors,
When apprehended in a foreign land.
Death is, no doubt, in ev'ry place the same;
Yet nature casts a look towards home, and most
Who have it in their power, choose to expire
Where they first drew their breath.

Eust. Believe me, Wilmot,
Your grave reflections were not what I smil'd at;
I own the truth. That we're return'd to England,
Affords me all the pleasure you can feel.
Yet I must think a warmer passion moves you;
Thinking of that, I smil'd.

Young W. Oh! Eustace, Eustace!
Thou know'st, for I've confess'd to thee, I love;
But having never seen the charming maid,
Thou canst not know the fierceness of my flame.
My hopes and fears, like the tempestuous seas
That we have pass'd, now mount me to the skies.

Now hurl me down from that stupendous height,
And drive me to the centre. Did you know
How much depends on this important hour,
You would not be surprised to see me thus.
The sinking fortune of our ancient house,
Compell'd me, young, to leave my native country,
My weeping parents, and my lovely Charlotte,
Who rul'd, and must for ever rule, my fate.
Oh! should my Charlotte, doubtful of my truth,
Or, in despair ever to see me more,
Have given herself to some more happy lover!
Distraction's in the thought! Or, should my
parents,
Griev'd for my absence, and oppress'd with
want,

Have sunk beneath their burden and expir'd,
While I, too late, was flying to relieve them;
The end of all my long and weary travels,
The hope that made success itself a blessing,
Being defeated, and for ever lost;
What were the riches of the world to me?

Eust. The wretch who fears all that is possible,

Must suffer more than he, who feels the worst
A man can feel, yet lives exempt from fear.
A woman may be false, and friends are mortal;
And yet your aged parents may be living,
And your fair mistress constant.

Young W. True, they may;
I doubt, but I despair not. No, my friend!
My hopes are strong, and lively as my fears;
They tell me Charlotte is as true as fair;

That we shall meet, never to part again;
That I shall see my parents, kiss the tears
From their pale, hollow cheeks, cheer their sad
hearts,

And drive that gaping phantom, meagre want,
For ever from their board; their days to come
Crown all with peace, with pleasure, and abundance;

Receive their fond embraces and their blessings,
And be a blessing to them.

Eust. 'Tis our weakness;
Blind to events, we reason in the dark,
And fondly apprehend, what none e'er found,
Or ever shall, pleasure and pain unmix'd;
And flatter, and torment ourselves by turns,
With what shall never be.

Young W. I'll go this instant
To seek my Charlotte, and explore my fate.

Eust. What, in that foreign habit?

Young W. That's a trifle,
Not worth my thoughts.

Eust. The hardships you've endur'd,
And your long stay beneath the burning zone,
Where one eternal sultry summer reigns,
Have marr'd the native hue of your complexion:
Methinks you look more like a sun-burnt Indian,
Than a Briton.

Young W. Well; 'tis no matter, Eustace!
I hope my mind's not alter'd for the worse,
And for my outside—But, inform me, friend,
When I may hope to see you.

Eust. When you please:
You'll find me at the inn.

Young W. When I have learn'd my doom, expect
me there,
Ill then, farewell!

Eust. Farewell! Success attend you! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—Charlotte's house.

Enter CHARLOTTE followed by a Servant.

Serv. Madam, a stranger, in a foreign habit, desires to see you.

Char. In a foreign habit!
'Tis strange, and unexpected. But admit him.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Who can this stranger be? I know no foreigner,

Enter YOUNG WILMOT.

Nor any man like this.

Young W. Ten thousand joys!

(*Going to embrace her.*)

Char. Sir, you are too bold. Forbear, and let me know

What business brought you here, or leave the place.

Young W. Perfidious maid! Am I forgot, or scorn'd?

Char. Can I forget a man I never knew?

Young W. My fears are true; some other has her heart:

She's lost! my fatal absence has undone me?

(*Aside.*)

Oh! could thy Wilmot have forgot thee, Charlotte.

Char. Ha! Wilmot! say, what do your words import?

What dost thou know of Wilmot?

Young W. This I know:

When all the winds of heaven seem'd to conspire
Against the stormy main, and dreadful peals
Of rattling thunder deafen'd ev'ry ear,

And drown'd th' affrighted mariners' loud cries;
When vivid lightning spread its sulphurous flames
Through all the dark horizon, and disclos'd
The raging seas incens'd to his destruction;
When the good ship, in which he was embark'd,
Broke, and o'erwhelm'd by the impetuous surge,
Sunk to the oozy bottom of the deep,
And left him struggling with the warring waves;
In that dead moment, in the jaws of death,
When his strength fail'd, and ev'ry hope forsook
him,

And his last breath press'd towards his trembling
lips,
The neighbouring rocks, that echo'd to his moan,
Return'd no sound articulate but—Charlotte.

Char. The fatal tempest, whose description
strikes

The hearer with astonishment, is ceas'd;
And Wilmot is at rest. The fiercer storm
Of swelling passions, that o'erwhelms the soul,
And rages worse than the mad foaming seas
In which he perish'd, ne'er shall vex him more.

Young W. Thou seem'st to think he's dead; en-
joy that thought;

Persuade yourself, that what you wish is true,
And triumph in your falsehood. Yes, he's dead!
You were his fate. The cruel winds and waves,
That cast him pale and breathless on the shore,
Spar'd him for greater woes; to know his Char-
lotte,

Forgetting all her vows to him and heaven,
Had cast her from her thoughts. Then, then he
died;

But never can have rest. Ev'n now he wanders,
A sad, repining, discontented ghost,
The unsubstantial shadow of himself;
And pours his plaintive groans in thy deaf ears,
And stalks, unseen, before thee.

Char. 'Tis enough:
Detested falsehood now has done its worst.
And art thou dead? And wouldst thou die, my
Wilmot!

For one thou thought'st unjust? Thou soul of truth!
What must be done? Which way shall I express
Unutterable woe? Or how convince
Thy dear departed spirit of the love,
Th' eternal love, and never-failing faith,
Of thy much-injur'd, lost, despairing Charlotte?

Young W. Be still, my fluttering heart; hope not
too soon!

Perhaps I dream, and this is all illusion. (*Aside.*)

Char. If, as some teach, the spirit after death,
Free from the bounds and ties of sordid earth,
Can trace us to our most conceal'd retreat,
See all we act, and read our very thoughts;
To thee, oh! Wilmot, kneeling, I appeal.
If e'er I swerv'd in action, word or thought,
Or ever wish'd to taste a joy on earth
That center'd not in thee, since last we parted,
May we ne'er meet again; but thy loud wrongs
So close the ear of mercy to my cries,
That I may never see those bright abodes
Where truth and virtue only have admission,
And thou inhabit'st now!

Young W. Assist me, heaven!
Preserve my reason, memory, and sense!
Oh! moderate my fierce tumultuous joys,
Or their excess will drive me to distraction.
Oh! Charlotte, Charlotte! lovely, virtuous maid!
Can thy firm mind, in spite of time and absence,
Remain unshaken, and support its truth;
And yet thy triller memory retain
No image, no idea of thy lover?
Why dost thou gaze so wildly? Look on me;

Turn thy dear eyes this way; observe me well.

Have scorching climates, time, and this strange
habit,

So chang'd, and so disguis'd thy faithful Wilmot,
That nothing in my voice, my face, or mien,
Remains to tell my Charlotte I am he?

(*Gives him her hand.*)
Why dost thou weep? Why dost thou tremble
thus?

Why doth thy panting heart, and cautious touch,
Speak thee but half convinc'd? Whence are thy
fears?

Why art thou silent? Canst thou doubt me still?
Char. No, Wilmot! no; I'm blind with too much
light:

O'ercome with wonder, and oppress'd with joy.

This vast profusion of extreme delight,
Rising at once, and bursting from despair,
Defies the aid of words, and mocks description.
But, for one sorrow, one sad scene of anguish,
That checks the swelling torrent of my joys,
I could not bear the transport.

Young W. Let me know it:
Give me my portion of thy sorrow, Charlotte!
Let me partake thy grief, or bear it for thee,

Char. Alas, my Wilmot! these sad tears are
thine;

They flew for thy misfortunes. I am pierc'd
With all the agonies of strong compassion,
With all the bitter anguish you must feel,
When you shall hear your parents—

Young W. Are no more.
Char. You apprehend me wrong.

Young W. Perhaps I do,
Perhaps you mean to say, the greedy grave
Was satisfy'd with one, and one is left
To bless my longing eyes. But which, my
Charlotte?

Char. Afflict yourself no more with groundless
fears:

Your parents both are living. Their distress—
The poverty to which they are reduc'd,
In spite of my weak aid, was what I mourn'd:
That poverty, in age, to them whose youth
Was crown'd with full prosperity, I fear,
Is worse, much worse, than death.

Young W. My joy's complete!
My parents living, and possess'd of thee!
From this blest hour, the happiest of my life,
I'll date my rest. My anxious hopes and fears,
My weary travels, and my dangers past,
Are now reward'd all: now I rejoice
In my success, and count my riches gain.
For know, my soul's best treasure! I have wealth
Enough to glut e'en avarice itself!
No more shall cruel want, or proud contempt,
Oppress the sinking spirits, or insult
The hoary heads of those who gave me being.

Char. 'Tis now, oh! riches, I conceive your
worth:

You are not base, nor can you be superfluous,
But when misplac'd in base and sordid hands.
Fly, fly! my Wilmot! leave thy happy Charlotte!
Thy filial piety, the sighs and tears
Of thy lamenting parents, call thee hence.

Young W. I have a friend, the partner of my
voyage,
Who, in the storm last night, was shipwreck'd
with me.

Char. Shipwreck'd last night! Oh! you immortal
powers;

What have you suffer'd! How were you preserv'd?
Young W. Let that, and all my other strange
escapes,

And perilous adventures, be the theme
Of many a happy winter night to come.
My present purpose was t' treat my angel,
To know this friend, this other better Wilmot,
And come with him this evening to my father's:
I'll send him to thee.

Char. I consent with pleasure.

Young W. Heavens! what a night! How shall I
bear my joy!
My parents, yours, my friends, all will be mine.
If such the early hopes, the vernal bloom,
The distant prospect of my future bliss,
Then, what the ruddy autumn? What the fruit,
The full possession of thy heavenly charms?

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Street in Penryn.

Enter RANDAL.

Rand. Poor, poor! and friendless! whither shall
I wander?
And to what point direct my views and hopes?
A menial servant! No. What shall I live
Here in this land of freedom, live distinguish'd,
And mark'd the willing slave of some proud
subject!

To swell his useless train for broken fragments,
The cold remains of his superfluous board?
I would aspire to something more and better.
Turn thy eyes, then, to the prolific ocean,
Whose spacious bosom opens to thy view:
There deathless honour, and unenvy'd wealth,
Have often crown'd the brave adventurer's toils.
This is the native uncontested right,
The fair inheritance of every Briton,
That dares put in his claim. My choice is made:
A long farewell to Cornwall, and to England!
If I return—But stay, what stranger's this,
Who, as he views me, seems to mend his pace?

Enter YOUNG WILMOT.

Young W. Randal! the dear companion of my
youth!

Sure, lavish fortune means to give me all
I could desire, or ask, for this blest day,
And leave me nothing to expect hereafter!

Rand. Your pardon, sir! I know but one on earth
Could properly salute me by the title
You're pleas'd to give me; and I would not think
That you are he—that you are Wilmot!

Young W. Why?

Rand. Because I could not bear the disappoint-
ment,

If I should be deceived.

Young W. I am pleas'd to hear it:
Thy friendly fears better express thy thoughts
Than words could do.

Rand. Oh, Wilmot! Oh, my master!
Are you return'd?

Young W. I have not yet embrac'd
My parents; I shall see you at my father's.

Rand. No; I am discharg'd from thence; oh!
sir, such ruin—

Young W. I've heard it all, and hasten to relieve
them:

Sure, heaven hath bless'd me to that very end:
I've wealth enough; nor shalt thou want a part.

Rand. I have a part already; I am blest
In your success, and share in all your joys.

Young W. I doubt it not; but tell me, dost thou
think,

My parents not suspecting my return,
That I may visit them, and not be known?

Rand. 'Tis hard for me to judge. You are already
Grown so familiar to me, that I wonder
I knew you not at first: yet it may be:
For you're much alter'd, and they think you dead.

Young W. This is certain; Charlotte beheld me
long.

And heard my loud reproaches and complaints,
Without remembrance she had ever seen me.
My mind, at ease, grows wanton: I would fain
Recline on happiness. Why may I not
Indulge my curiosity, and try
If it be possible, by seeing first
My parents as a stranger, to improve
Their pleasure by surprise?

Rand. It may, indeed,
Enhance your own, to see from what despair
Your timely coming, and unhop'd success,
Have given you power to raise them.

Young W. I remember,
E'er since we learn'd together, you excell'd
In writing fairly, and could imitate
Whatever hand you saw, with great exactness.
I therefore beg you'll write, in Charlotte's name
And character, a letter to my father;
And recommend me, as a friend of hers,
To his acquaintance.

Rand. Sir, if you desire it—
And yet—

Young W. Nay, no objections! 'Twill save time,
Most precious with me now. For the deception,
If doing what my Charlotte will approve,
'Cause done for me, and with a good intent,
Deserves the name, I'll answer it myself.
If this succeeds, I purpose to defer
Discovering who I am till Charlotte comes,
And thou, and all who love me. Every friend
Who witnesses my happiness to-night,
Will, by partaking, multiply my joys.

Rand. You grow luxurious in imagination.
Could I deny you aught, I would not write
This letter. To say true, I ever thought
Your boundless curiosity a weakness.

Young W. What canst thou blame in this?

Rand. Your pardon, sir!

Perhaps I spoke too freely;
I'm ready t' obey your orders.

Young W. I am much thy debtor,
But I shall find a time to quit thy kindness.
Oh! Randal, but imagine to thyself
The floods of transport, the sincere delight,
That all my friends will feel, when I disclose
To my astonish'd parents my return,
And then confess, that I have well contriv'd,
By giving others joy t' exalt my own.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Old Wilmot's House.

OLD WILMOT and AGNES discovered.

Old W. Here, take this Seneca; this haughty
pedant,

Who, governing the master of mankind,
And awing power imperial, prates of patience;
And praises poverty, possess'd of millions;
Sell him, and buy us bread. The scantiest meal
The vilest copy of his book e'er purchas'd,
Will give us more relief in this distress,
Than all his boasted precepts. Nay, no tears;
Keep them to move compassion when you beg.

Agnes. My heart may break, but never stoop to
that,

Old W. Nor would I live to see it. But despatch.

[*Exit Agnes.*]

Where must I charge this length of misery,
That gathers force each moment as it rolls,
And must at last o'erwhelm me, but on hope:
Vain, flattering, delusive, groundless hope,
That has for years deceiv'd me? Had I thought,
As I do now, as wise men ever think,
When first this hell of poverty o'ertook me,
That power to die implies a right to do it,
And should be us'd when life becomes a pain,
What plagues had I prevented! True, my wife
Is still a slave to prejudice and fear—
I would not leave my better part, the dear, (*Weeps.*)
Faithful companion of my happier days,
To bear the weight of age and want alone.
I'll try once more.

Re-enter AGNES, and after her, YOUNG WILMOT.

Return'd, my life, so soon—

Agnes. The unexpected coming of this stranger
Prevents my going yet.

Young W. You are, I presume,
The gentleman to whom this is directed.
What wild neglect, the token of despair,
What indigence, what misery appears
In this once happy house! What discontent,
What anguish and confusion, fill the faces
Of its dejected owners! (*Aside.*)

Old W. (*Having read the letter.*) Sir, such welcome
As this poor house affords, you may command.
Our ever friendly neighbour, once we hop'd
T' have call'd fair Charlotte by a dearer name;
But we have done with hope—I pray excuse
This incoherence. We had once a son. (*Weeps.*)

Agnes. That you are come from that dear virtuous
maid,

Revives in us the mem'ry of a loss,
Which, though long since, we have not learn'd to
bear.

Young W. The joy to see them, and the bitter
pain

It is to see them such, touches my soul
With tenderness and grief, that will o'erflow.
They know me not, and yet I shall, I fear,
Defeat my purpose and betray myself. (*Aside.*)

Old W. The lady calls you, here, her valn'd
friend;

Enough, though nothing more should be imply'd,
To recommend you to our best esteem,
A worthless acquisition! May she find
Some means that better may express her kindness!
But she, perhaps, has purpos'd to enrich
You with herself, and end her fruitless sorrow
For one, whom death alone can justify
For leaving her so long. If it be so,
May you repair his loss, and be to Charlotte
A second, happier Wilmot! Partial nature,
Who only favours youth; as feeble age
Were not her offspring, or below her care,
Has seal'd our doom: no second hope shall spring
To dry our tears, and dissipate despair.

Agnes. The last, and most abandon'd of our
kind!

By heaven or earth neglected or despis'd!
The loathsome grave, that robb'd us of our son,
And all our joys in him must be our refuge.

Young W. Let ghosts unpardon'd, or devoted
fiends,

Fear without hope, and wall in such sad strains;
But grace defend the living from despair!
The darkest hours precede the rising sun,
And mercy may appear when least expected.

Old W. This I have heard a thousand times re-
peated,

And have, believing, been as oft deceiv'd.

Young W. Behold in me an instance of its truth.
At sea twice shipwreck'd, and as oft the prey
Of lawless pirates; by the Arabs thrice
Surpris'd, and robb'd on shore; and once reduc'd
To worse than these, the sum of all distress
That the most wretched feel on this side hell—
Even slavery itself: but here I stand,
Except one trouble that will quickly end,
The happiest of mankind.

Old W. A rare example

Of fortune's changes; apter to surprise
Or entertain, than comfort and instruct.
If you would reason from events, be just,
And count, when you escap'd, how many perish'd,
And draw your inference thence.

Agnes. Alas! who knows,

But we were render'd childless by some storm,
In which you, though preserv'd, might bear a
part?

Young W. How has my curiosity betray'd me
Into superfluous pain! I faint with fondness;
And shall, if I stay longer, rush upon them;
Proclaim myself their son; kiss, and embrace
them;

Till, with the excess of pleasure and surprise,
Their souls transported, their frail mansions quit,
And leave them breathless in my longing arms.

By circumstances, then, and slow degrees,
They must be let into a happiness
Too great for them to bear at once, and live:
That Charlotte will perform. (*Aside.*) Sir, I en-
treat

The favour to retire; where, for awhile,
I may repose myself. You will excuse
This freedom, and the trouble which I give you:
'Tis long since I have slept, and nature calls.

Old W. I pray, no more: believe we're only
troubled,

That you should think any excuse were needful.

Young W. The weight of this, to me is some in-
cumbrance. (*Hees a casket to his mother.*)

And its contents of value: if you please
To take the charge of it till I awake,
I shall not rest the worse. If I should sleep
Till I am ask'd for, as perhaps I may,
I beg that you would wake me.

Agnes. Doubt it not!

Distracted as I am with various woes,
I shall remember that. [*Exit with Old W.*]

Young W. Merciless grief!

What ravage has it made! how has it chang'd
Her lovely form and mind! I feel her anguish,
And dread, I know not what, from her despair.
My father, too—Oh! grant them patience, heaven,
A little longer, a few short hours more,
And all their cares and mine, shall end for ever.

[*Exit.*]

• ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Old Wilmot's house.

Enter AGNES, with the casket in her hand.

Agnes. Who should this stranger be? And then
this casket;

He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand.
His confidence amazes me; perhaps
It is not what he says; I'm strongly tempted

'To open it, and see. No, let it rest!
Why should I pry into the cares of others,
Who have so many sorrows of my own?
With how much ease the spring gives way!—Sur-
prising!

My eyes are dazzled, and my ravish'd heart
Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright's the
lustre,

And how immense . . . worth of these fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever
Base poverty, and all its sordid train;
Famine, the cold neglect of friends, the scorn,
Or more provoking pity of the world.

Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head.
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake:
For sure it was a happiness to think.

Though, but a moment, such a treasure mine.
Nay, it was more than thought—I saw, and touch'd
The bright temptation; and I see it yet.

'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession.

Must I resign it? Must I give it back?

Am I in love with misery and want?

To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?

Retain it then—But how? There is a way—

Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run
cold?

Why am I thrill'd with horror? 'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity suggests the thought.

Enter OLD WILMOT.

Old W. The mind contented, with how little
pains

The wand'ring senses yield to soft repose!
He's fallen asleep already—Happy man!
What dost thou think, my Agnes, of our guest?
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he clos'd his eyes, that swam in tears,
He wrung my hand, and press'd it to his lips;
And with a look, that pierc'd me to the soul,
Begg'd me to comfort thee: and dost thou hear
me?

What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well!
This casket was deliver'd to you clos'd:
Why have you open'd it? Should this be known,
How mean must we appear!

Agnes. And who shall know it?

Old W. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity,
Due to ourselves; which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintain'd and cherish'd to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt,
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

Agnes. Shews sovereign madness, and a scorn of
sense!

Pursue no farther this detested theme;
I will not die; I will not leave the world,
For all that you can urge, until compell'd.

Old W. To chase a shadow, when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing:
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
Your warmth might be exous'd; but take thy choice:
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

Agnes. Nor live, I hope.

Old W. There is no fear of that.

Agnes. Then, we'll live both.

Old W. Strange folly! where the means?

Agnes. There, those jewels!

Old W. Ah! Take heed!

Perhaps thou dost bid try me—yet take heed!
There's nought so monstrous, but the mind of man,

In some conditions, may be brought t'approve:
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flat'ring opportunity entic'd,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them nam'd.
Agnes. And add to these, detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.

Old W. How couldst thou form a thought so
very damning?

So advantageous, so secure, and easy;
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror!

Agnes. 'Tis less impety, less against nature,
To take another's life, than end our own.

Old W. No matter which, the less or greater
crime:

Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule.

Or none could act amiss: and that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.

Oh! what is man, his excellence and strength,

When, in an hour of trial and desertion,

Reason, his noblest power, may be suborn'd

To plead the cause of vile assassination!

Agnes. You're too severe: Reason may justly
plead

For our own preservation.

Old W. Rest contented:

Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,

I am betray'd within: my will's seduc'd.

And my whole soul's infected. The desire

Of life returns, and brings with it a train

Of appetites, that rage to be supply'd;

Whoever stands to parley with temptation,

Parleys to be o'ercome.

Agnes. Then nought remains,

But the swift execution of a deed

That is not to be thought on, or delay'd.

Old W. Generous, unhappy man! Oh! what could
move thee

To put thy life and fortune in the hands

Of wretches mad with anguish!

Agnes. By what means

Shall we effect his death?

Old W. Why, what a fiend!

How cruel, how remorseless and impatient,

Have pride and poverty made thee!

Agnes. Barbarous man!

Whose wasteful riots ruin'd our estate,

And drove our son, ere the first dawn had spread

His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,

Earnest entreaties, agonies, and tears,

To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish

In some remote, inhospitable land—

The loveliest youth, in person and in mind,

That ever crown'd a groaning mother's pains!

Where was thy pity, where thy patience then!

Thou cruel husband! thou unnatural father!

Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man!

To waste my fortune, rob me of my son,

To drive me to despair, and then reproach me

For being what thou'st made me!

Old W. Dry thy tears:

I ought not to reproach thee. I confess

That thou hast suffer'd much: so have we both.

But chide no more; I'm wrought up to thy pur-
pose.

The poor, ill-fated, unsuspecting victim,

Ere he reclin'd him on the fatal couch,

From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash

And costly dagger, that thou saw'st him wear,

And thus, unthinking, furnish'd us with arms

Against himself. Steal to the door,

And bring me word, if he be still asleep.

[Exit Agnes.]

Or I'm deceiv'd, or he pronounc'd himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch:
Thy thoughts are perishing, thy youthful joys,
Touch'd by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are with'ring in their bloom. But, thought, extin-
guish'd,
He'll never know the loss,
Nor feel the bitter pangs of disappointment—
Then I was wrong in counting him a wretch:
To die well pleas'd
Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done. Why do I mourn him then?
For, by the anguish of my tortur'd soul,
He's to be envy'd, if compar'd with me.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room, with YOUNG WILMOT
asleep upon a bed in the distance.

Enter OLD WILMOT and AGNES.

Agnes. The stranger sleeps at present; but so
restless
His slumbers seem, they can't continue long.
Here, I've secur'd his dagger.
Old W. Oh, Agnes, Agnes! if there be a hell,
'Tis just we should expect it.
Agnes. Shake off this panic, and be more your-
self.
Old W. What's to be done? On what had we
determin'd?
Agnes. You're quite dismay'd.

(Takes the dagger.)

Old W. Give me the fatal steel.
'Tis but a single murder,
Necessity, impatience, and despair,
The three wide mouths of that true Cerberus,
Grim poverty, demand: they shall be stopp'd.
Ambition, persecution, and revenge,
Devour their millions daily: and shall I—
But follow me, and see how little cause
You had to think there was the least remain
Of manhood, pity, mercy, or remorse,
Left in this savage breast.

(Going the wrong way.)

Agnes. Where do you go?

The street is that way.

Old W. Quite; I had forgot.

Agnes. Quite, quite confounded!

Old W. Well, I recover. I shall find the way.

Agnes. Oh! softly, softly! The least noise un-
does us.

What are we doing? Misery and want

Are lighter ills than this. I cannot bear it!

Stop! hold thy hand!—Inconstant, wretched wo-
man!

What! doth my heart recoil? Oh! Wilmot, Wil-
mot!

What pow'r shall I invoke to aid thee, Wilmot?

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Another Room.

Enter CHARLOTTE, EUSTACE, and RANDAL.

Char. What strange neglect? The doors are all
unbar'd,

And not a living creature to be seen.

Enter OLD WILMOT and AGNES.

Sir, we are come to give and receive
A thousand greetings. Be! what can this mean?
Why do you look with such amazement on us?
Are these your transports for your son's return?
Where is my Wilmot? Has he not been here?
Would he defer your happiness so long,
Or could a habit so disguise your son,
That you refus'd to own him?
Agnes. Heard you that?

What prodigy of horror is disclosing,
To render murder venial!

Old W. Pr'ythee, peace!

The miserable damn'd suspend their howling,
And the swift orbs are fix'd in deep attention.

Rand. What means these dreadful words and
frantic air!

That is the dagger my young master wore.

Eust. My mind misgives me. Do not stand to
gaze

On these dumb phantoms of despair and horror!
Let us search further. Randal, shew the way.

[Exit Rand., Eustace, and Charlotte.

Agnes. Let life forsake the earth, and light the
sun,

And death and darkness bury in oblivion
Mankind and all their deeds, that no posterity
May ever rise to hear our horrid tale,
Or view the grave of such detested parricides!

Old W. Curses and deprecations are in vain:
The sun will shine, and all things have their
course,

When we, the curse and burdens of the earth,
Shall be absorb'd, and mingled with its dust.
Our guilt and desolation must be told,
From age to age, to teach desponding mortals,
How far beyond the reach of human thought
Heaven, when incens'd, can punish—Die thou first.
I durst not trust thy weakness. (Stabs Agnes.)

Agnes. Ever kind,

But most in this.

Old W. I will not long survive thee.

Agnes. Do not accuse thy erring mother, Wil-
mot,

With too much rigour, when we meet above.

To give thee life for life, and blood for blood,

Is not enough. Had I ten thousand lives,

I'd give them all to speak my penitence,

Deep and sincere, and equal to my crime.

Oh, Wilmot! oh, my son, my son! (Dies.)

Enter RANDAL and EUSTACE.

Eust. Oh! Wilmot, Wilmot!

Are these the fruits of all thy anxious cares

For thy ungrateful parents? Cruel fiends!

Old W. What whining fool art thou, who wouldst
usurp

My sovereign right of grief? Was he thy son?

Say, canst thou shew thy hands, reeking with
blood,

That flow'd through purer channels, from thy
loins?

Compute the sands that bound the spacious ocean,
And swell their numbers with a single grain;
Increase the noise of thunder with thy voice;
Or, when the raging wind lays nature waste,
Assist the tempest with thy feeble breath;
But name not thy faint sorrow with the anguish
Of a curs'd wretch, who only hopes from this

(Stabbing himself.)

To change the scene, but not relieve the pain.

Ezra. A dreadful instance of the last remorse!
May all your woes end here!

Old W. Oh! would they end
A thousand ages hence, I then should suffer
Much less than I deserve. Yet let me say,
You'll do but justice to inform the world,
This horrid deed, that punishes itself,
Was not intended, thinking him our son;
For that we knew not, till it was too late.
Proud and impatient under our afflictions,

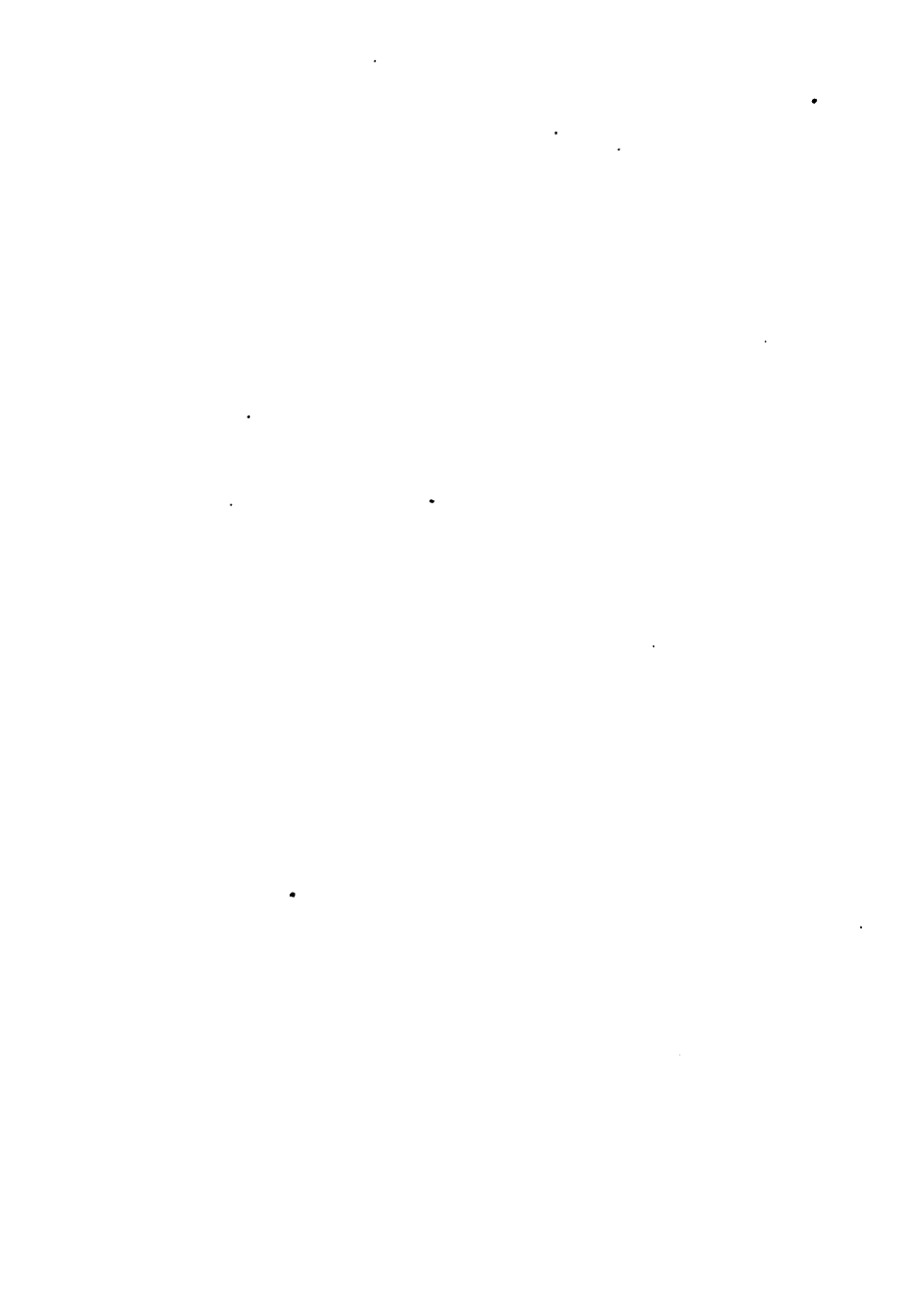
While heaven was labouring to make us happy,
We brought this dreadful ruin on ourselves.
Mankind may learn—but—oh!—

(*Dis*)

Ezra. Heaven grant they may!
And may thy penitence atone thy crime!
Tend well the hapless Charlotte, and bear hence
These bleeding victims of despair and pride;
Tell the death-bell! and follow to the grave
The wretched parents and ill-fated son.

(*Ezra*)

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